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THE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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VOLUME IV.

Cambridge and London:

MACMILLAN AND CO.

1864.

14610-

CAMBRIDGE:
PRINTED BY C. J. CLAY, M.A.
AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

NEW YORK
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PREFACE.

1. SHAKESPEARE'S KING JOHN was printed for the first time in the Folio of 1623. The poet adopted most of the characters, the general plot, and occasional lines, or fragments of lines, from an earlier play, in two parts, published in 1591, with the following title-page:

The | Troublesome Raigne | of *Iohn* King of *England*, with the dis-|*couerie of King* Richard Cordelions | Base sonne (vulgarly named, The Ba-|stard Fawconbridge): *also the* | death of King *Iohn* at *Swinstead* | *Abbey*. | *As it was* (*sundry times*) *publikely acted by the* | *Queenes Maiesties Players, in the ho-*|*nourable Citie of* | London. | Imprinted at London for *Sampson Clarke*, | *and are to be solde at his shop, on the backe-*|side of the *Royall Exchange*. | 1591. |

This play was reprinted for a different bookseller in 1611, with the words 'W. Sh.' added to the title; and a third edition in 1622, again issued by a different bookseller, has 'W. Shakespeare.'

There can be little doubt that the booksellers attributed the play to Shakespeare in the hope that so popular a name might help the sale, for although the earlier play is by no means devoid of merit, the evidence of its style conclusively proves that Shakespeare had no part in the authorship. We have therefore not reprinted it, but contented ourselves with indicating the passages borrowed verbally from it.

2. Of RICHARD II. four editions in Quarto were published before the appearance of the first Folio:

Q_1. The | Tragedie of King Ri-|chard the se-|cond. | *As it hath beene publikely acted* | *by the right Honourable the* | *Lorde Chamberlaine his Ser-|uants.* | LONDON | Printed by Valentine Simmes for Androw Wise, and | are to be sold at his shop in Paules church yard at | the signe of the Angel. | 1597. |

Q_2. The | Tragedie of King Ri-|chard the second. | As it hath beene publikely acted by the Right Ho-|nourable the Lord Chamberlaine his | seruants. | *By William Shake-speare.* | LONDON | Printed by Valentine Simmes for Andrew Wise, and | are to be sold at his shop in Paules churchyard at | the signe of the Angel. | 1598. |

Q_3. The | Tragedie of King | Richard the second. | As it hath been publikely acted by the Right | Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine | his seruantes. | By *William Shake-speare.* | LONDON, | Printed by W. W. for *Mathew Law*, and are to be | sold at his shop in Paules Church-yard, at | the signe of the Foxe. | 1608. |

The same edition was also issued in the same year with the following title-page:

The | Tragedie of King | Richard the Second: | With new additions of the Parlia-|ment Sceane, and the deposing | of King Richard, | As it hath been lately acted by the Kinges | Maiesties seruantes, at the Globe. | By *William Shake-speare.* | At London, | Printed by W. W. for *Mathew Law*, and are to | be sold at his shop in Paules Church-yard, | at the signe of the Foxe. 1608. |

Q_4. The | Tragedie of King | Richard the Se-|cond: | *With new additions of the Parliament Sceane,* | *and the deposing of King* | *Richard.* | As it hath been lately acted by the Kinges | Maiesties seruants, at the Globe. | *By* WILLIAM SHAKE-SPEARE. | At LONDON, | Printed for *Mathew Law*, and are to be sold | at his shop in Paules Church-yard, at the | signe of the Foxe. | 1615. |

Each of these Quartos was printed from its immediate predecessor. The third however contains an important addition, found in all the extant copies of Q_3, amounting to 165 lines, viz. IV. I. 154—318. This is what is meant

by 'the new additions of the Parliament scene' mentioned in the title-pages of some copies of Q_3 and in that of Q_4. These 'new additions' are found also in the first and following Folios and in Q_5. The play, as given in the first Folio, was no doubt printed from a copy of Q_4, corrected with some care and prepared for stage representation. Several passages have been left out with a view of shortening the performance. In the 'new additions of the Parliament Scene' it would appear that the defective text of the Quarto had been corrected from the author's MS. For this part therefore the first Folio is our highest authority: for all the rest of the play the first Quarto affords the best text.

The fifth Quarto (Q_5) was printed from the second Folio (F_2), but its readings sometimes agree with one or other of the earlier Quartos, and in a few cases are entirely independent of previous editions. Its title-page is as follows:

The | Life and | Death of King | Richard the | Second. | With new Additions of the | *Parliament Scene*, and the | Deposing of King *Richard*. | As it hath beene acted by the Kings Majesties | Servants, at the *Globe*. | By *William Shakespeare*. | London, Printed by Iohn Norton. | 1634. |

3. THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY THE FOURTH appeared in six successive Quarto editions before the publication of the first Folio. The title-pages of the first five of these editions are given in full below. The version in the first Folio seems to have been printed from a partially corrected copy of the fifth Quarto. In many places the readings coincide with those of the earlier Quartos, which were probably consulted by the corrector. The title of the play in the Folio is, 'The First Part of Henry the Fourth, with the Life and Death of Henry Sirnamed Hotspurre.' As there is no copy of the fourth Quarto in the Capell collection, our collation has been made from the

copy in the Bodleian, and verified by that in the Devonshire Library. The deficiencies of Capell's copy of the third Quarto have been supplied by a collation of the Bodleian copy of that edition.

Q_1. The | History of | Henrie the | Fovrth ; | With the battell at Shrewsburie, | *betweene the King and Lord* | Henry Percy, surnamed | Henrie Hotspur of | the North. | *With the humorous conceits of Sir* | Iohn Falstalffe. | AT LONDON, | Printed by *P. S.* for *Andrew Wise*, dwelling | in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of | the Angell. 1598. |

Q_2. The | History of | Henrie the | Fovrth; | With the battell at Shrewsburie, | *betweene the King and Lord* Henry | Percy, *surnamed* Henry Hot-|spur of the North. | *With the humorous conceits of Sir* | Iohn Falstalffe. | Newly corrected by *W. Shakespeare.* | AT LONDON, | Printed by *S. S.* for *Andrew Wise*, dwelling | in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of | the Angell. 1599. |

Q_3. The | History of | Henrie the fourth, | With the battell at Shrewsburie, | *betweene the King, and Lord* | Henry Percy, surnamed Henry Hot-|*spur of the North.* | *With the humorous conceits of Sir* | Iohn Falstaffe. | Newly corrected by *W. Shakespeare.* | London | Printed by Valentine Simmes, for *Mathew Law*, and | are to be solde at his shop in Paules Churchyard, | at the signe of the Fox. | 1604. |

Q_4. The | History of | Henry the fourth, | With the battell at Shrewseburie, | *betweene the King, and Lord* | Henry Percy, surnamed Henry | *Hotspur of the North.* | *With the humorous conceites of Sir* | Iohn Falstalffe. | *Newly corrected by W. Shake-speare.* | London, | Printed for *Mathew Law*, and are to be sold at | his shop in Paules Church-yard, neere vnto S. | Augustines gate, at the signe of | the Foxe. 1608. |

Q_5. The | History of | Henrie the fourth, | With the Battell at Shrewseburie, betweene | the King, and Lord Henrie Percy, sur- | named *Henrie Hotspur* of the North. | With the humorous conceites of Sir | *Iohn Falstaffe.* | Newly corrected by *W. Shakespeare.* | LONDON, | Printed by W. W. for *Mathew Law*, and are to be sold | at his shop in Paules Church-yard, neere vnto S. | *Augustines* Gate, at the signe of the Foxe. | 1613. |

Subsequent editions in Quarto were printed in 1622 (Q_6) by T. P. for Mathew Law, in 1632 (Q_7) by John Norton for William Sheares, and in 1639 (Q_8) by John Norton for Hugh Perry. In all these the title-page is substantially the same. Each Quarto appears to have been printed from its predecessor.

The 'Dering MS.' quoted in our foot-notes was discovered in the muniment room at Surrenden by the Rev. Lambert B. Larking in 1844, and published in the following year for the Shakespeare Society under the editorship of Mr Halliwell. It contains a large portion of the First Part of Henry IV. and some scenes of the Second Part. Mr Halliwell believes it to have been written in the early part of the 17th century, certainly earlier than 1640, for the purpose of private theatrical performance. Some additions and corrections were made by the hand of 'Sir Edward Deryng, the first baronet, who died in 1644.' (*Introduction*, p. xii. ed. 1845.)

We are of opinion that this MS. was copied from the fifth Quarto of the First Part, and from a complete Quarto of the Second Part. The writer seems to have been both illiterate and careless. His punctuation is singularly bad, and his spelling peculiar to himself. We have noticed such various readings as seemed in any way remarkable.

4. THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY THE FOURTH was first published in Quarto in 1600 with the following title-page:

THE | Second part of Henrie | the fourth, continuing to his death, | *and coronation of Henrie* | the fift. | With the humours of sir Iohn Fal- | *staffe, and swaggering* | Pistoll. | *As it hath beene sundrie times publikely* | acted by the right honourable, the Lord | Chamberlaine his seruants. | *Written by William Shakespeare.* | LONDON | Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise, and | William Aspley. | 1600. |

In some copies of the Quarto the first scene of Act III.

is left out altogether. The omission seems to have been discovered after part of the edition had been struck off and rectified by the insertion of two new leaves. In order to make this insertion, the type was taken to pieces in part of the preceding and subsequent leaves, so that there are two different impressions for the latter part of Act II. and the beginning of Act III. Sc. 2. Where this difference occurs we have used the symbols Q_1 and Q_2; where the two are identical we use only Q.

The version in the first Folio was probably printed from a transcript of the original MS. It contains passages of considerable length which are not found in the Quarto. Some of these are among the finest in the play, and are too closely connected with the context to allow of the supposition that they were later additions inserted by the author after the publication of the Quarto. In the MS. from which that edition was printed, these passages had been most likely omitted, or erased, in order to shorten the play for the stage. The Folio in other places affords occasional readings which seem preferable to those of the Quarto, but for the most part the Quarto is to be regarded as having the higher critical value.

5. KING HENRY THE FIFTH appears in its present form for the first time in the Folio of 1623. An imperfect edition in quarto was printed surreptitiously in 1600, with the following title:

(Q_1). The | Cronicle | History of Henry the fift, | With his battell fought at *Agin Court* in | France. Togither with *Auntient* | *Pistoll.* | *As it hath bene sundry times playd by the Right honorable* | *the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants.* | LONDON | Printed by *Thomas Creede*, for Tho. Milling-|ton, and Iohn Busby. And are to be | sold at his house in Carter Lane, next | the Powle head. 1600. |

The text of this edition is given literatim at the end of the present volume, with the readings of two reprints

which appeared in 1602 and 1608 respectively. The title-pages of these are as follows:

(Q_2). The | Chronicle | History of Henry the fift, | With his battell fought at *Agin Court* | in *France.* Together with *Auntient* | *Pistoll.* | *As it hath bene sundry times playd by the Right honorable* | *the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants.* | LONDON | Printed by Thomas Creede, for Thomas | Pauier, and are to be sold at his shop in Cornhill, | at the signe of the Cat and Parrets neare | the Exchange. 1602. |

Q_3. The | Chronicle History | of Henry the fift, with his | battell fought at *Agin Court* in | France. Together with an-| *cient Pistoll.* | *As it hath bene sundry times playd by the Right Honou-rable the Lord Chamberlaine his* | *Seruants.* | Printed for *T. P.* 1608. |

The text of these Quarto editions is so imperfect and varies so much from the more authentic text of the Folio, that it was impossible to give the variations in our foot-notes. We are inclined to agree with Mr Collier and others in the supposition that the Quarto text was 'hastily made up from notes taken at the theatre during the performance, subsequently patched together.' The references to these Quartos are inclosed in brackets in accordance with the rule mentioned in the Preface to Vol. I. p. xxi.

It is scarcely necessary to add that 'The famous Victories of Henry the Fift,' published in 1617, has nothing to do with Shakespeare's play.

We have the pleasure of adding several new names to the list of our benefactors. Miss Thackeray, of Windsor, has been so kind as to lend us a copy of Nares's Glossary which belonged to her late father, the Provost of King's College, Cambridge, and is copiously annotated in his hand.

Mr Henry Wilbraham has obtained for us the loan of some valuable MS. notes on Shakespeare, compiled by the late Mr Roger Wilbraham, F.R.S., formerly Fellow of

Trinity College, and now in the possession of Mr George Fortescue Wilbraham of Delamere House, Cheshire.

Dr C. M. Ingleby and Mr G. R. French have sent us valuable communications, the former with reference to difficulties in the text, the latter with reference to points of history and genealogy.

We are also indebted for various acts of kindness and courtesy to the Marquis Camden, the Rev. T. S. Woollaston, the Rev. Lambert B. Larking, the Rev. Archibald Clerke of Kilmallie, Mr Stirling of Keir, Mr Pryme, Mr W. B. Donne, Mr P. S. Worsley, Professor Goldwin Smith, the Rev. H. O. Coxe, Librarian of the Bodleian, Mr C. Wright, and the late Mr George Daniell.

W. G. C.
W. A. W.

ADDENDA AND CORRIGENDA.

King John.

III. 1. 69. Add note, *his owner*] *dishonour* Bullock conj.
III. 1. 209. Note, for *new betrimmed* read *new untamed* or *new betrimmed.*
IV. 2. 63. Add note, *you*] *you'd* Keightley conj.
IV. 3. 54. Add to note, *sin of time's* Keightley conj.
V. 2. 30. Note, for Dyce conj. read S. Walker conj.
V. 7. 108. Add to note, *give thanks to yon* Keightley conj.

King Richard II.

I. 2. 12. Note, for Q_1Q_2 read Q_1Q_2Ff.
I. 3. 153. Note, for Anon. read Seymour.
II. 3. 95. Add note, *ostentation of despised*] *ostentation's undisguised* Bullock conj.

First Part of Henry IV.

I. 2. 175, 176. Add note, *two...third*] *three...fourth* Farmer conj. MS.
II. 2. 41. Add note, *garters*] *garter* Farmer conj. MS.

Second Part of Henry IV.

I. 1. 141. Add note, *buckle*] *knuckle* Bailey conj.
I. 3. 51. Add note, *and*] *draw* or *and draw* Keightley conj.
I. 3. 60. Add note, *cost*] *house* Keightley conj.
I. 3. 101, 102. Add note, *They...Are*] *Thou Art* Keightley conj.
II. 4. 331, 346. Notes, for Q read Qq.

Henry V.

I. 2. 270. Add to note, *thence* Keightley conj.
I. 2. 274. Add note, *my sail*] *my full* or *me full* Keightley conj.
II. Chorus, 41. Add to note, *But, ere...come* Keightley conj.
II. 1. 42. Add note, *off*] *off now* Keightley conj.

THE LIFE AND DEATH

OF

KING JOHN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ[1].

KING JOHN.
PRINCE HENRY, son to the king.
ARTHUR, Duke of Bretagne, nephew to the king.
The Earl of PEMBROKE.
The Earl of ESSEX.
The Earl of SALISBURY.
The Lord BIGOT.
HUBERT DE BURGH.
ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, son to Sir Robert Faulconbridge.
PHILIP the BASTARD, his half-brother.
JAMES GURNEY, servant to Lady Faulconbridge.
PETER of Pomfret, a prophet.

PHILIP, King of France.
LEWIS, the Dauphin.
Lymoges, Duke of AUSTRIA.
CARDINAL PANDULPH, the Pope's legate.
MELUN, a French lord.
CHATILLON, ambassador from France to King John.

QUEEN ELINOR, mother to King John.
CONSTANCE, mother to Arthur.
BLANCH of Spain, niece to King John.
LADY FAULCONBRIDGE.

Lords, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *Partly in England, and partly in France*[2].

[1] First given by Rowe. See note (I).
[2] SCENE...] See note (II).

THE LIFE AND DEATH

OF

KING JOHN.

ACT I.

SCENE I. KING JOHN'S *palace.*

Enter KING JOHN, QUEEN ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, *and others, with* CHATILLON.

K. John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France
In my behaviour to the majesty,
The borrowed majesty, of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning: 'borrowed majesty!'

K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island and the territories,
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword

SCENE I. King John's palace] The court of England. Pope. Northampton...palace. Capell.

Salisbury, and others] Capell. and Salisbury. Ff.

Chatillon] Johnson. Chattilon Rowe. the Chattylion of France. Ff.

4, 5. *borrowed*] Ff. *borrow'd* Rowe.

8. *brother*] F_4. *brother*, $F_1F_2F_3$.

9. *most*] om. Pope.

11. *Anjou*] Rowe. *Anjowe* Ff.

Touraine] Rowe (ed. 2). *Torayne* F_1. *Lorayne* F_2. *Lorraine* F_3 F_4. *Tourraine* Rowe (ed. 1).

Which sways usurpingly these several titles,
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew and right royal sovereign.
K. John. What follows if we disallow of this?
Chat. The proud control of fierce and bloody war,
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.
K. John. Here have we war for war and blood for blood,
Controlment for controlment: so answer France.
Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,
The farthest limit of my embassy.
K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace:
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard:
So hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath
And sullen presage of your own decay.
An honourable conduct let him have:
Pembroke, look to't. Farewell, Chatillon.
[*Exeunt Chatillon and Pembroke.*
Eli. What now, my son! have I not ever said
How that ambitious Constance would not cease
Till she had kindled France and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented and made whole
With very easy arguments of love,
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.
K. John. Our strong possession and our right for us.
Eli. Your strong possession much more than your right,
Or else it must go wrong with you and me:

20. *Controlment...controlment*] F_4. *Controlement...controlement* $F_1F_2F_3$. See note (III).
25. *For ere*] *Or, ere* Seymour conj.
report I...there,] Capell. *report, I...there:* Ff. (*there;* F_3F_4).
28. *sullen*] *sudden* Becket conj.
30. Exeunt...] Exit Chat. and Pem. Ff.
37. *manage*] *mannage* Ff.

So much my conscience whispers in your ear,
Which none but heaven and you and I shall hear.

Enter a Sheriff.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy
Come from the country to be judged by you,
That e'er I heard: shall I produce the men?
K. John. Let them approach.
Our abbeys and our priories shall pay
This expedition's charge.

Enter ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, *and* PHILIP *his bastard brother.*

What men are you?
Bast. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman
Born in Northamptonshire and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge,
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.
K. John. What art thou?
Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.
K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then, it seems.
Bast. Most certain of one mother, mighty king;
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:
But for the certain knowledge of that truth
I put you o'er to heaven and to my mother:
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.
Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother
And wound her honour with this diffidence.
Bast. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it;

43. Enter a Sheriff.] Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire and whispers Essex. Capell. See note (IV).

49. *expedition's*] *expeditious* F_1.

Enter...] Enter R. F. and Philip. Ff. Exit Sheriff; and Re-enters with R. F. and P., his bastard brother. Capell (after line 47).

50. SCENE II. Pope.

Bast.] Philip. Ff. (and to line 132; afterwards Bast.).

52. *Robert*] om. $F_2F_3F_4$.

54. *Cœur-de-lion*] *Cordelion* Ff. (and passim).

55. *What*] *And what* Capell.

That is my brother's plea and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, a' pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year:
Heaven guard my mother's honour and my land!
K. John. A good blunt fellow. Why, being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?
Bast. I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:
But whether I be as true begot or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head;
But that I am as well begot, my liege,—
Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!—
Compare our faces and be judge yourself.
If old Sir Robert did beget us both
And were our father and this son like him,
O old Sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give heaven thanks I was not like to thee!
K. John. Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent us here!
Eli. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face;
The accent of his tongue affecteth him.
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?
K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts
And finds them perfect Richard. Sirrah, speak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?
Bast. Because he hath a half-face, like my father.
With half that face would he have all my land:
A half-faced groat five hundred pound a year!
Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father lived,
Your brother did employ my father much,—

68. *a'*] *a* Ff. *he* Pope.
75. *whether*] F_4. *where* $F_1F_2F_3$. See note (v).
as true] *true* Pope.
79. *yourself.*] Rowe. *your selfe* F_1F_2. *your self* F_3F_4.
81. *him,*] *him:* Ff.
84. *lent*] *sent* Heath conj.
85. *trick*] See note (vi).
92, 93, 94. *father. With...land: ...year!*] *father? With...land,...year?* F_1F_2. *father, With ... land,... year?* F_3F_4.
93. *half that face*] *that half-face* Theobald. *half the face* Anon. conj.

Bast. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land:
Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.
Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an embassy
To Germany, there with the emperor
To treat of high affairs touching that time.
The advantage of his absence took the king
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;
Where how he did prevail I shame to speak,
But truth is truth: large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lay,
As I have heard my father speak himself,
When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me, and took it on his death
That this my mother's son was none of his;
And if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.
K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him,
And if she did play false, the fault was hers;
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf bred from his cow from all the world;
In sooth he might; then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him: this concludes;
My mother's son did get your father's heir;
Your father's heir must have your father's land.
Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force
To dispossess that child which is not his?
Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,

105. *lengths*] *length* Capell conj.
110. *death*] *oath* Anon. conj.
112. *And if*] *An if* Hanmer.
119. *hazards*] *hazard* Pope.

Than was his will to get me, as I think.
Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulconbridge
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land,
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence and no land beside?
Bast. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, sir Robert's his, like him;
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd, my face so thin
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose
Lest men should say 'Look, where three-farthings goes!'
And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
Would I might never stir from off this place,
I would give it every foot to have this face;
I would not be sir Nob in any case.
Eli. I like thee well: wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him and follow me?
I am a soldier and now bound to France.
Bast. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance.
Your face hath got five hundred pound a year,
Yet sell your face for five pence and 'tis dear.
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.
Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.
Bast. Our country manners give our betters way.
K. John. What is thy name?
Bast. Philip, my liege, so is my name begun;
Philip, good old sir Robert's wife's eldest son.
K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose form thou bear'st:
Kneel thou down Philip, but rise more great,

134. *Whether*] *Say* Pope.
137. *thy*] *the* Warburton.
138. *an if*] Hanmer. *and if* Ff.
139. *Robert's*] *Robert* Theobald. *Robert's*, Hanmer.
140. *And if*] *An if* S. Walker conj.
144. *to his*] *with his* Hanmer.
his...this] *this...his* Mason conj.
146. *I would*] *I'd* Pope.
147. *I*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *It* F_1. See note (VII).
sir Nob] Capell. *sir nobbe* $F_1F_2F_3$. *Sir Nobbe* F_4. *sir Rob* Lloyd conj.
160. *From...bear'st*] Pope. *From ...bearest* As two lines, the first ending *name*, in Ff.
161. *rise*] Ff. *rise up* Pope. *arise* Steevens. *to rise* Keightley conj.

Arise sir Richard and Plantagenet.

Bast. Brother by the mother's side, give me your hand:
My father gave me honour, yours gave land.
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, sir Robert was away!

Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet!
I am thy grandam, Richard; call me so.

Bast. Madam, by chance but not by truth; what though?
Something about, a little from the right,
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:
Who dares not stir by day must walk by night,
And have is have, however men do catch:
Near or far off, well won is still well shot,
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge: now hast thou thy desire;
A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.
Come, madam, and come, Richard, we must speed
For France, for France, for it is more than need.

Bast. Brother, adieu: good fortune come to thee!
For thou wast got i' the way of honesty.

[*Exeunt all but Bastard.*

A foot of honour better than I was;
But many a many foot of land the worse.
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady.
'Good den, sir Richard!'—'God-a-mercy, fellow!'—
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter;
For new-made honour doth forget men's names;
'Tis too respective and too sociable
For your conversion. Now your traveller,

168. *grandam, Richard;*] *grandame Richard,* $F_1F_2F_3$. *grandam, Richard,* F_4. *grandam; Richard,* Pope.

169. *what though?*] *what tho'?* Theobald. *what tho;* Ff.

181. *wast*] *was* Pope.

Exeunt...Bastard.] Ff. Exeunt. Capell.

182. SCENE III. Pope. SCENE II. The same. Anti-room of the same. Enter Bastard. Capell.

183. *many a many*] *many, many a* Hanmer. *many, ah, many a* Collier (Collier MS.).

188. *too...too*] *two.. too* F_1.

too sociable] *unsociable* Pope.

189. *your conversion.*] Capell. *your conversion,* Ff. *your conversing.* Pope. *conversation.* Lloyd conj.

He and his toothpick at my worship's mess,
And when my knightly stomach is sufficed,
Why then I suck my teeth and catechize
My picked man of countries: 'My dear sir,'
Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,
'I shall beseech you'—that is question now;
And then comes answer like an Absey book:
'O sir,' says answer, 'at your best command;
At your employment; at your service, sir:'
'No, sir,' says question, 'I, sweet sir, at yours:'
And so, ere answer knows what question would,
Saving in dialogue of compliment,
And talking of the Alps and Apennines,
The Pyrenean and the river Po,
It draws toward supper in conclusion so.
But this is worshipful society
And fits the mounting spirit like myself,
For he is but a bastard to the time
That doth not smack of observation;
And so am I, whether I smack or no;
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement,
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:
Which, though I will not practise to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.
But who comes in such haste in riding-robes?

193. *picked*] *piked* Pope. *picqued* Theobald.
man of] *man, of* Steevens conj.
countries] *courtesies* Jackson conj.
195. *I...now*] Misplaced in Singer (ed. 2).
196. *Absey book*] *ABC-book* Pope.
201. *Saving*] *Serving* Theobald (Warburton conj.).
203. *Pyrenean*] *Perennean* F_1. *Pyrennean* $F_2F_3F_4$. *Pyreneans* Collier (ed. 2, Collier MS.).
204. *toward*] F_1F_2. *towards* F_3F_4.
206. *the mounting*] *a mounting* Collier MS.
spirit] *spirits* Delius.
208, 209. *smack...smack*] Theobald. *smoake...smacke* F_1F_2. *smoak...smack* F_3F_4. *smack...smoak* Pope.
209. *And...no*] Put in brackets, as spurious, by Warburton.
214. *Which*] *This* Johnson conj.

What woman-post is this? hath she no husband
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

Enter LADY FAULCONBRIDGE *and* JAMES GURNEY.

O me! it is my mother. How now, good lady!
What brings you here to court so hastily?
Lady F. Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he,
That holds in chase mine honour up and down?
Bast. My brother Robert? old sir Robert's son?
Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?
Is it sir Robert's son that you seek so?
Lady F. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend boy,
Sir Robert's son: why scorn'st thou at sir Robert?
He is sir Robert's son, and so art thou.
Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile?
Gur. Good leave, good Philip.
Bast. Philip! sparrow: James,
There's toys abroad: anon I'll tell thee more. [*Exit Gurney.*
Madam, I was not old sir Robert's son:
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon Good-Friday and ne'er broke his fast:
Sir Robert could do well: marry, to confess,
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it:
We know his handiwork: therefore, good mother,
To whom am I beholding for these limbs?
Sir Robert never holp to make this leg.
Lady F. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine honour?
What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

220. Enter...] Capell. Ff. after line 221.
it is] Pope. *'tis* Ff.
How now] *now* Pope.
222. SCENE IV. Pope.
228. *scorn'st*] *scornest* F_4.
230. *Gurney*] F_4. *Gournie* F_1. *Gourney* F_2F_3.
231. *Philip! sparrow:*] Capell. *Philip, sparrow,* Ff. *Philip,—spare me,* Theobald (Warburton). *Philip—spare oh!* Grey conj.
232. Exit Gurney] Exit James. Ff.
236. *to confess*] *confess* Pope. *to confess the truth* Keightley conj.
237. *Could he get me?*] Pope. *Could get me* Ff. *Could not get me;* Dyce (Collier MS.).
239. *beholding*] *beholden* Pope.
240. *holp*] *help'd* Pope.
241. *conspired*] *conspir'd* Rowe.

Bast. Knight, knight, good mother, Basilisco-like.
What! I am dubb'd! I have it on my shoulder.
But, mother, I am not sir Robert's son;
I have disclaim'd sir Robert and my land;
Legitimation, name and all is gone:
Then, good my mother, let me know my father;
Some proper man, I hope: who was it, mother?
Lady F. Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge?
Bast. As faithfully as I deny the devil.
Lady F. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father:
By long and vehement suit I was seduced
To make room for him in my husband's bed:
Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge!
Thou art the issue of my dear offence,
Which was so strongly urged past my defence.
Bast. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wish a better father.
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly:
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,
Subjected tribute to commanding love,
Against whose fury and unmatched force
The aweless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.
He that perforce robs lions of their hearts
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!
Who lives and dares but say thou didst not well
When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.
Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;

244. *Knight, knight, good mother, Basilisco-like.*] F_3F_4. *Knight, knight good mother, Basilisco-like:* F_1F_2. Omitted by Rowe (ed. 2). *Knight—Knight, good mother, Basilisco like* Pope. *Knight, knight, good mother—Basilisco like.* Theobald. *Knight, knight,—good mother, Basilisco like.* Id. conj. *Knight—knight—good mother—Basilisco;—'slight!* Id. conj. (withdrawn).

245. *What!*] Theobald. *What,* Ff. *Why* Pope. *Why,* Hanmer.

256. *my charge!*] *my charge,* Ff. *thy charge,* Long MS.

257. *Thou*] F_4. *That* $F_1F_2F_3$.

262. *your folly*] *you folly* F_2.

267. *hand*] *hands* F_4.

269. *Ay*] *aye* Ff.

273. *thee*] *the* F_4.

And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:
Who says it was, he lies; I say 'twas not. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *France. Before Angiers.*

Enter AUSTRIA *and forces, drums, etc. on one side: on the other* KING PHILIP *of France and his Power;* LEWIS, ARTHUR, CONSTANCE *and attendants.*

Lew. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.
Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
By this brave duke came early to his grave:
And for amends to his posterity,
At our importance hither is he come,
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf,
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John:
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.
Arth. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death
The rather that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war:
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart full of unstained love:
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.
Lew. A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?
Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love,

ACT II. SCENE I. Rowe (ed. 2). Scæna Secunda. Ff.

France...] Capell. Enter before Angiers, Philip King of France, Lewis, Daulphin, Austria, Constance, Arthur Ff.

1. Lew.] King Philip. Theobald conj.

14. *their*] *his* Collier MS.

16. *unstained*] *unstrained* Collier (Collier MS.).

That to my home I will no more return,
Till Angiers and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-faced shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides
And coops from other lands her islanders,
Even till that England, hedged in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,
Even till that utmost corner of the west
Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength
To make a more requital to your love!

Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their swords
In such a just and charitable war.

K. Phi. Well then, to work: our cannon shall be bent
Against the brows of this resisting town.
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages:
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvised you stain your swords with blood:
My Lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace which here we urge in war,
And then we shall repent each drop of blood
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter CHATILLON.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady! lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger Chatillon is arrived!

29. *utmost*] *outmost* F_4.
35. *that*] *who* F_4.
37. *work: our*] *work, our* F_4. *worke our* F_1F_2. *work our* F_3.
cannon] *engines* Pope.
49. *indirectly*] *indiscreetly* Singer (Collier MS.).

What England says, say briefly, gentle lord;
We coldly pause for thee; Chatillon, speak.
Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms: the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I;
His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-queen,
An Ate, stirring him to blood and strife;
With her her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a bastard of the king's deceased;
And all the unsettled humours of the land,
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens,
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here:
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scath in Christendom. [*Drum beats.*
The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand,
To parley or to fight; therefore prepare.
K. Phi. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!
Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occasion:
Let them be welcome then; we are prepared.

63. *An Ate*] Rowe. *An Ace* Ff. *As Ate* Collier MS.

65. *king's*] *kings* F_1. *king* F_2F_2 F_4. See note (XI).

70. *birthrights*] *birth-rights* F_1F_2. *birth-right* F_3F_4.

75. Drum beats] F_1 (after line 77). Drummes beates. F_2. Drums beats. F_3. Drums beat. F_4.

77, 78. *hand, To...fight;*] *hand, To ...fight,* Ff. *hand. To...fight,* Pope.

Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, *the* Bastard, Lords, *and Forces.*

K. John. Peace be to France, if France in peace permit
Our just and lineal entrance to our own;
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven,
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beats His peace to heaven.
K. Phi. Peace be to England, if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace.
England we love; and for that England's sake
With burden of our armour here we sweat.
This toil of ours should be a work of thine;
But thou from loving England art so far,
That thou hast under-wrought his lawful king,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Out-faced infant state and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face;
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:
This little abstract doth contain that large
Which died in Geffrey, and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son; England was Geffrey's right
And this is Geffrey's: in the name of God
How comes it then that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?
K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission, France,

83. Enter...] Enter K. of England, Bastard, Queene, Blanch, Pembroke, and others. Ff.
84. SCENE II. Pope.
87. *Whiles*] *Whilst* Rowe.
88. *beats*] *beat* Hanmer.
95. *his*] *its* Rowe. *her* Collier (Collier MS.).
103. *huge*] *large* Rowe. See note (VIII).
106. *this*] *his* Grant White (Mason conj.).
this is Geffrey's] *Geffrey is his* or *Geffrey's right is his* Seymour conj.
Geffrey's: in the name of God] *Geffrey's;...God* Rowe. *Geffreyes in... God:* $F_1F_2F_3$. (*Geffreys* F_3). *Geffreys,...God,* F_4. *Geffrey's son...God* Jervis conj.

To draw my answer from thy articles?
K. Phi. From that supernal judge, that stirs good thoughts
In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right:
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy:
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong
And by whose help I mean to chastise it.
K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.
K. Phi. Excuse; it is to beat usurping down.
Eli. Who is it thou dost call usurper, France?
Const. Let me make answer; thy usurping son.
Eli. Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king,
That thou mayst be a queen, and check the world!
Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true
As thine was to thy husband; and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geffrey
Than thou and John in manners; being as like
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think
His father never was so true begot:
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.
Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.
Const. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.
Aust. Peace!
Bast. Hear the crier.
Aust. What the devil art thou?
Bast. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,
An a' may catch your hide and you alone:
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,

111. *from*] *to* Hanmer.
113. *breast*] *beast* F_1.
114. *blots*] *bolts* Warburton.
118—150. *Alack...conference*] Put in the margin, as spurious, by Pope.
119. *Excuse; it is*] Malone. *Excuse it is* Ff. *Excuse it, 'tis* Rowe (ed. 2).
120. *is it*] Ff. *is it that* Rowe (ed. 1). *is't that* Rowe (ed. 2).
127. *John in manners; being*] Capell (Roderick conj.). *John, in manners being* Ff.
131. *an if*] Theobald. *and if* Ff.
133. *There's...thee*] As two lines in Ff, ending *boy...thee.*
would] *wouldst* Theobald.
136. *An a'*] Theobald. *And a* F

Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard:
I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to't; i' faith, I will, i' faith.
Blanch. O, well did he become that lion's robe
That did disrobe the lion of that robe!
Bast. It lies as sightly on the back of him
As great Alcides' shows upon an ass:
But, ass, I'll take that burthen from your back,
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.
Aust. What cracker is this same that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?
K. Phi. Lewis, determine what we shall do straight.
Lew. Women and fools, break off your conference.
King John, this is the very sum of all;
England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:
Wilt thou resign them and lay down thy arms?
K. John. My life as soon: I do defy thee, France.
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;
And out of my dear love I'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win:
Submit thee, boy.
Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.
Const. Do, child, go to it grandam, child;
Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:
There's a good grandam.
Arth. Good my mother, peace!
I would that I were low laid in my grave:
I am not worth this coil that's made for me.

139. *an*] Theobald. *and* Ff.
144. *Alcides' shows*] *Alcides' shews* Theobald. *Alcides shooes* Ff. (*shoos* F_4). *Alcides' should* Keightley conj.
149. K. Phi. *Lewis*] Capell. *King Lewis* Ff. *King Philip* Theobald. *King,—Lewis* Knight (Malone conj., withdrawn). See note (IX).
150. Lew.] K. Philip. Theobald.
152. *Anjou*] Theobald. *Angiers* Ff.
153. *do I*] *I do* Theobald.
156. *Bretagne*] Hanmer. *Britaine* F_1F_2. *Britain* F_3. *Brittain* F_4.
159—197. *Submit thee...repetitions*] Put in the margin, as spurious, by Pope.
160. *Do, child, go*] *Do, go, child, go; go* Capell.
160, 161. *it...it*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *yt...it* F_1. *it'...it'* Johnson. *it's...it's* Capell.

Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.
Const. Now shame upon you, whether she does or no!
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draws those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee;
Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be bribed
To do him justice and revenge on you.
Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!
Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!
Call not me slanderer; thou and thine usurp
The dominations, royalties and rights
Of this oppressed boy: this is thy eld'st son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee:
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.
K. John. Bedlam, have done.
Const. I have but this to say,
That he is not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagued for her
And with her plague; her sin his injury,
Her injury the beadle to her sin,
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her; a plague upon her!

167. *whether*] *where* $F_1F_2F_3$. *whe're* F_4.
she] *he* Ritson conj.
168. *wrongs*] *wrong* F_4.
169. *Draws*] Ff. *Draw* Capell.
171. *heaven shall*] *shall heaven* Collier MS.
175. *not me*] *me not* F_4.
176. *dominations*] F_1. *domination* $F_2F_3F_4$.
177. *this is thy eld'st*] Capell. *this is thy eldest* Ff. *thy eld'st* Ritson conj.
eld'st son's son] *eldest's son* Anon. conj.
179. *in*] *on* Anon. conj.
183. *Bedlam*] Ff. *Beldam* Rann (Ritson conj.).
187. *with her plague; her sin*] Edd. (Roby conj.). *with her plague her sinne:* Ff. *with her.—Plague her son!* Johnson. *with her sin, her plague* Capell. *with her plagued; her sin,* Rann (Roderick conj.). *with her sin, her plague,* Steevens conj. See note (x).
her sin his] *her sin, her* Lloyd conj.
188. *sin*] *sins* Malone conj.
190. *And all for her;*] *And all for her, and by her;* Lettsom conj.

Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A will that bars the title of thy son.
Const. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will;
A woman's will; a canker'd grandam's will!
K. Phi. Peace, lady! pause, or be more temperate:
It ill beseems this presence to cry aim
To these ill-tuned repetitions.
Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers: let us hear them speak
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

Trumpet sounds. Enter certain Citizens *upon the walls.*

First Cit. Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls?
K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England.
K. John. England, for itself.
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—
K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle,—
K. John. For our advantage; therefore hear us first.
These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement:
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath,
And ready mounted are they to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:
All preparation for a bloody siege
And merciless proceeding by these French
Confronts your city's eyes, your winking gates;
And but for our approach those sleeping stones,

196. *aim*] *ayme* F_1. *ay me* $F_2F_3F_4$. *amen* Rowe (ed. 2). *j'aime* Johnson conj. *shame* Jackson conj.
201. SCENE III. Pope.
certain Citizens] Capell. a Citizen Ff.
First Cit.] 1 Cit. Capell (and throughout the scene). Cit. F_1. Citti. F_2. Citt. F_3F_4.
206. *our*] *your* Tyrwhitt conj.
213. *preparation*] *preparations* Pope.
214. *And merciless proceeding by these French*] *And....proceeding,.... French.* Ff. *And.....proceeding,..... French,* Rowe. *And,...proceeding,... French,* Theobald.
215. *Confronts your*] Capell. *Confront your* Rowe. *Comfort yours* F_1 F_2. *Comfort your* F_3F_4. *Come 'fore* Collier (Collier MS.).

That as a waist doth girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordinance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But on the sight of us your lawful king,
Who painfully with much expedient march
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To save unscratch'd your city's threatened cheeks,
Behold, the French amazed vouchsafe a parle;
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears:
Which trust accordingly kind citizens,
And let us in, your king, whose labour'd spirits,
Forwearied in this action of swift speed,
Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to us both.
Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him and all that he enjoys:
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town,
Being no further enemy to you
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal
In the relief of this oppressed child
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
To pay that duty which you truly owe
To him that owes it, namely this young prince:
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,

217. *waist*] *waiste* F_4. *waste* F_1 F_2F_3.
doth] *do* Rowe.
218. *ordinance*] *ordnance* Malone.
225. *threatened*] F_2. *threatned* F_1 F_3F_4.
227. *instead*] F_3. *insteed* F_1F_2. *in stead* F_4.
232. *us in, your*] Capell. *us in. Your* Ff. *in us, your* Pope.
233. *Forwearied*] Steevens. *Forewearied* Ff.
234. *Crave*] Pope. *Craves* Ff.
248. *owes*] *owns* Pope.

Save in aspect, hath all offence seal'd up;
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven;
And with a blessed and unvex'd retire,
With unhack'd swords and helmets all unbruised,
We will bear home that lusty blood again
Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives and you in peace.
But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the roundure of your old-faced walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war,
Though all these English and their discipline
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challenged it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage
And stalk in blood to our possession?

First Cit. In brief, we are the king of England's subjects:
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

First Cit. That can we not; but he that proves the king,
To him will we prove loyal: till that time
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the king?
And if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—

Bast. Bastards, and else.

K. John. To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phi. As many and as well-born bloods as those,—

Bast. Some bastards too.

250. *hath*] *have* Hanmer.
252. *invulnerable*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *involuerable* F_1.
258. *our*] *your* Theobald. *proffer'd*] *proper* Jervis conj. *offer*] *love* S. Walker conj.
259. *roundure*] Capell. *rounder* Ff. *rondure* Singer. *old-faced*] *bold-faced* Williams conj.
262. *rude*] *wide* Williams conj.
264. *which*] *in which* Keightley conj.
268. See note (XI).
276, 279. Marked as 'Aside' by Pope.

K. Phi. Stand in his face to contradict his claim.
First Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We for the worthiest hold the right from both.
K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!
K. Phi. Amen, amen! Mount, chevaliers! to arms!
Bast. Saint George, that swinged the dragon, and e'er since
Sits on his horse back at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence! [*To Aust.*] Sirrah, were I at home,
At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,
I would set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.
Aust. Peace! no more.
Bast. O, tremble, for you hear the lion roar.
K. John. Up higher to the plain; where we'll set forth
In best appointment all our regiments.
Bast. Speed then, to take advantage of the field.
K. Phi. It shall be so; and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand. God and our right! [*Exeunt.*

Here after excursions, enter the Herald of France, *with trumpets, to the gates.*

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in,
Who by the hand of France this day hath made

283. *sin*] *sins* Collier MS.
288, 289. Arranged as in Pope. The first line ends at *dragon*, in Ff.
289. *on his*] Pope. *on's* Ff. See note (XII).
290. [To Aust.] Pope.
292. *I would*] *I'd* Pope.
297. *advantage*] *th' advantage* Pope. [Exeunt English. Capell.
298. *and*] [to Lew.] *and* Capell.
299. [Exeunt] Exeunt French. Capell.
Here...] Ff. A long Charge sounded: then... Warburton. Alarums, as of a Battel join'd; Excursions; afterwards, Retreat. Enter a French Herald... Capell.
300. SCENE IV. Pope. SCENE II. Capell. om. Ff. See note (XIII).
301, 311. *Bretagne*] Rowe (ed. 2). *Britaine* F_1F_2. *Britain* F_3F_4.

Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scattered on the bleeding ground:
Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
Coldly embracing the discoloured earth;
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne England's king and yours.

Enter English Herald, *with trumpet.*

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells;
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day:
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood;
There stuck no plume in any English crest
That is removed by a staff of France;
Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes:
Open your gates and give the victors way.

First Cit. Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured:
Blood hath bought blood and blows have answer'd blows;
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power:

304. *scattered*] *scatter'd* Rowe.
305. *Many*] *And many* Pope.
306. *discoloured*] *discolour'd* Rowe.
307. *And*] *While* Pope.
309. *Who.....display'd*] *Triumphantly display'd; who are at hand* Keightley conj.
display'd] Rowe. *displayed* Ff.
311. trumpet.] trumpets. Hanmer.
316. *with*] *in* Rowe.
318. *removed by a*] *remov'd by any* Collier (Collier MS.).
323. *Dyed*] *Stain'd* Pope.
325. First Cit.] 1 Cit. Capell. Citi. Rowe. Hub. Ff (and throughout the scene). See note (XIV).

Both are alike; and both alike we like.
One must prove greatest: while they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither, yet for both.

Re-enter the two KINGS, *with their powers, severally.*

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the current of our right run on?
Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'erswell
With course disturb'd even thy confining shores,
Unless thou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean.
K. Phi. England, thou hast not saved one drop of blood,
In this hot trial, more than we of France;
Rather, lost more. And by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,
Or add a royal number to the dead,
Gracing the scroll that tells of this war's loss
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.
Bast. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
O, now doth Death line his dead chaps with steel;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men,
In undetermined differences of kings.
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry, 'havoc!' kings; back to the stained field,

333. Re-enter...severally.] Enter ...at severall doores. Ff. Flourish. Enter King John, and his Power, on one Side, Bastard, Elinor, Blanch, &c.: on the other, King Philip, and French, Austria, and Lewis. Capell.

334. SCENE V. Pope.

335. *run*] F_3F_4. *runne* F_2. *rome* F_1. *roam* Malone. *foam* Nicholson conj.

339. *water*] *waters* Grant White (Collier MS.).

345. *lay down*] *lay by* Pope.

354. *mousing*] *mouthing* Pope.

You equal potents, fiery kindled spirits!
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death!
K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?
K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England; who's your king?
First Cit. The king of England, when we know the king.
K. Phi. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.
K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear possession of our person here,
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.
First Cit. A greater power than we denies all this;
And till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates;
King'd of our fears, until our fears, resolved,
Be by some certain king purged and deposed.
Bast. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you, kings,
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be ruled by me:
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,
Be friends awhile and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon charged to the mouths,

358. *equal potents*] *equal potent* Collier (Collier MS.).
fiery kindled] $F_2F_3F_4$. *fierie kindled* F_1. *fiery-kindled* Pope. *fire-ykindled* Collier (Collier MS.).
362. *who's*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *whose* F_1.
366. *possession*] *procession* Collier MS.
367. *of you*] F_1F_4. *if you* F_2F_3.
368. First Cit.] 1 C. Capell. Citi. Rowe. Fra. F_1. Fran. $F_2F_3F_4$.
we] *ye* Theobald (Warburton).
371. *King'd of our fears,*] Rann (Tyrwhitt conj.). *Kings of our feare,* F_1F_2. *Kings of our fear,* F_3F_4. *Kings of our fears,*— Theobald. *Kings are our fears,*— Warburton. *Kind of our fears* Jackson conj. *Kings, of our fear;* Knight (Becket conj.). *King'd of our fear,* Collier. *Kings of ourselves,* Delius conj. *Kings of our fear!* Keightley conj.
371, 372. *King'd...deposed.*] Put in the margin, as spurious, by Pope.
373. *these*] *the* Warburton.
376. *industrious*] *illustrious* Capell conj.
377. *Your*] *You* Rowe.
378. *mutines*] *mutiners* Spedding conj.
379. *awhile*] *a-while* F_1F_2. *a' while* F_3F_4.

Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
I'ld play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfenced desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once again;
Turn face to face and bloody point to point;
Then, in a moment, Fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion,
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
Smacks it not something of the policy?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well. France, shall we knit our powers
And lay this Angiers even with the ground;
Then after fight who shall be king of it?

Bast. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish town,
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy walls;
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
Why then defy each other, and pell-mell
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven or hell.

K. Phi. Let it be so. Say, where will you assault?

K. John. We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

K. Phi. Our thunder from the south
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Bast. O prudent discipline! From north to south:
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth:
I'll stir them to it. Come, away, away!

396. *Smacks...policy?*] Omitted by Pope.
401. [To Phi. Capell. *An if*] Capell. *And if* Ff.
411. *thunder*] *thunders* Grant White (Capell conj.).
413—415. *O prudent...away!*] Put in the margin, as spurious, by Pope. *O prudent...it*] Marked as 'Aside' by Capell.

First Cit. Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe awhile to stay,
And I shall show you peace and fair-faced league;
Win you this city without stroke or wound;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field:
Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.
K. John. Speak on with favour; we are bent to hear.
First Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the Lady Blanch,
Is niece to England: look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin and that lovely maid:
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete:
If not complete of, say he is not she;
And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not that she is not he:
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such as she;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
O, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in;
And two such shores to two such streams made one,
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,

422. *Speak on with favour; we*] *Speak on with favour, we* Ff. *Speak on; with favour we* Rowe.

424. *niece*] Singer (Collier MS.). *neere* F_1F_2. *near* F_3F_4.

425, 433, 484. *Dauphin*] Rowe. *Dolphin* Ff (and passim).

428. *should*] F_1F_4. om. F_2F_3.

434. *complete of, say*] *compleat of, —say,* Theobald. *compleat, oh! say* Hanmer. *completed, say* Lloyd conj.

436. *be not, that*] *be, but that* Jervis conj.

438. *as she*] Ff. *a she* Theobald (Thirlby conj.).

439. *fair divided*] *fair-divided* S. Walker conj.

To these two princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can
To our fast-closed gates; for at this match,
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance: but without this match,
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion, no, not Death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.
Bast. Here's a stay
That shakes the rotten carcass of old Death
Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death and mountains, rocks and seas,
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
He speaks plain cannon fire, and smoke and bounce;
He gives the bastinado with his tongue:
Our ears are cudgell'd; not a word of his
But buffets better than a fist of France:
Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words
Since I first call'd my brother's father dad.
Eli. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match;
Give with our niece a dowry large enough:
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
Thy now unsured assurance to the crown,
That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a yielding in the looks of France;

448. *With...enforce*] *Swifter than powder can in spleen enforce* Becket conj.
spleen] *speed* Pope.
452, 453. *more...More*] *so...So* Pope.
455. *stay*] *flaw* Johnson conj. *say* Singer (Becket conj.). *story* or *storm* Spedding conj.
461. *lusty blood*] *lusty-blood* Anon. conj.
462. *cannon fire,*] Ff. *cannon,—fire* Capell.
467. *I first*] *first I* Anon. conj.
468. Eli.] Rowe. Old Qu. Ff.
468—479. *Son...it was.*] Marked as 'Aside to John' by Capell.
471. *unsured*] *unsure* Anon. conj.

Mark, how they whisper: urge them while their souls
Are capable of this ambition,
Lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.
First Cit. Why answer not the double majesties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?
K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath been forward first
To speak unto this city: what say you?
K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,
Can in this book of beauty read 'I love,'
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:
For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,
And all that we upon this side the sea,
Except this city now by us besieged,
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed and make her rich
In titles, honours and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.
K. Phi. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's face.
Lew. I do, my lord; and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;
Which, being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun and makes your son a shadow:
I do protest I never loved myself
Till now infixed I beheld myself
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.
[*Whispers with Blanch.*

477. *Lest*] F_4. *Least* $F_1F_2F_3$. *Let* Jackson conj.
now melted by] *now melted, by* Hanmer.
windy] *whining* Jackson conj.
482. *hath*] *have* Anon. conj.
486. *queen*] *queen's* Keightley conj.
487. *Anjou*] Pope, ed. 2, (Theobald). *Angiers* Ff.
493. *As*] Ff. *And* Rowe.
494. *hand*] F_1. *hands* $F_2F_3F_4$.
496. Lew.] Dol. Ff.
498—500. *The shadow...a shadow*] Put in the margin, as spurious, by Pope.
500. *sun*] Rowe (ed. 2). *sonne* F_1 F_2. *son* F_3F_4.
502. *beheld*] *behold* Hanmer.
503. Whispers...] Ff. Courts in dumb Shew. Capell.

Bast. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!
And quarter'd in her heart! he doth espy
Himself love's traitor: this is pity now,
That, hang'd and drawn and quarter'd, there should be
In such a love so vile a lout as he.
Blanch. My uncle's will in this respect is mine:
If he see aught in you that makes him like,
That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will;
Or if you will, to speak more properly,
I will enforce it easily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this; that nothing do I see in you,
Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge,
That I can find should merit any hate.
K. John. What say these young ones? What say you, my niece?
Blanch. That she is bound in honour still to do
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.
K. John. Speak then, prince Dauphin; can you love this lady?
Lew. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;
For I do love her most unfeignedly.
K. John. Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine, Maine,
Poictiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.
Philip of France, if thou be pleased withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.
K. Phi. It likes us well; young princes, close your hands.

504. [Aside. Dyce.
510. [To Lew. Capell.
513. *it to*] *into* Anon. conj.
515. *easily*] F_3F_4. *easlie* F_1F_2.
523. *still*] *will* Pope. *shall* Steevens (Capell conj.).
528. *Anjou*] F_4. *Aniow* F_1. *Anjow* F_2F_3. See note (XI).
533. *well; young princes, close*] Rowe. *well young princes: close* Ff.

Aust. And your lips too; for I am well assured
That I did so when I was first assured.
K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made;
For at Saint Mary's chapel presently
The rites of marriage shall be solemnized.
Is not the Lady Constance in this troop?
I know she is not, for this match made up
Her presence would have interrupted much:
Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows.
Lew. She is sad and passionate at your highness' tent.
K. Phil. And, by my faith, this league that we have made
Will give her sadness very little cure.
Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady? In her right we came;
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,
To our own vantage.
K. John. We will heal up all;
For we'll create young Arthur Duke of Bretagne
And Earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of. Call the Lady Constance;
Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity: I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd for, unprepared pomp.
[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.*
Bast. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,

534, 535. *And your...assured*] Put in the margin, as spurious, by Pope. *assured...assured*] *assured ...affied* S. Walker conj.
536. *Angiers*] *Angires* F_1.
541. *not, for*] F_3F_4. *not for* F_1F_2.
543. *son?...knows*] Steevens (1793). *son,...knows?* Ff.
544. *She is*] *She's* Pope.
548. *widow*] *widow'd* Collier (Collier MS.).
551. *Bretagne*] Hanmer. *Britaine* F_1F_2. *Britain* F_3F_4.
553. *We*] *We'll* Anon. conj.
560. Exeunt all...] Rowe. Exeunt. Ff.
561. SCENE VI. Pope.

Hath willingly departed with a part,
And France, whose armour conscience buckled on,
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field
As God's own soldier, rounded in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith,
That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,
Who, having no external thing to lose
But the word 'maid,' cheats the poor maid of that,
That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling Commodity,
Commodity, the bias of the world,
The world, who of itself is peised well,
Made to run even upon even ground,
Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this Commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent:
And this same bias, this Commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determined aid,
From a resolved and honourable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.
And why rail I on this Commodity?
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would salute my palm;
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,

571. *having*] *as they have* Hanmer.
572. *'maid'...maid*] *maids...maids* Hanmer.
cheats...that] *are cheated e'en of that* Seymour conj.
575. *who*] *which* Pope.
peised] *peysed* $F_1F_2F_3$. *poysed* F_4.
577. *vile-drawing*] *vile drawing* Ff.
582. *this all-changing word*] *this all-changing-word* F_1. *that all-changing-world* $F_2F_3F_4$.
584. *aid*] *aim* Collier, ed. 2 (Mason conj.). *deed* Bubier conj.
586. *vile-concluded*] F_1. *vile concluded* $F_2F_3F_4$.
587. *on this*] *thus on* Anon. conj.
589. *Not that I have the*] *Nor that I have the* Hanmer. *Not but I have the* or *Not that I have not* Collier conj. *Not that I have no* Collier MS.
591. *But for*] *But that* Pope.

Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail
And say there is no sin but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be
To say there is no vice but beggary.
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The French* KING'S *Pavilion.*

Enter CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, *and* SALISBURY.

Const. Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood join'd! gone to be friends!
Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch those provinces?
It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard;
Be well advised, tell o'er thy tale again:
It cannot be; thou dost but say 'tis so:
I trust I may not trust thee; for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a king's oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frighting me,
For I am sick and capable of fears,
Oppress'd with wrongs and therefore full of fears,
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears,
A woman, naturally born to fears;
And though thou now confess thou didst but jest,
With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.

593. *whiles*] *while* Pope.
598. *Gain, be*] Theobald. *Gaine be* Ff (*Gain* F_3F_4).
ACT III. SCENE I.] Pope (ed. 2). Actus Secundus. Ff. ACT II. SCENE I. Rowe. SCENE VII. Pope (ed. 1). The French...] Theobald.
7. *I trust*] *I think* Pope.
9. *Believe...man*] Omitted in Pope.
16, 17. *jest,...spirits*] Rowe. *jest... spirits*, Ff.
17. *cannot*] *can't* Pope.

What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.
Sal. As true as I believe you think them false
That give you cause to prove my saying true.
Const. O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die,
And let belief and life encounter so
As doth the fury of two desperate men
Which in the very meeting fall and die.
Lewis marry Blanch! O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England, what becomes of me?
Fellow, be gone: I cannot brook thy sight:
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.
Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done?
Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.
Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.
Const. If thou, that bid'st me be content, wert grim,
Ugly and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content,
For then I should not love thee, no, nor thou
Become thy great birth nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great:

24. *signs*] *sighs* Warburton.
27. *you think*] *you'll think* Keightley conj.
34. *marry*] *wed* Pope.
Blanch!] *Blanch?* Ff.
35. *England,*] Ff. *England!* Rowe (ed. 2).
37—41. *This...it*] Put in the margin, as spurious, by Pope.
42. *madam*] *mother* Pope.
45. *and sightless*] *unsightly* Collier MS.

Of Nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast
And with the half-blown rose. But Fortune, O,
She is corrupted, changed and won from thee;
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John,
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to Fortune and King John,
That strumpet Fortune, that usurping John!
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
Envenom him with words, or get thee gone
And leave those woes alone which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings.

Const. Thou mayst, thou shalt; I will not go with thee:
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud and makes his owner stoop.
To me and to the state of my great grief
Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrows sit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

[*Seats herself on the ground.*

Enter KING JOHN, KING PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH, ELINOR, *the* BASTARD, AUSTRIA, *and* Attendants.

K. Phi. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day
Ever in France shall be kept festival:

56. *She adulterates*] Capell. *Sh' adulterates* Ff. *Adulterates* Pope.

60. *King John*] *to John* Pope.

64. *those*] *these* F_4.

68. *sorrows*] *sorrow* Rowe (ed. 2).

69. *and*] *an 't* Anon. conj.
his] *its* Boswell. See note (XV).
owner stoop] *donor stoop* Jackson conj. *owners too* Mitford conj.
stoop] F_3F_4. *stoope* F_1F_2. *stout* Hanmer.

72. *earth*] *earth* [throwing herself upon it. Capell.

73. *and sorrows*] F_3F_4. *and sorrowes* F_1F_2. *and sorrow* Pope. *in sorrow* Jackson conj.

74. Seats.....] Sits down on the floor. Theobald. om. Ff.

75. ACTUS TERTIUS, SCÆNA PRIMA. Ff. Theobald continues the scene. ACT III. SC. 2. Hanmer. See note (II).
Enter.....Attendants] Malone. Enter King John, France, Dolphin, Blanch, Elianor, Philip, Austria, Constance. Ff.

To solemnize this day the glorious sun
Stays in his course and plays the alchemist,
Turning with splendour of his precious eye
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearly course that brings this day about
Shall never see it but a holiday.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holy day! [*Rising.*
What hath this day deserved? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high tides in the calendar?
Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,
This day of shame, oppression, perjury.
Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray that their burthens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd:
But on this day let seamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break that are not this day made:
This day, all things begun come to ill end,
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K. Phi. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

Const. You have beguiled me with a counterfeit
Resembling majesty, which, being touch'd and tried,
Proves valueless: you are forsworn, forsworn;
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league.

82. *holiday*] *holy day* $F_1F_2F_3$. *Holy-day* F_4.
83. *A...day!*] Omitted by Pope.
an holy-day Theobald. *a holy day*] $F_1F_2F_3$. *a Holy-day* F_4.
[Rising] Theobald.
92. *But on this day*] Rowe (ed. 2). *But (on this day)* Ff. *Except this day* Pope.
wreck] *wrack* Ff.
95. *change*] *chang'd* Pope.
100. *being*] om. Pope.
and tried] om. Ritson conj.
102. *mine*] *my* F_4.
105. *cold*] *cool'd* Hanmer. *clad* Capell. *coil'd* Staunton conj.
painted] *faint in* Collier MS. *pacted* Bubier conj.
106. *hath*] *had* F_2.

Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjured kings!
A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjured kings!
Hear me, O, hear me!

Aust. Lady Constance, peace!

Const. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.
O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward!
Thou little valiant, great in villany!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou Fortune's champion that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! thou art perjured too,
And soothest up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool, to brag and stamp and swear
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side,
Been sworn my soldier, bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune and thy strength,
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. O, that a man should speak those words to me!

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. Thou darest not say so, villain, for thy life.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

K. John. We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

Enter PANDULPH.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

107. *you*] *ye* Pope.
108. *cries;*] Capell. *cries*, Ff. *heavens*] *heav'n* Pope.
110. *day*] Theobald. *daies* F_1. *dayes* F_2. *days* F_3F_4.
122. *and stamp*] *to stamp* F_4.
129. *calf's-skin*] Capell. *Calves skin* $F_1F_2F_3$. *Calves-skin* F_4.
130. *should*] *would* Pope.
131, 133. *calf's-skin*] Capell. *Calves-skin* $F_1F_3F_4$. *Calves skin* F_2.
133. Twelve lines from (Q) inserted by Pope. See note (XVI).
135. SCENE II. Pope. SCENE III. Hanmer.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!
To thee, King John, my holy errand is.
I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
And from Pope Innocent the legate here,
Do in his name religiously demand
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn; and force perforce
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
This, in our foresaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.
K. John. What earthy name to interrogatories
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England
Add thus much more, that no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But as we, under heaven, are supreme head,
So under Him that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:
So tell the pope, all reverence set apart
To him and his usurp'd authority.
K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.
K. John. Though you and all the kings of Christendom
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out;
And by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that sale sells pardon from himself,
Though you and all the rest so grossly led

143. *archbishop*] F_3F_4. *arshbishop* F_1F_2.
144. *see*] F_4. *sea* $F_1F_2F_3$.
147. *earthy*] *earthly* Pope.
148. *task*] Theobald. *tast* F_1F_2. *taste* F_3F_4. *tax* Rowe (ed. 2).
151. *pope*] *pope's* Keightley conj.
155. *heaven*] *God* Collier conj.
156. *Him*] *it* Rowe (ed. 2). *heaven* Collier (Collier MS.).

This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish,
Yet I alone, alone do me oppose
Against the pope and count his friends my foes.
Pand. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand cursed and excommunicate:
And blessed shall he be that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized and worshipp'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.
Const. O, lawful let it be
That I have room with Rome to curse awhile!
Good father cardinal, cry thou amen
To my keen curses; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.
Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.
Const. And for mine too: when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong:
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here,
For he that holds his kingdom holds the law;
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?
Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic;
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.
Eli. Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand.
Const. Look to that, devil; lest that France repent,
And by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.
Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.
Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.

177. *Canonized and worshipp'd*] *Worshipp'd and canonized* Seymour conj.
180. *room*] F_3F_4. *roome* F_1F_2. *leave* Pope.
185. *too: when...right,*] *too; when ...right,* Rowe (ed. 2). *too, when... right.* Ff.
196. *that, devil*] Pope. *that devil* Ff.
199. *calf's-skin*] Capell. *Calves-skin* Ff.

Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because—

Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.

K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?

Const. What should he say, but as the cardinal?

Lew. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a friend:
Forego the easier.

Blanch. That's the curse of Rome.

Const. O Lewis, stand fast! the devil tempts thee here
In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.

Blanch. The Lady Constance speaks not from her faith,
But from her need.

Const. O, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,
That faith would live again by death of need.
O then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down!

K. John. The king is moved, and answers not to this.

Const. O, be removed from him, and answer well!

Aust. Do so, King Philip; hang no more in doubt.

Bast. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lout.

K. Phi. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.

Pand. What canst thou say but will perplex thee more,
If thou stand excommunicate and cursed?

K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my person yours,
And tell me how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Married in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious strength of sacred vows;
The latest breath that gave the sound of words

207. *That's*] *That s* F_1. *That is* $F_2F_3F_4$.

208. *O Lewis*] *Lewis* Pope.

209. *new untrimmed*] Ff. *new and trimmed* Theobald. *new betrimmed* Id. conj. *new-uptrimmed* Dyce. *new entrimmed* Richardson conj.

210—220. *The lady...lout.*] Put in the margin, as spurious, by Pope.

217. *king*] F_1F_4. *kind* F_2F_3.

Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love
Between our kingdoms and our royal selves,
And even before this truce, but new before,
No longer than we well could wash our hands
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,
Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and overstain'd
With slaughter's pencil, where revenge did paint
The fearful difference of incensed kings:
And shall these hands, so lately purged of blood,
So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,
Unyoke this seizure and this kind regreet?
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,
Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
As now again to snatch our palm from palm,
Unswear faith sworn, and on the marriage-bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity? O, holy sir,
My reverend father, let it not be so!
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order; and then we shall be blest
To do your pleasure and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love.
Therefore to arms! be champion of our church,
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,
A mother's curse, on her revolting son.
France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue,
A chafed lion by the mortal paw,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So makest thou faith an enemy to faith;
And like a civil war set'st oath to oath,
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow

233. *but new before,*] *but new— before—* Seymour conj.
251. *and then*] *and* Pope.
259. *chafed*] Theobald. *cased* Ff. *chased* Pope. *uncas'd* Becket conj. *caged* Collier (Mitford conj.). *raged* Keightley conj. See note (XVII).

First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd,
That is, to be the champion of our church.
What since thou sworest is sworn against thyself
And may not be performed by thyself,
For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss
Is not amiss when it is truly done,
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done not doing it:
The better act of purposes mistook
Is to mistake again; though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falsehood falsehood cures, as fire cools fire
Within the scorched veins of one new-burn'd.
It is religion that doth make vows kept;
But thou hast sworn against religion,
By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st,
And makest an oath the surety for thy truth
Against an oath: the truth thou art unsure
To swear, swears only not to be forsworn;
Else what a mockery should it be to swear!
But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;
And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
Therefore thy later vows against thy first
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself;
And better conquest never canst thou make
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against these giddy loose suggestions:

271. *Is not*] Ff. *Is most* Hanmer. *Is yet* Warburton. *Is't not* Johnson. *Is but* Collier (Collier MS.). *Is done* Spedding conj.

275. *again;*] Theobald. *again* Ff.

281. *By what*] *By that* Hanmer. *By which* Capell (Johnson conj.).

282, 283. *truth Against an oath: the truth*] *truth, Against an oath. The truth* Johnson (Heath conj.). *truth, Against an oath the truth,* F_1F_2. *truth: Against an oath the truth,* F_3F_4. *truth, Against an oath the truth;* Rowe (ed. 2). *truth, Against an oath the truth* Pope. *truth Against an oath that truth* Hanmer.

283. *the truth*] *the proof* Staunton. See note (XVIII).

283, 284. *unsure To swear,*] *untrue To swear:* Hanmer. *unsure—To swear,* Warburton. *unsure. Who swears,* Capell.

284. *swears*] *sweares* F_1F_2. *swears,* F_3F_4. *swear* Rowe (ed. 2).

288. *later*] F_1F_2. *latter* F_3F_4.

292. *giddy loose*] *giddy-loose* S. Walker conj.

Upon which better part our prayers come in,
If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then know
The peril of our curses light on thee
So heavy as thou shalt not shake them off,
But in despair die under their black weight.
Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!
Bast. Will't not be?
Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?
Lew. Father, to arms!
Blanch. Upon thy wedding-day?
Against the blood that thou hast married?
What, shall our feast be kept with slaughtered men?
Shall braying trumpets and loud churlish drums,
Clamours of hell, be measures to our pomp?
O husband, hear me! ay, alack, how new
Is husband in my mouth! even for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Against mine uncle.
Const. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Forethought by heaven!
Blanch. Now shall I see thy love: what motive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?
Const. That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,
His honour: O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!
Lew. I muse your majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.
Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.
K. Phi. Thou shalt not need. England, I will fall from thee.
Const. O fair return of banish'd majesty!

295. *thee*] *thee;* Capell.
300. Lew.] Daul. Ff.
302. *slaughtered*] Ff. *slaughter'd* Rowe.
305. *ay, alack*] *ah! alack* Warburton.
309—312. *O, upon...heaven*] Arranged as in Pope. As three lines in Ff, ending *kneeling...Daulphin...heaven.*
320. *I will*] *I'll* Pope.

Eli. O foul revolt of French inconstancy!
K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.
Bast. Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton Time,
Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.
Blanch. The sun's o'ercast with blood: fair day, adieu!
Which is the side that I must go withal?
I am with both: each army hath a hand;
And in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl asunder and dismember me.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win;
Uncle, I needs must pray that thou mayst lose;
Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;
Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;
Assured loss before the match be play'd.
Lew. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.
Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.
K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together.
[*Exit Bastard.*
France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;
A rage whose heat hath this condition,
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and dearest-valued blood, of France.
K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:
Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.
K. John. No more than he that threats. To arms let's hie!
[*Exeunt.*

337. *with me,*] *with me;* Capell. *lies*] *lives* Capell.
339. [Exit Bastard.] Pope.
342. *allay*] *allay't* Capell conj.
343. *The blood*] *The best* S. Walker conj.

SCENE II. *The same. Plains near Angiers.*

Alarums, excursions. Enter the BASTARD, *with* AUSTRIA'S *head.*

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
Some airy devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there,
While Philip breathes.

Enter KING JOHN, ARTHUR, *and* HUBERT.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy. Philip, make up:
My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.
Bast. My lord, I rescued her;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not:
But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same.*

Alarums, excursions, retreat. Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR, *the* BASTARD, HUBERT, *and* Lords.

K. John. [*To Elinor*] So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind
So strongly guarded. [*To Arthur*] Cousin, look not sad:
Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will

SCENE II.] SCENE III. Pope. SCENE IV. Hanmer.
The same. Plains...] Malone. A field of battle. Pope.
2. *airy*] *fiery* Theobald (Warburton).
4. *While Philip breathes*] Omitted by Pope. See note (XIX).
[Alarums. Capell.
5. *Hubert*] *There, Hubert* Pope. *keep*] *keep thou* Rann (Tyrwhitt conj.).
Philip] *Richard* Theobald. *cousin* Hanmer.
10. *an happy*] *a happy* Capell.
[Exeunt.] Exit. Ff.
SCENE III.] Capell. SCENE IV. Pope. SCENE V. Hanmer. Scene continued in Ff.
1. [To Elinor,] Hanmer
2. [To Arthur] Pope.

As dear be to thee as thy father was.
Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief!
K. John. [*To the Bastard*] Cousin, away for England! haste before:
And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; imprisoned angels
Set at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon:
Use our commission in his utmost force.
Bast. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver becks me to come on.
I leave your highness. Grandam, I will pray,
If ever I remember to be holy,
For your fair safety; so, I kiss your hand.
Eli. Farewell, gentle cousin.
K. John. Coz, farewell.
[*Exit Bastard.*
Eli. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.
K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much! within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,
But I will fit it with some better time.
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
To say what good respect I have of thee.
Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

6. [To the Bastard] Pope.
8, 9. *imprisoned angels Set*] Ff. *their impr.son'd angels Set* Pope. *their imprison'd angels Set thou* Theobald. *angels imprisoned Set thou* Reed (1813). *set at liberty Imprison'd angels* Grant White (S. Walker conj.).
9. *Set*] *Set all* Anon. conj.
10. *hungry...upon*] *hungry soldiers now be fed on* Malone conj. (withdrawn).
now] *war* Theobald (Warburton). *maw* Hanmer.
11. *his*] *its* Rowe.
13. *becks*] *beck* Theobald.
17. *gentle*] *my gentle* Pope.
[Exit...] Pope.
18. [Taking him to one side of the stage. Pope.
19. [To Hubert on the other side. Pope.
26. *time*] Pope. *tune* Ff.
27. *I am*] *I'm* Pope.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet,
But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say, but let it go:
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton and too full of gawds
To give me audience: if the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound on into the drowsy race of night;
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs,
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had baked thy blood and made it heavy-thick,
Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes,
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears and harmful sound of words;
Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
But, ah, I will not! yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think thou lovest me well.
Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,

30. *so yet,*] Ff. *so—yet—* Pope.
36. *all too*] *allto* Seymour conj.
gawds] *gawdes* F_1. *gawdes.* F_2F_3. *gawds,* F_4.
38, 39. *Did...Sound on into*] *Had ...sounden unto* Rann conj.
39. *Sound on*] Ff. *Sound one* Theobald. *Sound: On!* Delius conj.
into] Ff. *unto* Theobald.
race] Ff. *reign* Seymour conj. *ear* Dyce and Staunton (S. Walker conj.). *car* Staunton conj. (withdrawn).
43. *heavy-thick*] Pope. *heavy, thick* Ff.
44. *tickling*] *trickling* Grey conj. *tingling* Collier MS.
45. *keep*] *steep* Long MS. *peep* Mason conj.
52. *brooded*] Ff. *broad-ey'd* Pope. *broad and* Mitford conj. *the broad* Collier MS. *broody* Anon. MS. conj. (ap. Halliwell).
brooded watchful] *brooded-watchful* Delius (Mason conj.).

By heaven, I would do it.
K. John. Do not I know thou wouldst?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way;
And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me: dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.
Hub. And I'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.
K. John. Death.
Hub. My lord?
K. John. A grave.
Hub. He shall not live.
K. John. Enough.
I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember. Madam, fare you well:
I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.
Eli. My blessing go with thee!
K. John. For England, cousin, go:
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty. On toward Calais, ho! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same.* *The* FRENCH KING'S *tent.*

Enter KING PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, *and* Attendants.

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armado of convicted sail

58. *I would do it*] *I'd do* Pope. *I'd do't* Theobald.
65. *That he...Death*] As one line, S. Walker conj.
66. *My lord?*] *My lord.* Ff.
69. [Returning to the Queen. Pope.
71. *go*] om. Steevens.
72. *attend*] F_1F_2. *to attend* F_3F_4. *t' attend* Pope.
SCENE IV.] Capell. Scæna Tertia. Ff. SCENE V. Pope. SCENE VI. Hanmer.
The same. The French King's tent.] Malone. The French Court. Theobald. The French Camp. Capell.
Pandulph,] Pandulpho, F_1. Pandupho, $F_2F_3F_4$.
2. *convicted*] *collected* Pope. *convented* Singer (Mason conj.). *con-*

Is scattered and disjoin'd from fellowship.
Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.
K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?
Lew. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
So hot a speed with such advice disposed,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example: who hath read or heard
Of any kindred action like to this?
K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had this praise,
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter CONSTANCE.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath.
I prithee, lady, go away with me.
Const. Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace.
K. Phi. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Constance!
Const. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death; O amiable lovely death!
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones
And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows
And ring these fingers with thy household worms

nected Delius (Malone conj.). *connected* Dyce conj. *consorted* Keightley conj. *combined* Spedding conj.

3. *scattered*] Ff. *scatter'd* Rowe.

12. *cause*] *course* Hanmer (Theobald conj.).

17. *here!*] Capell. *heere?* F_1. *here?* $F_2F_3F_4$.

18. *against*] *'gainst* Pope.

19. *breath*] *earth* Farmer conj.

24, 25. *redress, Death, death;*] Theobald. *redress: Death, death,* Ff. *redress, Death; death,* Pope.

26. *Thou...rottenness*] Omitted by Pope.

27. *forth from*] *from forth* Collier MS.

the couch] *thy couch* Pope.

29. *detestable bones*] *bones detestable* Hanmer.

And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust
And be a carrion monster like thyself:
Come, grin on me, and I will think thou smilest,
And buss thee as thy wife. Misery's love,
O, come to me!
K. Phi. O fair affliction, peace!
Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
Then with a passion would I shake the world;
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern invocation.
Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.
Const. Thou art not holy to belie me so;
I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine;
My name is Constance; I was Geffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:
I am not mad: I would to heaven I were!
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canonized, cardinal;
For being not mad but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself:
If I were mad, I should forget my son,
Or madly think a babe of clouts were he:
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

35. *buss*] *kiss* Pope.
Misery's love] *thou love of misery* Pope.
39. *a passion*] *what passion* Collier MS.
would I] F_1. *I would* $F_2F_3F_4$.
41, 42. See note (XX).
42. *Which scorns*] *And scorns* Pope.
modern] *modest* Rowe (ed. 2). *mother's* Knight (Heath conj.). *widow's* Collier (Collier MS.).
44. *not holy*] F_4. *holy* $F_1F_2F_3$. *unholy* Delius and Staunton (Steevens conj.).
51—58. *Preach...were he*] Put in the margin, as spurious, by Pope.
52. *thou...cardinal*] *cardinal, thou shalt be canonized* Seymour conj.

K. Phi. Bind up those tresses. O, what love I note
In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
Do glue themselves in sociable grief,
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.
Const. To England, if you will.
K. Phi. Bind up your hairs.
Const. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds and cried aloud
'O that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty!'
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner.
And, father cardinal, I have heard you say
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker-sorrow eat my bud
And chase the native beauty from his cheek
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit,
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him: therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.
Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.
Const. He talks to me that never had a son.
K. Phi. You are as fond of grief as of your child.
Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,

61—75. *Bind...prisoner*] Put in the margin, as spurious, by Pope.
64. *friends*] Rowe (ed. 2). *fiends* Ff.
66. *loves*] *lovers* Collier (Collier MS.).
76. *And*] *Oh* Pope. *Ah!* Anon. conj.
78. *true*] om. Pope.
I shall] *I'll* Seymour conj.

Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief?
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.
I will not keep this form upon my head,
When there is such disorder in my wit.
O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure! [*Exit.*

K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her. [*Exit.*

Lew. There's nothing in this world can make me joy:
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,
That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil:
What have you lost by losing of this day?

Lew. All days of glory, joy and happiness.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly you had.
No, no; when Fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
'Tis strange to think how much King John hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearly won:
Are not you grieved that Arthur is his prisoner?

Lew. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

98. *Then,...grief!*] $F_1F_2F_3$. *Then ...grief!* F_4. *Then...grief.* Rowe.

99. *had you*] *had you had* Anon. conj.

101. [Tearing off her head-cloaths. Pope. Looses her hair again. Dent MS. Tearing her hair. Collier MS.

105. [Exit.] Exit wildly. Capell.

107. SCENE VI. Pope. SCENE VII. Hanmer.

110. *And*] *A* Rowe (ed. 2). *world's taste*] Pope. *words taste* Ff. *word, state* Jackson conj. *the ..world's*] *that...word's* Delius conj.

111. *shame*] *gall* S. Walker conj.

114, 115. *leave, On...departure*] Capell. *leave On...departure*, $F_1F_2F_3$. *leave, On...departure*, F_4.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit;
For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne; and therefore mark.
John hath seized Arthur; and it cannot be
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplaced John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest.
A sceptre snatch'd with an unruly hand
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd;
And he that stands upon a slippery place
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Lew. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

Pand. You, in the right of Lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lew. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand. How green you are and fresh in this old world!
John lays you plots; the times conspire with you;
For he that steeps his safety in true blood
Shall find but bloody safety and untrue.
This act so evilly born shall cool the hearts
Of all his people and freeze up their zeal,
That none so small advantage shall step forth
To check his reign, but they will cherish it;
No natural exhalation in the sky,
No scope of nature, no distemper'd day,
No common wind, no customed event,
But they will pluck away his natural cause

132. *whiles*] *whilst* Rowe.
133. *an hour*] *one hour* Collier (Collier MS.).
134. *One minute*] *A minute* Rowe.
139. *stand, then*] *stand then,* Hanmer.
146. *you plots*] *your plots* Malone conj.
149. *born*] F_3F_4. *borne* F_1F_2.
151. *none*] *no* Pope.
152. *reign*] F_4. *reigne* $F_1F_2F_3$. *rein* Capell conj.
154. *scope*] *scape* Pope. *shape* Hanmer. See note (XXI).
156. *his*] *its* Pope.

And call them meteors, prodigies and signs,
Abortives, presages and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.
Lew. May be he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.
Pand. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies; and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change
And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Methinks I see this hurly all on foot:
And, O, what better matter breeds for you
Than I have named! The bastard Faulconbridge
Is now in England, ransacking the church,
Offending charity: if but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand English to their side,
Or as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,
Go with me to the king: 'tis wonderful
What may be wrought out of their discontent,
Now that their souls are topful of offence.
For England go: I will whet on the king.
Lew. Strong reasons make strong actions: let us go:
If you say ay, the king will not say no. [*Exeunt.*

158. *presages and*] *and presages* Pope.
164. *that*] *this* F_4.
170. *O,*] *lo!* Mason conj.
173. *a dozen*] *twelve* Pope.
176. *Or*] *Ev'n* Hanmer.
177. *O*] om. Pope.
179, 180. *discontent, Now.....offence.*] *discontent, Now...offence,* Ff. *discontent. Now...offence,* Rowe. *discontent: Now...offence.* Knight.
182. *reasons make*] Capell. *reasons makes* Ff. *reason makes* Rowe. *strong actions*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *strange actions* F_1.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A room in a castle.*

Enter HUBERT *and* Executioners.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy which you shall find with me
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.
First Exec. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.
Hub. Uncleanly scruples! fear not you: look to't.
[*Exeunt Executioners.*
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.
Hub. Good morrow, little prince.
Arth. As little prince, having so great a title
To be more prince, as may be. You are sad.
Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.
Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks no body should be sad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,

ACT IV. SC. I.] Actus Quartus, Scæna prima. F_1. Actus Quintus... $F_2F_3F_4$.

A room in a castle.] Staunton. Northampton. A room in the castle. Capell. Changes to England. A Prison. Pope. Canterbury. A room in the castle. Grant White. Dover. A room in the castle. Halliwell.

Executioners.] Ff. Executioner. Rowe. certain Officers of the Castle. Capell. two attendants. Malone.

1. *thou*] *you* Rowe.

6, 86. First Exec.] Exec. Ff. 1. O. Capell.

7. *Uncleanly*] *Unmanly* Grey conj.

scruples! fear] Rowe (ed. 2). *scruples feare* F_1F_2 (*fear* F_3). *scruples, fear* F_4. *scruple! fear* Rann.

Exeunt...] Exeunt Officers. Capell. om. Ff.

9. *Good morrow, little*] *Morrow, little* Pope.

14. *France*] *Fance* F_2.

So I were out of prison and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me:
He is afraid of me and I of him:
Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son?
No, indeed, is't not; and I would to heaven
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.
Hub. [*Aside*] If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch.
Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:
In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night and watch with you:
I warrant I love you more than you do me.
Hub. [*Aside*] His words do take possession of my bosom.
Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*
[*Aside*] How now, foolish rheum!
Turning dispiteous torture out of door!
I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?
Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?
Hub. Young boy, I must.
Arth. And will you?
Hub. And I will.

18. *should*] *would* Boswell (1821). *be as*] *be as as* F_2. *be* Pope.
23. *No, indeed*] *Indeed* Pope. *is't*] F_1F_4. *it's* F_2F_3. *it is* Pope.
25. [Aside] Rowe.
31. *I warrant*] *Alas,* Pope.
32. [Aside] Capell.
33. [Showing a paper.] Rowe (ed. 2).
[Aside] Rowe (ed. 2). *How now*] *How how* Capell (corrected in MS.).
33, 34. *rheum!...door!*] Steevens. *rheume!.....doore!* Ff. (*door!* F_4). *rheume,...door!* Rowe (ed. 2). *rheum! ...door!* Capell.
34. *dispiteous*] *dispitious* Ff. *this piteous* Long MS.
torture] *nature* Hanmer.
37. *is it not fair*] *is't not fairly* Keightley conj.
38. *effect*] *a fact* Malone conj.
39. *hot*] om. Pope.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkercher about your brows,
The best I had, a princess wrought it me,
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head,
And like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,
Saying, 'What lack you?' and 'Where lies your grief?'
Or 'What good love may I perform for you?'
Many a poor man's son would have lien still
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love
And call it cunning: do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes that never did nor never shall
So much as frown on you.
Hub. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.
Arth. Ah, none but in this iron age would do it!
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears
And quench his fiery indignation
Even in the matter of mine innocence;
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
An if an angel should have come to me
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,

42. *handkercher*] Ff. *handkerchief* Rowe.
50. *lien*] *lyen* $F_1F_2F_3$. *lain* F_4.
52. *sick service*] *sick-service* Delius.
54. *an if*] Theobald. *and if* Ff.
57. *nor*] *and* Pope.
58. *I have*] *I've* Pope.
60—67. *Ah,...iron?*] Put in the margin, as spurious, by Pope.
63. *his*] Capell. *this* Ff. *their* Rowe (ed. 1). *its* Rowe (ed. 2).
64. *matter*] *water* Long MS.
67. *stubborn-hard*] Warburton. *stubborne hard* F_1F_2. *stubborn hard* F_3F_4.
68. *An if*] Capell. *And if* Ff. *Oh if* Pope.

I would not have believed him,—no tongue but Hubert's.
Hub. Come forth. [*Stamps.*

Re-enter Executioners, *with a cord, irons, &c.*

Do as I bid you do.
Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.
Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.
Arth. Alas, what need you be so boisterous-rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heaven sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly:
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.
Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.
First Exec. I am best pleased to be from such a deed.
[*Exeunt Executioners.*
Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend!
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.
Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.
Arth. Is there no remedy?
Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.
Arth. O heaven, that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,

70. *him,—no tongue but Hubert's.*] *him: no tongue but Hubert's.* Ff. *a tongue but Hubert's.* Pope. *a tongue 'bate Hubert.* Warburton conj. *no tongue, but Hubert's.* Steevens (1793). *him. No tongue but Hubert's*— Knight (Steevens conj.). See note (XXII).

71. [Stamps...] om. Ff. Stamps, and the men enter. Pope. Re-enter Officers with a cord, the irons, &c. Capell.

75. *iron*] *irons* Anon. conj.

76. *boisterous-rough*] Theobald. *boistrous rough* F_1F_2. *boisterous rough* F_3F_4.

77. *stone-still*] Rowe. *stone still* Ff.

78. *heaven sake*] *heav'n's sake* Warburton.

81. *wince*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *winch* F_1.

82. *angerly*] *angrily* Pope.

87. Exeunt...] Exeunt officers. Capell. Exit. Pope. om. Ff.

92. *mote*] Steevens (Long MS. and Malone conj.). *moth* Ff.

Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.
Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.
Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue, let me not, Hubert;
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes: O, spare mine eyes,
Though to no use but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold
And would not harm me.
Hub. I can heat it, boy.
Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be used
In undeserved extremes: see else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.
Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.
Arth. An if you do, you will but make it blush
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes;
And like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
All things that you should use to do me wrong
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.
Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eye

98, 99. *Hubert...eyes:*] Put in the margin, as spurious, by Pope.
109. *in this burning*] *burning in this* Grey conj.
110, 111. *his*] *its* Pope.
113—117. *An...on*] Put in the margin, as spurious, by Pope.
113. *An if*] Edd. (S. Walker conj.). *And if* Ff.
117. *tarre*] Ff. *set* Rowe.
120. *extends*] *extend* Pope.
121. *mercy-lacking*] Pope. *mercy, lacking* Ff.
122. *to live*] *and live* Roderick conj.
eye] Ff. *eyes* Steevens (Capell conj.).

For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:
Yet am I sworn and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.
Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.
Hub. Peace; no more. Adieu.
Your uncle must not know but you are dead;
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports:
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.
Arth. O heaven! I thank you, Hubert.
Hub. Silence; no more: go closely in with me:
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. KING JOHN'S *palace.*

Enter KING JOHN, PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *and other* Lords.

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,
And looked upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.
Pem. This 'once again,' but that your highness pleased,
Was once superfluous: you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off,
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land
With any long'd-for change or better state.
Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue

123. *owes*] *owns* Pope.
127. *disguised*] Pope. *disguis'd* Ff.
King John's Palace.] The Court of England. Pope. The same. A Room of State in the Palace. Capell.
Enter...] Flourish. Enter King John, crowned;...King takes his State. Capell.
1. *once again crown'd*] F_3F_4. *once against crown'd* F_1F_2. *crown'd once again* Pope.

Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.
Pem. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told,
And in the last repeating troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.
Sal. In this the antique and well noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured;
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,
Startles and frights consideration,
Makes sound opinion sick and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.
Pem. When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness;
And oftentimes excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse,
As patches set upon a little breach
Discredit more in hiding of the fault
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.
Sal. To this effect, before you were new crown'd,
We breathed our counsel: but it pleased your highness
To overbear it, and we are all well pleased,
Since all and every part of what we would
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.
K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possess'd you with and think them strong;
And more, more strong, then lesser is my fear,

26. *suspected*] *suspect* Anon. conj.
28. *to do better*] *to better do* Staunton conj.
29. *covetousness*] *covetize* Capell conj.
33, 34. *fault...fault*] *flaw...flaw* Warburton.
37. *it*] *'t* Anon. conj.
and we are] *yet we're* Pope. *and we're* Theobald.
39. *Doth*] *Do* Rowe (ed. 2). *Must* Pope. *will*] *wills* Keightley conj.
42. *then lesser is my fear,*] *then lesser is my feare* F_1. *then lesse is my feare* F_2. *then lesse is my fear* F_3F_4 (*less* F_4). *the less that is my fear*, Rowe (ed. 2). (*the lesser is my fear*) Pope. (*when lesser is my fear*) Steevens (Tyrwhitt conj.). *than lesser is my fear* Collier (ed. 1). *thus lessening my fear* Collier MS. *than lesser, in my fear* Keightley conj.

I shall indue you with: meantime but ask
What you would have reform'd that is not well,
And well shall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.
Pem. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these
To sound the purposes of all their hearts,
Both for myself and them, but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and them
Bend their best studies, heartily request
The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument,—
If what in rest you have in right you hold,
Why then your fears, which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong, should move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise?
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit
That you have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our goods we do no further ask
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal he have his liberty.

Enter HUBERT.

K. John. Let it be so: I do commit his youth
To your direction. Hubert, what news with you ?
[*Taking him apart.*
Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed;
He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine:

50. *them*] *they* Pope. See note (XXIII).
54. *argument,*—] Capell. *argument.* Ff.
55. *in rest*] *in wrest* Steevens conj. *int'rest* Jackson conj. *in rent* Anon. conj.
in right] *not right* Staunton conj.
hold] *hold not* Malone conj.
56, 57. *then...should*] *shou'd... then* Pope. *then...should not* Keightley conj.
64. *goods*] *good* Pope.
65. *Than*] *Then* F_1.
you] *yours* Collier MS.
66. *he have his*] *that he have* Pope.
68. [Taking him apart.] Capell. The King goes aside with Hubert. Hanmer.

The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much troubled breast;
And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pem. And when it breaks, I fear will issue thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand:
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead:
He tells us Arthur is deceased to-night.

Sal. Indeed we fear'd his sickness was past cure.

Pem. Indeed we heard how near his death he was
Before the child himself felt he was sick:
This must be answer'd either here or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?
Think you I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparent foul play; and 'tis shame
That greatness should so grossly offer it:
So thrive it in your game! and so, farewell.

Pem. Stay yet, Lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood which owed the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold: bad world the while!
This must not be thus borne: this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long I doubt. [*Exeunt Lords.*

K. John. They burn in indignation. I repent:

73. *Does*] F_4. *Doe* F_2. *Do* F_1F_3. *Doth* Dyce and Staunton.
78. *set*] *sent* Theobald.
82. [Turning to the Lords. Capell.
93. *foul play*] *foule-play* F_1F_2. *foul-play* F_3F_4.
99. *owed*] *ow'd* Ff. *own'd* Pope. *breadth*] *breath* Rowe.
102. [Exeunt Lords.] Exeunt. Ff.
103. SCENE III. Pope.
103—105. [Aside. Rowe (ed. 2).

There is no sure foundation set on blood,
No certain life achieved by others' death.

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast: where is that blood
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm:
Pour down thy weather: how goes all in France?

Mess. From France to England. Never such a power
For any foreign preparation
Was levied in the body of a land.
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;
For when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings comes that they are all arrived.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care,
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?

Mess. My liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust; the first of April died
Your noble mother: and, as I hear, my lord,
The Lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true or false I know not.

K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!
O, make a league with me, till I have pleased
My discontented peers! What! mother dead!
How wildly then walks my estate in France!
Under whose conduct came those powers of France
That thou for truth givest out are landed here?

Mess. Under the Dauphin.

105. Enter...] Enter Mes. Ff. (after line 102).
110. *England. Never*] Johnson (Roderick conj.). *England, never* Ff. *England never* Rowe. *England—Never* Capell.
115. *comes*] $F_1F_2F_3$. *come* F_4.
117. *care*] *care* or *eare* F_1. *care* $F_2F_3F_4$. See note (XXIV).
127. *What!*] *What?* Ff. *My* Pope.
129. *came*] *come* Collier (Collier MS.).
131. *Dauphin*] *Dolphin* Ff. *Dauphin's* Hanmer.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.

Enter the BASTARD *and* PETER *of Pomfret.*

Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.
Bast. But if you be afeard to hear the worst,
Then let the worst unheard fall on your head.
K. John. Bear with me, cousin; for I was amazed
Under the tide: but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.
Bast. How I have sped among the clergy-men,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied;
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams,
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:
And here's a prophet, that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.
K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?
Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.
K. John. Hubert, away with him; imprison him;
And on that day at noon, whereon he says
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to safety; and return,
For I must use thee. [*Exit Hubert with Peter.*
O my gentle cousin,
Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arrived?

132. Enter...] Ff (after *Dolphin*, line 131).
135. *afeard*] *afraid* F_4.
141. *clergy-men*] F_4. *clergy men* $F_1F_2F_3$. *clergymen* Warburton.
159. Exit...] Theobald.

Bast. The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it:
Besides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salisbury,
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, whom they say is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.
K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies:
I have a way to win their loves again;
Bring them before me.
Bast. I will seek them out.
K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better foot before.
O, let me have no subject enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,
And fly like thought from them to me again.
Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed. [*Exit.*
K. John. Spoke like a sprightful noble gentleman.
Go after him; for he perhaps shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;
And be thou he.
Mess. With all my heart, my liege. [*Exit.*
K. John. My mother dead!

Re-enter HUBERT.

Hub. My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night;
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wondrous motion.
K. John. Five moons!
Hub. Old men and beldams in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:

165. *whom*] Ff. *who* Pope.
165, 166. *Of...suggestion*] As one line in Ff.
167. *companies*] *company* Pope.
171. *subject*] F_1. *subjects* $F_2F_3F_4$.
180. [Exit.] Rowe.
181. Re-enter H.] Capell. Enter H. Ff.
182. SCENE IV. Pope.

And when they talk of him, they shake their heads
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist,
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,
Told of a many thousand warlike French
That were embattailed and rank'd in Kent:
Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale and talks of Arthur's death.
K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.
Hub. No had, my lord! why, did you not provoke me?
K. John. It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life,
And on the winking of authority
To understand a law, to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when perchance it frowns
More upon humour than advised respect.
Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.
K. John. O, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds

199. *Told*] *He told* Long MS.
205. *a mighty cause*] *a cause* Pope. *mighty cause* Steevens.
207. *No had*] Ff. *Had none* Rowe (ed. 2). *None had* Knight.
210. *within*] F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$. *into* Pope.

Make deeds ill done! Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted and sign'd to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind:
But taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.
Hub. My lord,—
K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head or made a pause
When I spake darkly what I purposed,
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
As bid me tell my tale in express words,
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
But thou didst understand me by my signs
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And consequently thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.
Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me; and my state is braved,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience and my cousin's death.
Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive: this hand of mine

220. *Make*] *Makes* Theobald.
deeds ill] Ff. *ill deeds* Knight (Capell conj.).
Hadst] *for hadst* Pope. *Hadest* Capell.
229. *Made*] *Mad'st* Pope.
234. *As*] *Or* Pope. *And* Malone.
238. *sin*] *sign* Collier (Collier MS.).
245. [Laying his hand upon his breast. Long MS.
247. *reigns*] *reign* Hanmer.

Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murderous thought;
And you have slander'd nature in my form,
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the peers,
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience!
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
O, answer not, but to my closet bring
The angry lords with all expedient haste.
I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Before the castle.*

Enter ARTHUR, *on the walls.*

Arth. The wall is high, and yet will I leap down:
Good ground, be pitiful and hurt me not!
There's few or none do know me: if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguised me quite.
I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:

255. *murderous*] Ff. *murd'rous* Pope. *murd'rer's* Hanmer (Warburton).
259. *an innocent*] *a guiltless* Pope.
265. *foul imaginary*] *foul-imaginary* S. Walker conj.

SCENE III.] SCENE V. Pope. Before the castle.] The same. Before... Capell. A prison. Rowe. A street before a prison. Pope.
Enter...] Ff. Enter.....disguis'd. Theobald.

As good to die and go, as die and stay. [*Leaps down.*
O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones! [*Dies.*

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *and* BIGOT.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmundsbury:
It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.
Pem. Who brought that letter from the cardinal?
Sal. The Count Melun, a noble lord of France;
Whose private with me of the Dauphin's love
Is much more general than these lines import.
Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.
Sal. Or rather then set forward; for 'twill be
Two long days' journey, lords, or ere we meet.

Enter the BASTARD.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd lords!
The king by me requests your presence straight.
Sal. The king hath dispossess'd himself of us:
We will not line his thin bestained cloak
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks.
Return and tell him so: we know the worst.
Bast. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.
Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.
Bast. But there is little reason in your grief;
Therefore 'twere reason you had manners now.
Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

8. [Leaps down.] Rowe.
11. *Saint*] F_2. *S.* F_1. *St.* F_3F_4.
15. *Melun*] Rowe. *Meloone* F_1. *Melloone* $F_2F_3F_4$.
16. *with me*] Ff. *missive* Collier (Collier MS.). *witness* Spedding conj.
20. *or ere*] $F_1F_2F_3$. *or e're* F_4.
Enter...] Enter Bastard. Ff.
24. *thin bestained*] Rowe. *thin-bestained* Ff. *sin-bestained* Singer (Collier MS.).
cloak] *cloake* F_1F_3. *clake* F_2F_4.
32, 33. *his*] *its* Pope.

Bast. 'Tis true, to hurt his master, no man else.
Sal. This is the prison. What is he lies here?
[*Seeing Arthur.*
Pem. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.
Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.
Big. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.
Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? have you beheld,
Or have you read or heard? or could you think?
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see? could thought, without this object,
Form such another? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-eyed wrath or staring rage
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.
Pem. All murders past do stand excused in this:
And this, so sole and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet unbegotten sin of times;
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exampled by this heinous spectacle.
Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.
Sal. If that it be the work of any hand!
We had a kind of light what would ensue:
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;

33. *man*] *mans* F_1. See note (XXV).
34. [Seeing Arthur.] Pope.
39. *a grave*] *the glaive* Hanmer.
40. *precious - princely*] Capell. *precious princely* Ff.
41. *have you beheld*] F_3F_4. *you have beheld* F_1F_2.
44. *That*] *What* Pope.
45. *This is*] *'tis* Pope. *This'* S. Walker conj.
54. *sin of times*] F_4. *sinne of times* $F_1F_2F_3$. *sins of time* Pope. *sin of time* Steevens.
60. *hand!*] *hand?* Ff. *hand,*— Capell.

The practice and the purpose of the king:
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow,
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worship of revenge.

Pem. } Our souls religiously confirm thy words.
Big. }

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you:
Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you.

Sal. O, he is bold and blushes not at death.
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law?
[*Drawing his sword.*

Bast. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.

Sal. Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin.

Hub. Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand back, I say;
By heaven, I think my sword's as sharp as yours:
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness and nobility.

Big. Out, dunghill! darest thou brave a nobleman?

Hub. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murderer.

Hub. Do not prove me so;

66. *his*] *this* Rowe.
71. *hand*] *head* Singer (Farmer conj.).
[Taking Arthur's hand. Mason conj.
74. SCENE VI. Pope.
78. *law?*] F_1F_4. *law.* F_2F_3.
[Drawing his sword.] Pope.
85. *of*] *but* Collier (Collier MS.).
90. *Do not*] *Do but* or *Do you* Keightley conj.

Yet I am none: whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.
Pem. Cut him to pieces.
Bast. Keep the peace, I say.
Sal. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.
Bast. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury:
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime;
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.
Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?
Second a villain and a murderer?
Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.
Big. Who kill'd this prince?
Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:
I honour'd him, I loved him, and will weep
My date of life out for his sweet life's loss.
Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.
Away with me, all you whose souls abhor
The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house;
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.
Big. Away toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!
Pem. There tell the king he may inquire us out.
[*Exeunt Lords.*
Bast. Here's a good world! Knew you of this fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

98. *thee*] *the* Warburton (a misprint).
101. *wilt thou*] *will you* Rowe (ed. 2).
108. *such rheum*] *such a rheum* Warburton.
110. *innocency*] *innocence* Pope.
112. *savours*] F_1. *savour* $F_2F_3F_4$.
113. *this*] *the* F_4.
116. SCENE VII. Pope.
117—119. *Beyond...Hubert.*] Arranged as by Pope. As two lines, the first ending *mercy*, in Ff.

Hub. Do but hear me, sir.
Bast. Ha! I'll tell thee what;
Thou'rt damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so black;
Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince Lucifer:
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.
Hub. Upon my soul—
Bast. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair;
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a beam
To hang thee on; or wouldst thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.
I do suspect thee very grievously.
Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me.
I left him well.
Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms.
I am amazed, methinks, and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.
How easy dost thou take all England up!
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven; and England now is left
To tug and scamble and to part by the teeth
The unowed interest of proud-swelling state.

121. *as black*—] Rowe (ed. 2). *as blacke*, F_1F_2. *as black*, F_3F_4. *so black*— Pope.
125. *soul*—] Pope. *soule*. F_1F_2. *soul*. F_3F_4.
129. *serve to*] Omitted by Pope.
130. *thyself*] om. Steevens conj. (ending line 129 at *will be*).
139. [Hubert takes up Arthur. Collier (Collier MS.).
142, 143. *up!.....royalty,*] Theobald. *up,...royalty?* Ff.
146. *scamble*] *scramble* Rowe.
147. *proud swelling*] Pope. *proud swelling* Ff.

Now for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now powers from home and discontents at home
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits,
As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
Now happy he whose cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child
And follow me with speed: I'll to the king:
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. KING JOHN'S *palace.*

Enter KING JOHN, PANDULPH, *and* Attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory. [*Giving the crown.*
Pand. Take again
From this my hand, as holding of the pope
Your sovereign greatness and authority.
K. John. Now keep your holy word: go meet the
French,

153. *sick-fallen*] *sick, fall'n* Pope.
154. *wrested*] *wasted* Anon. conj.
155. *cincture*] Pope. *center* Ff. *bever* Anon. MS. conj. (ap. Halliwell).
158. *in*] *at* Rowe.
159. [Exeunt.] Exit. Ff. Exeunt; Hubert bearing out Arthur. Collier (Collier MS.).

ACT V. SCENE I.] Rowe. Actus Quartus, Scæna prima. Ff.

King John's palace.] The court of England. Pope. The same (i. e. Northampton). A room in the palace. Capell. Bristol. A...palace. Halliwell.

Pandulph] Pandolph, F_1. Pandulph with the crown. Capell.

2. [Giving the crown.] Pope. Giving back the Crown. Capell (after *Take again*).

3. *From this*] *This from* Heath conj.

And from his holiness use all your power
To stop their marches 'fore we are inflamed.
Our discontented counties do revolt;
Our people quarrel with obedience,
Swearing allegiance and the love of soul
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.
This inundation of mistemper'd humour
Rests by you only to be qualified:
Then pause not; for the present time's so sick,
That present medicine must be minister'd,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
Upon your stubborn usage of the pope;
But since you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war
And make fair weather in your blustering land.
On this Ascension-day, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms. [*Exit.*

K. John. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet
Say that before Ascension-day at noon
My crown I should give off? Even so I have:
I did suppose it should be on constraint;
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the BASTARD.

Bast. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out
But Dover Castle: London hath received,
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers:
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy,
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,

7. *their*] *the* Warburton. *marches 'fore*] *marches; for* Mason conj.
10. *the love*] *love* Hanmer.
12. *mistemper'd*] *distemper'd* Rowe.
16. *incurable*] *incurably* F_4.
35. *hurries*] *harries* Staunton conj.
36. *your*] F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.

After they heard young Arthur was alive?
Bast. They found him dead and cast into the streets,
An empty casket, where the jewel of life
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.
K. John. That villain Hubert told me he did live.
Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatener and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away, and glister like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field:
Show boldness and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
O, let it not be said: forage, and run
To meet displeasure farther from the doors,
And grapple with him ere he comes so nigh.
K. John. The legate of the pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promised to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin.
Bast. O inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley and base truce
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,

40. *where*] *whence* Keightley conj. *jewel of life*] *jewel, life* Pope.
46. *sad*] *blank* Collier MS.
48. *be fire*] *meet fire* Collier MS.
59. *forage*] *forrage* Ff. *forward* Long MS. *courage* Collier (Collier MS.).
67. *orders*] *offers* Singer (Collier MS.). *compromise*] Rowe (ed. 2). *comprimise* Ff.

A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
Perchance the cardinal cannot make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at least be said
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

Bast. Away, then, with good courage! yet, I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The* DAUPHIN'S *Camp at St Edmundsbury.*

Enter, in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, *and* Soldiers.

Lew. My Lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance:
Return the precedent to these lords again;
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal and an unurged faith
To your proceedings; yet believe me, prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound
By making many. O, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side

72. *idly*] *idlely* F_1F_2. *idely* F_3F_4.
74. *cannot*] *can't* Pope.
SCENE II. The...Edmundsbury.] Theobald. The...camp. Pope. ...Lewis...]...Dolphin... Ff.
10. *and an*] *and* Pope. *an* Capell.
13. *contemn'd*] *condemn'd* Heath conj.

To be a widow-maker! O, and there
Where honourable rescue and defence
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury!
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.
And is't not pity, O my grieved friends,
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
Wherein we step after a stranger march
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks,—I must withdraw and weep
Upon the spot of this enforced cause,—
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here?
What, here? O nation, that thou couldst remove!
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grapple thee unto a pagan shore;
Where these two Christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so unneighbourly!

Lew. A noble temper dost thou show in this;
And great affections wrestling in thy bosom
Doth make an earthquake of nobility.
O, what a noble combat hast thou fought
Between compulsion and a brave respect!

19. *Cries*] *Cry* Hanmer.
26. *Were*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *Was* F_1.
27. *stranger march*] Theobald. *stranger, march* Ff. *stranger's march* Long MS.
30. *spot*] *thought* Grant White (Collier MS.). *spur* Dyce conj. *spite* Jervis conj.
spot of] *spot, for* Pope.
35. *thee from the*] *the from thee* F_4.
36. *grapple*] Pope. *cripple* Ff. *gripple* Steevens conj.
38. *vein*] F_3F_4. *veine* F_2. *vaine* F_1.
39. *to spend*] Ff. *mis-spend* Hanmer. *to-spend* Steevens (1793).
41. *affections*] *affection* Pope.
wrestling] F_4. *wrastling* F_1 F_2F_3.
42. *Doth*] Ff. *Do* Hanmer.
43. *hast thou*] F_4. *hast* $F_1F_2F_3$.
44. *compulsion*] *compassion* Hanmer. *compunction* Capell conj.

Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amazed
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figured quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm:
Commend these waters to those baby eyes
That never saw the giant world enraged;
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full of warm blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity
As Lewis himself: so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.
And even there, methinks, an angel spake:

Enter PANDULPH.

Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven,
And on our actions set the name of right
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble prince of France!
The next is this, King John hath reconciled
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome:

56. *waters*] F_1. *warres* F_2. *warrs* F_3. *wars* F_4.

59. *Full of warm*] Edd. (Heath conj.) *Full warm of* Ff.

64. SCENE III. Pope. [He sees Pandulph coming at a distance. Hanmer.

spake:] Capell. *spake,* Ff. *spake!* Theobald. *speeds;* Hanmer. See note (XXVI).

Enter P.] Enter Pandulpho. Ff (after line 63). Enter P. attended. Capell.

68. SCENE III. Enter Pandulph. Hanmer.

Therefore thy threatening colours now wind up;
And tame the savage spirit of wild war,
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in show.

Lew. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back:
I am too high-born to be propertied,
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man and instrument,
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
Between this chastised kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;
And come ye now to tell me John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition sent,
To underprop this action? Is't not I
That undergo this charge? who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business and maintain this war?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out
'Vive le roi!' as I have bank'd their towns?
Have I not here the best cards for the game,
To win this easy match play'd for a crown?
And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

83. *coal of wars*] *coal of war* Pope. *coals of war* Capell conj.
89. *interest to*]*my interest in* Hanmer.
108. *No, no*] *No* Pope.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this work.
Lew. Outside or inside, I will not return
Till my attempt so much be glorified
As to my ample hope was promised
Before I drew this gallant head of war,
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
To outlook conquest and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death. [*Trumpet sounds.*
What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter the BASTARD, *attended.*

Bast. According to the fair play of the world,
Let me have audience; I am sent to speak:
My holy lord of Milan, from the king
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.
Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties;
He flatly says he'll not lay down his arms.
Bast. By all the blood that ever fury breathed,
The youth says well. Now hear our English king;
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepared, and reason too he should:
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd masque and unadvised revel,
This unhair'd sauciness and boyish troops,
The king doth smile at; and is well prepared
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.

116. [Trumpet sounds.] Rowe.
117. Enter.....attended.] Capell. Enter Bastard. Ff.
118. SCENE IV. Pope.
fair play] *fair-play* F_3F_4. *faire-play* F_1F_2.
119—121. *speak:.....king I come*] *speak,...king: I come* Theobald.
124. *wilful-opposite*] Theobald. *wilful opposite* Ff (*wilfull* F_1F_2).
125. *entreaties*] *entreates* S. Walker conj.
130. *too*] *to* F_1.
133. *unhair'd*] Theobald. *vnheard* F_1. *unheard* $F_2F_3F_4$. *unair'd* Steevens conj. (withdrawn). *unbeard* Keightley conj.
unhair'd...and] *unheard...of* Collier MS. *unhair'd...of* Collier.
troops] *troop* Capell conj.
135. *these pigmy*] Rowe. *this pigmy* Ff.

That hand which had the strength, even at your door,
To cudgel you and make you take the hatch,
To dive like buckets in concealed wells,
To crouch in litter of your stable planks,
To lie like pawns lock'd up in chests and trunks,
To hug with swine, to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons, and to thrill and shake
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,
Thinking his voice an armed Englishman;
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No: know the gallant monarch is in arms
And like an eagle o'er his aery towers,
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame;
For your own ladies and pale-visaged maids
Like Amazons come tripping after drums,
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,
Their needles to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lew. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace;
We grant thou canst outscold us: fare thee well;
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabbler.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Bast. No, I will speak.

Lew. We will attend to neither.
Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest and our being here.

Bast. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;

142. *hug*] *herd* Rowe (ed. 2).
144. *crying of your...crow*] Ff. *crying of our...crow* Rowe (ed. 2). *crying of your...scare-crow* Grey conj. *crowing of your...cock* Collier (Collier MS.).
145. *his*] Rowe. *this* Ff.
149. *towers*] *tower* F_4.
151. *revolts*] *revolters* Pope.
156. *change*] *chang'd* Dyce and Collier (Collier MS.).
157. *Their needles*] *Needles* Pope. *needles*] F_3F_4. *needl's* F_1F_2. *neelds* Steevens.
160. *fare*] *far* F_1.
162. *brabbler*] *babler* Rowe.

And so shall you, being beaten: do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready braced
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another shall
As loud as thine rattle the welkin's ear
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand,
Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath used rather for sport than need,
Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lew. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

Bast. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The field of battle.*

Alarums. Enter KING JOHN *and* HUBERT.

K. John. How goes the day with us? O, tell me, Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear. How fares your majesty?

K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
Lies heavy on me; O, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,
Desires your majesty to leave the field
And send him word by me which way you go.

K. John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.

Mess. Be of good comfort; for the great supply
That was expected by the Dauphin here,

170. *all*] *all,* Ff.

177. *A bare-ribb'd*] *Bare-ribbed* Anon. conj.

SCENE III.] SCENE V. Pope. The field...] Pope.

Alarums.] Ff. Alarms. Rowe. Loud Alarums. Capell.

8, 16. *Swinstead*] *Swinsted* Ff. *Swineshead* Halliwell. See note (XXVII).

Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin Sands.
This news was brought to Richard but even now:
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.
K. John. Ay me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.
Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter straight;
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Another part of the field.*

Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, *and* BIGOT.

Sal. I did not think the king so stored with friends.
Pem. Up once again; put spirit in the French:
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.
Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.
Pem. They say King John sore sick hath left the field.

Enter MELUN, *wounded.*

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.
Sal. When we were happy we had other names.
Pem. It is the Count Melun.
Sal. Wounded to death.
Mel. Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold;
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out King John and fall before his feet;

11. *Are*] *Was* Capell.
14. *Ay me*] *Aye me* Ff. *Ah me* Pope.
SCENE IV.] SCENE VI. Pope. Another...] The French Camp. Theobald. The same. Another... same. Capell.
2, 3. *French:...miscarry,*] Rowe. *French,...miscarry,* F_3F_4. *French,... miscarry;* F_1F_2.
11. *Unthread the rude eye*] *Untread the rude way* Theobald. *Untread the rude cry* Jackson conj. *Untread the road way* Collier (Collier MS.). *Unthread the red way,* Bubier conj.

For if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompense the pains you take
By cutting off your heads: thus hath he sworn
And I with him, and many moe with me,
Upon the altar at Saint Edmundsbury;
Even on that altar where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.
Sal. May this be possible? may this be true?
Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I then be false, since it is true
That I must die here and live hence by truth?
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east:
But even this night, whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble and day-wearied sun,
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire,
Paying the fine of rated treachery
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert with your king:
The love of him, and this respect besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman,
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field,
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts

14. *the French be lords*] *that France be lord* S. Walker conj. *the Prince be lord* Lloyd and Keightley conj. *the French be lord* Edd. conj. See note (XXVIII).
17. *moe*] *more* F_4.
18. *Saint*] F_2. *S.* F_1. *St.* F_3F_4.
25. *his*] *its* Pope.
27. *lose*] *loose* F_1.
30. *do*] om. Pope.
34. *crest*] *cresset* Anon. conj.
37. *rated*] *hated* Johnson conj.
42. See note (XI).

In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.
Sal. We do believe thee: and beshrew my soul
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight,
And like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd
And calmly run on in obedience
Even to our ocean, to our great King John.
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye. Away, my friends! New flight;
And happy newness, that intends old right.
[*Exeunt, leading off Melun.*

SCENE V. *The French camp.*

Enter LEWIS *and his train.*

Lew. The sun of heaven methought was loath to set,
But stay'd, and made the western welkin blush,
When English measure backward their own ground
In faint retire. O, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such bloody toil, we bid good night;

53. *retired*] *retiring* Hanmer.
54. *rankness*] *bankless* Capell conj.
55. *o'erlook'd*] *o'erleap'd* Anon. conj.
59. *pangs*] *fangs* Heath conj.
60. *Right in thine eye*] Ff. *Right in thine eyes* Pope. *Pight in thine eyes* Hanmer. *Pight in thine eye* Warburton. *Fight in thine eye* Capell. *Bright in thine eye* Collier (Collier MS.). *Fright in thine eye* Anon. apud Collier conj. *Riot in thine eye* Brae conj.
New flight;] *and fly!* Pope.
61. *And...right*] Omitted by Pope.
SCENE V.] SCENE VII. Pope.
The French camp.] Hanmer.
3. *English measure*] *th' English measure* Rowe (ed. 2). *th' English measur'd* Pope.

And wound our tattering colours clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?
Lew. Here: what news?
Mess. The Count Melun is slain; the English lords
By his persuasion are again fall'n off,
And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,
Are cast away and sunk on Goodwin Sands.
Lew. Ah, foul shrewd news! beshrew thy very heart!
I did not think to be so sad to-night
As this hath made me. Who was he that said
King John did fly an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?
Mess. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.
Lew. Well; keep good quarter and good care to-night:
The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *An open place in the neighbourhood of Swinstead Abbey.*

Enter the BASTARD *and* HUBERT, *severally.*

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.
Bast. A friend. What art thou?
Hub. Of the part of England.

7. *tattering*] Malone. *tott'ring* Ff. *tatter'd* Pope. *totter'd* Collier MS. *clearly*] *chearly* Capell conj. *closely* Collier MS. *cleanly* Edd. conj. See note (XXIX).
9. *prince*] *lord* Capell conj.
11. *again*] F_1. *at length* $F_2F_3F_4$.
12. *supply*] *supplies* Capell.
15. *so sad*] *sad* Warburton.
SCENE VI.] SCENE VIII. Pope.
An...Abbey.] Theobald.

Bast. Whither dost thou go?
Hub. What's that to thee? why may not I demand
Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?
Bast. Hubert, I think?
Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will upon all hazards well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well.
Who art thou?
Bast. Who thou wilt: and if thou please,
Thou mayst befriend me so much as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.
Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou and eyeless night
Have done me shame: brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy tongue
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.
Bast. Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?
Hub. Why, here walk I in the black brow of night,
To find you out.
Bast. Brief, then; and what's the news?
Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless and horrible.
Bast. Show me the very wound of this ill news:
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.
Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:
I left him almost speechless; and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil, that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.
Bast. How did he take it? who did taste to him?
Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king

3. *Whither*] *And whither* Pope.
3—6. Arranged as in Capell. As six lines, ending *go?...thee?...affairs ...mine...think...thought:* in Ff.
4—6. *why...mine?* Bast. *Hubert*] Bast. *Why...mine? Hubert* Ingleby conj.
9. *and*] *an* Capell.
12. *eyeless*] Theobald (Warburton). *endles* F_1. *endlesse* F_2F_3. *endless* F_4.
22. *swoon*] F_4. *swound* $F_1F_2F_3$.
27. *if you had at*] *had you at less* Capell conj.

Yet speaks and peradventure may recover.
Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?
Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,
And brought Prince Henry in their company;
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his majesty.
Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power!
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide;
These Lincoln Washes have devoured them;
Myself, well mounted, hardly have escaped.
Away before: conduct me to the king;
I doubt he will be dead or ere I come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The orchard in Swinstead Abbey.*

Enter Prince HENRY, SALISBURY, *and* BIGOT.

P. Hen. It is too late: the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly, and his pure brain,
Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house,
Doth by the idle comments that it makes
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pem. His highness yet doth speak, and holds belief
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.
P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here.

32. *Who*] *Whom* Hanmer.
33. *not?*] Ff. *not*, Malone conj.
39. *power*] *pow'rs* Pope.
42. *hardly*] F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
SCENE VII.] SCENE IX. Pope. The...Abbey.] Theobald.
44. *or ere*] $F_1F_2F_3$. *or e're* F_4. *or e'er* Rowe.
2. *corruptibly*] *corruptedly* Capell. *corruptively* Rann conj.
pure] *poor* Grant White. See note (XXX).
10. Exit B.] Capell.

Doth he still rage? [*Exit Bigot.*

Pem. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he sung.

P. Hen. O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes
In their continuance will not feel themselves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them invisible, and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that death should sing.
I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,
And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born
To set a form upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

Enter Attendants, *and* BIGOT, *carrying* KING JOHN *in a chair.*

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

14. *their*] *thy* Malone conj.

15. *prey'd*] F_3 F_4. *praide* F_1. *prei'd* F_2.

16. *Leaves...siege*] *Leaues them inuisible, and his seige* F_1. *Leaves them invisible, and hir siege* $F_2F_3F_4$ (*her* F_3F_4). *Leaves them; invisible his siege* Pope. *Leaves them insensible; his siege* Hanmer. *Leaves them invincible; and his siege is now* Steevens conj. *Leaves them, and his invisible siege* Mitford conj. *Leaves them; and, invisible, his siege* Jackson conj. *Leaves them unvisited, and his siege* Collier MS. *Leaves them ill-visited, and his siege* W. N. L. (Notes and Queries).

17. *mind*] Rowe (ed. 2). *winde* F_1. *wind* $F_2F_3F_4$.

21. *cygnet*] Rowe (ed. 2). *Symet* Ff.

24. *to*] F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.

27. Enter...chair.] Capell. John brought in. Ff.

33, 34. *Upon...up.*] As one line in F_4.

P. Hen. How fares your majesty?
K. John. Poison'd,—ill fare—dead, forsook, cast off:
And none of you will bid the winter come
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw,
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom, nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips
And comfort me with cold. I do not ask you much,
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.
P. Hen. O that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!
K. John. The salt in them is hot.
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is as a fiend confined to tyrannize
On unreprieveable condemned blood.

Enter the BASTARD.

Bast. O, I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty!
K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd,
And all the shrouds wherewith my life should sail
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou seest is but a clod
And module of confounded royalty.
Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,
Where heaven He knows how we shall answer him;
For in a night the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,

35. *fare*] *fair* F_4. *fate* Pope. *dead*] *oh! dead* Hanmer. *indeed* Anon. conj.
41. *I do not ask you*] *I ask not* Pope.
42. *strait*] *straight* Ff.
43. *ingrateful*] *ungrateful* F_4.
45. *in them*] F_1. *of them* $F_2F_3F_4$.
48. *unreprieveable condemned*] *unreprievable-condemned* Delius.
49. SCENE X. Pope.
58. *module*] *model* Hanmer.
60. *heaven*] *God* S. Walker conj.

Were in the Washes all unwarily
Devoured by the unexpected flood. [*The king dies.*
Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.
My liege! my lord! but now a king, now thus.
P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay?
Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind
To do the office for thee of revenge,
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.
Now, now, you stars that move in your right spheres,
Where be your powers? show now your mended faiths,
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction and perpetual shame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land.
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought;
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.
Sal. It seems you know not, then, so much as we:
The Cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin,
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.
Bast. He will the rather do it when he sees
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.
Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath dispatch'd
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal:
With whom yourself, myself and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.

63. *all unwarily*] $F_1F_2F_3$. *all, unwarily* F_4.
64. The king dies.] Rowe. om. Ff.
68, 69. *What surety...clay?*] Put in the margin, as spurious, by Pope.
74. *right*] *bright* Pope.
84. *our*] *fair* Roderick conj.
88. *sinewed to our*] Rowe. *sinew'd to our* Ff. *sinew'd to our own* Collier MS.
89. *it is*] Pope. *'tis* Ff.

Bast. Let it be so: and you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spared,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.
P. Hen. At Worcester must his body be interr'd;
For so he will'd it.
Bast. Thither shall it then:
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land!
To whom, with all submission, on my knee
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.
Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.
P. Hen. I have a kind soul that would give you thanks
And knows not how to do it but with tears.
Bast. O, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.
This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true. [*Exeunt.*

97. *princes*] See note (XXXI).
99. *Worcester*] F_3F_4. *Worster* F_1 F_2.
107. [Kneeling too, with the other Lords. Capell.
108. *kind*] *kindred* Jackson conj.
give you thanks] Rowe. *give thanks* Ff. *fain give thanks* Edd. conj.
110. *time but*] Rowe. *time: but* Ff.
112. *This England*] *Thus England* Hanmer.
nor] *and* Pope.
115. *Now...again*] See note (XXXII).
117. *Nought*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *Naught* F_1.

NOTES.

NOTE I.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. In our enumeration of the Dramatis Personæ we have given no further description of each than might be derived from the Play itself.

In the stage directions of the Folios *Queen Elinor* is variously indicated as *Elinor*, *Eli.*, *Ele.*, *Elen.*, *Elea.*, *Queen*, *Qu.*, *Old Qu.*, and *Qu. Mo.*; *Philip Faulconbridge* as *Philip* or *Phil.* to I. I. 132, afterwards *Bast*, except in III. I. 133, 135, where he is called *Phil.*; *King Philip* is termed *King* or *Kin.*, and, in the scenes where King John is also present, *France* or *Fra.*; *King John* is designated as *K. John*, *John*, and once, III. I. 324, *Eng.*; *Lewis* is called in the 'entrances' *Daulphin* or *Dolphin*, and in the dialogue *Lewis*, *Dol.*, or *Dolph.* As we do not conceive our rule of modernizing the spelling to apply to proper names we have not substituted *Falconbridge* for *Faulconbridge*, the consistent spelling of the Folio. In the old play it is spelt as consistently *Fauconbridge.*

NOTE II.

SCENE. We have not followed Capell and the more recent editors in attempting to define the precise spot at which each scene took place, where none is mentioned in the body of the play or in the stage directions of the Folio. Nothing is gained by an attempt to harmonize the plot with historical facts gathered from Holinshed and elsewhere, when it is plain that Shakespeare was either ignorant of them or indifferent to minute accuracy. For example, the second scene of Act IV. is supposed to occur at the same place as the first scene of that act, or, at all events, in the immediate neighbourhood

(IV. 2. 85), and in England (II. 3. 71 and IV. 2. 110). But Holinshed distinctly states that Arthur was imprisoned first at Falaise and then at Rouen (pp. 554, 555. ed. 1577).

The whole play is divided into Acts and Scenes in the first Folio, but arbitrarily. The second act is made to consist of a single scene of 74 lines, and ends in what Theobald has clearly shewn to be the middle of a scene. He, with 'Gildon and others', once supposed the close of the second act to be lost, but afterwards changed his mind and adopted the arrangement we have followed.

NOTE III.

I. 1. 20. This line must probably be scanned as an Alexandrine, reading the first 'Controlment' in the time of a trisyllable and the second as a quadrisyllable.

NOTE IV.

I. 1. 43. Here Steevens gives the same stage direction as Capell, '*Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire and whispers Essex*,' changing merely '*and*' to '*who*,' and, as usual, ignoring Capell, says in a note that he had taken it from the Old Quarto. He convicts himself of plagiarism, for the 'Old Quarto' has '*Enter the Shrive and whispers the Earle of* Salis. *in the eare*.' It was Capell who changed 'Salis.' to '*Essex*.' All the three editions of the Old Quarto agree in this stage direction *literatim*, except that the edition of 1591 has '*Sals*.' for 'Salis.' Salisbury introduces the sheriff thus: 'Please it your Majesty, here is the shrive of Northampton-shire, &c.'

NOTE V.

I. 1. 75. 'Whether.' Here the first three Folios read 'Where.' In the *Comedy of Errors*, IV. 1. 60, all the Folios agreed in reading 'whe'r.' In both cases we spell 'whether.' The Folios are not consistent. They have, for instance, 'Whether' in line 134 of the present scene, 'Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulconbridge.' As we do not contract the words 'either,' 'neither,' 'mother,' 'brother,' 'hither,' 'thither,' &c. when pronounced in the time of a monosyllable, so we abstain from contracting 'whether', especially as such contraction might cause ambiguity in the sense.

NOTE VI.

I. 1. 85. In Mr Wilbraham's MS. notes the following occurs:

'Trick' is a term in Heraldry for a 'copy.' In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1803, Supplement, p. 1207, in an account of various

memorandums of Receipts and Expenditures, &c., by some one at the latter end of the 17th century, I find the three following ones:

July 21st, 1691. Received of Mr Cole for a *trick* of Consure's arms. 2*s.* 6*d.*

— 25th — Mr Martyn, the Paynter, for a *trick* of the Lady Cath. Darnley's arms. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Dec. 18th — Received of Mr Gentry for a *trick* of Wyatt's arms. 2*s.* 6*d.*

NOTE VII.

I. I. 147. This discrepancy between the readings of the first and second Folios had escaped Capell's notice. In *Twelfth Night*, II. 4. 88, all the Folios read 'It' for 'I.'

NOTE VIII.

II. I. 103. 'Large,' which was doubtless a misprint for 'huge' in Rowe's edition, remained uncorrected by Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, Warburton, and Johnson, though Grey noticed the mistake (*Notes*, I. p. 230). Capell restored the true reading. How great his services were in the restoration of the text may be estimated by the following instances collected from the present play alone. And the list might have been very much extended if we had included all his minute corrections:

II. I. 175, 'call not me;' II. I. 176, 'dominations;' II. I. 213, 'preparation;' II. I. 345, 'lay down;' III. I. 24, 'signs;' III. 4. 35, 'buss;' III. 4. 137, 'whiles;' III. 4. 139, 'one;' III. 4. 169, 'that;' IV. I. 31, 'I warrant;' IV. 3. 66, 'his;' IV. 3. 112, 'savours;' V. 7. 43, 'ingrateful.' In V. 7. 45, however, he omitted to correct 'of them.'

NOTE IX.

II. I. 149. This line is printed in the Folios as if it were a part of Austria's speech. The objections are of course, first, that Lewis was not a king, and secondly, that Austria would rather have appealed to Lewis's father. Malone once thought that Austria appealed to both 'King,—Lewis, &c.' The objection to the usual emendation is that throughout the scene King Philip is not designated in the stage directions as *King*, but as *Fran.* or *Fra.*

NOTE X.

II. 1. 187. The whole passage from line 185 to 188, inclusive, is thus printed in F_1:

'But God hath made her sinne and her, the plague
On this remoued issue, plagued for her,
And with her plague her sinne: his iniury
Her iniurie the Beadle to her sinne,'

Capell has it as follows:

'But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagu'd for her;
And, with her sin, her plague, his injury
Her injury, the beadle to her sin:'

Mr Roby, whose punctuation we have adopted, says, "I suppose the sense to be: 'God hath made her sin and herself to be a plague to this distant child, who is punished for her and with the punishment belonging to her: God has made her sin to be an injury to Arthur, and her injurious deeds to be the executioner to punish her sin; all which (viz. her first sin and her now injurious deeds) are punished in the person of this child.'"

Mr Lloyd, who, with the same punctuation, would read, 'her sin, her injury,' interprets thus: 'Elinor's injuries to Arthur are God's agents to punish him both for the sin of being her grandchild and for the inherited guilt of these very injuries.'

The word 'sin' is twice printed by mistake for 'son' in Johnson's note to this passage, Ed. 1765.

Malone supposed that two half lines had been lost after the words, "And with her."

NOTE XI.

II. 1. 268. This line, with the substitution of 'this' for 'our,' is taken from a prose passage of the old play, *The troublesome Raigne of King John*, Sig. C. 3. recto, ed. 1622. The names of the provinces given in II. 1. 525, 526, came also from the old play (Sig. D. verso). The line, 'For that my grandsire was an Englishman,' v. 4. 42, is found in the old play, Sig. K. 4. recto.

In a few other passages, as for instance in II. 1. 65, there is an almost verbal identity between Shakespeare and his predecessor.

NOTE XII.

II. 1. 289. Capell's copy of the second Folio has *sit's on's;* that which belonged to Dr Long has *it' son's.*

NOTE XIII.

II. I. 300. The word '*Heere*,' used in the stage direction, seems to indicate that the scene was supposed to continue. No new scene is marked in the Folios. Mr Dyce and Mr Grant White have followed their authority.

NOTE XIV.

II. I. 325. Mr Knight alone of modern editors retains *Hubert*, supposing this citizen of Angiers to be the same person as Arthur's gaoler. But in the old play the citizen who proposes the league to the two kings is a distinct person from Hubert de Burgh. It is much more probable that the name *Hubert* has crept in here from the fact that the same actor who was to play Hubert played also the part of 'First citizen.'

NOTE XV.

III. I. 69. In Boswell's edition (1821) the reading '*its* owner stoop' is derived from a misprint of Johnson, who quotes it as the reading of the old editions. Mr Collier incorrectly attributes it to Malone.

NOTE XVI.

III. I. 133. Pope inserts after this line the following passage, adapted from the old play of *The troublesome Raigne of King John:*

'*Aust.* Methinks that Richard's pride and Richard's fall
Should be a precedent to fright you, Sir.
Bast. What words are these? how do my sinews shake!
My father's foe clad in my father's spoil!
How doth Alecto whisper in my ears;
Delay not, Richard, kill the villain strait,
Disrobe him of the matchless monument,
Thy father's triumph o'er the savages—
Now by his soul I swear, my father's soul,
Twice will I not review the morning's rise,
Till I have torn that trophy from thy back,
And split thy heart, for wearing it so long.'

NOTE XVII.

III. 1. 260. Mr Staunton says, in his note on this passage, '*Chafed* was first suggested by Mr Dyce.' It is found first in Theobald, who is followed by Hanmer, Warburton, Johnson, and Capell. Steevens, who mentioned it, returned to the old reading, 'cased.'

NOTE XVIII.

III. 1. 280—286. In the first Folio this passage stands thus:

'It is religion that doth make vowes kept,
But thou hast sworne against religion:
By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st,
And mak'st an oath the suretie for thy truth,
Against an oath the truth, thou art vnsure
To sweare, sweares onely not be forsworne,
Else what a mockerie should it be to sweare?'

Mr Staunton suggests the following as 'a probable reading of the passage in its original form:'

'It is religion that doth make vows kept,
But thou hast sworn against religion:
By that, thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st,
And mak'st an oath, the surety for thy truth,
Against an oath, the proof thou art unsure.
Who swears swears only not to be forsworn,
Else what a mockery should it be to swear!'

In line 285 Mr Halliwell appears to adopt *swear'st* in his note, though he leaves *swears* in the text.

NOTE XIX.

III. 2. 4. After this line Pope inserts the following from the old play before quoted:

'Thus hath king Richard's son perform'd his vow,
And offer'd Austria's blood for sacrifice
Unto his father's ever-living soul.'

NOTE XX.

III. 4. 41, 42. Mr Lloyd writes to us with reference to the speech of Constance: 'I think the two last lines are a first and second draught, the latter intended to replace the former, and both printed together by mistake.'

NOTE XXI.

III. 4. 159. As Pope's correction, however ingenious and plausible, cannot be pronounced certain, we, in accordance with the general rule laid down in the Preface to Vol. I., p. xii, retain the reading of the Folios. 'Scope of Nature' may mean anything which lies within the limits of Nature's power.

NOTE XXII.

IV. 1. 70. Warburton, after quoting Pope's reading, which he adopts, remarks: "Thus Mr Pope found the line in the old editions... Mr Theobald, by what authority I don't know, reads:

'I would not have believ'd him: no tongue, but Hubert's,'

which is spoiling the measure without much mending the sense." Johnson adds, 'I do not see why the old reading may not stand. Mr Theobald's alteration, as we find, injures the measure, &c.' Neither Warburton nor Johnson could have consulted the Folios on this passage, or they would have seen that Pope's reading is not the reading of the old editions, and that Theobald's 'unauthorized alteration' was merely a return to the original text.

NOTE XXIII.

IV. 2. 50. Sidney Walker (*Criticisms*, I. 279) questions the possibility of Shakespeare having written so ungrammatically. The construction is evidently incorrect, but it may be explained by supposing that the offending word 'them,' following so closely upon 'my self,' was suggested to the writer by the analogous pronoun 'themselves.'

NOTE XXIV.

IV. 2. 117. It is extremely doubtful whether the reading of the first Folio in this passage is 'eare' or 'care'. The first letter of the word is broken, but we are inclined to believe that is a broken 'e' and not a broken 'c', and in this we are supported by the opinion of Sir F. Madden and Mr Hamilton. Mr Staunton informs us that in Lord Ellesmere's Folio, it is more like a defective Italic *e* than any other letter, but in the two copies of F_1 before us it is certainly Roman, whether 'c' or 'e'. On the other hand, Mr Charles Wright is in favour of an italic *c*. Under these circumstances, we have left 'care' in the text.

NOTE XXV.

IV. 3. 33. Mr Collier mentions that the Duke of Devonshire's copy of the first Folio reads 'man' instead of 'mans,' which is in the ordinary copies. The error was corrected no doubt while the sheet was passing through the press, and after some copies had been struck off, in accordance with the practice which was common in printing-offices at the beginning of the 17th century.

NOTE XXVI.

V. 2. 64. 'And even there, methinks, an angel spake.' None of the interpretations of this line hitherto suggested are at all satisfactory. Surely the close proximity of 'purse,' 'nobles,' and 'angel,' shews that Shakespeare has here yielded to the fascination of a *jeu de mots*, which he was unable to resist, however unsuitable the occasion might be. The Dauphin, we may suppose, speaks 'aside,' with an accent and gesture which mark his contempt for the mercenary allies whom he intends to get rid of as soon as may be. See V. 4. 30—39.

NOTE XXVII.

V. 3. 8, 17. There can be no doubt, as has been pointed out to us by Mr Hopkinson of Stamford, that 'Swinstead' is an error for 'Swineshead,' the place of King John's death. The same fact was communicated to Reed by Mr Dodd, the then vicar of Swineshead. But as the mistake occurs in the old Quarto, which Shakespeare follows, we have not felt justified in removing it from the text.

NOTE XXVIII.

V. 4. 14. Sidney Walker (*Criticisms*, II. 234) suggests as another solution of the difficulty in this passage that a line may have been

lost after 'loud day.' Mr Keightley has independently made the same conjecture. In support of the reading which we propose, 'lord' for 'lords,' we would refer to *Hen. V.* IV. 4, where 'the French' is used in the singular; '*the French* might have a good prey of us if *he* knew of it.'

NOTE XXIX.

V. 5. 7. In Capell's copy of his own edition 'clearly' is corrected to 'chearly,' in accordance with the conjecture in his notes. In the same way he altered 'compulsion' to 'compunction' in V. 2. 44. 'Cleanly' is equivalent to 'neatly,' and seems to be appropriate as antithetical to 'tottering' or 'tattering.'

NOTE XXX.

V. 7. 2. Mr Grant White says that the Folio reads 'pore' for 'pure,' and this suggests his own reading, 'poor.' In all the copies known to us the reading is 'pure.'

NOTE XXXI.

V. 7. 97. Sidney Walker (*Criticisms*, I. p. 293) is of opinion that the word 'princes' is a corruption, the transcriber's or compositor's eye having been caught by the word 'prince' in the preceding line. Or the error may be in the word 'prince,' for which it would be easier to suggest a substitute than for 'princes.' As an illustration of the facility with which such mistakes may be made we may mention that Sidney Walker himself, quoting *King John*, IV. 3. 44, 45:

> 'Could thought without this object
> Form such another?'

wrote inadvertently 'such object.' In another place, as Mr Lettsom remarks, he wrote '*Swings* on his horse back' for '*Sits*...,' the word 'swinged' of the previous line being in his eye or his mind.

NOTE XXXII.

V. 7. 115. Mr Lloyd suspects that this line is spurious: 'A compliment to Steenie and Baby Charles, who came back from Madrid in the year that the first edition of King John was published, and thrust in by the editors, or perhaps by the actors, in place of a line of similar purport, but less applicable.'

KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ[1].

KING RICHARD the Second.
JOHN OF GAUNT, Duke of Lancaster, } uncles to the King.
EDMUND OF LANGLEY, Duke of York, }
HENRY, surnamed BOLINGBROKE Duke of Hereford, son to John of Gaunt; afterwards KING HENRY IV.
DUKE OF AUMERLE, son to the Duke of York.
THOMAS MOWBRAY, Duke of Norfolk.
DUKE OF SURREY.
EARL OF SALISBURY.
LORD BERKLEY[2].
BUSHY, }
BAGOT, } servants to King Richard.
GREEN, }
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.
HENRY PERCY, surnamed Hotspur, his son.
LORD ROSS.
LORD WILLOUGHBY.
LORD FITZWATER.
Bishop of Carlisle.
Abbot of Westminster.
Lord Marshal[3].
SIR STEPHEN SCROOP.
SIR PIERCE of Exton.
Captain of a band of Welshmen[4].

QUEEN to King Richard.
DUCHESS OF YORK.
DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.
Lady attending on the Queen.

Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, two Gardeners, Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants[5].

SCENE: *England and Wales*[6].

[1] First given imperfectly by Rowe.
[2] Lord Berkley.] Earl Berkley. Capell. om. Rowe. See note (1).
[3] Lord Marshal] Capell. om. Rowe.
[4] Captain...] Capell. om. Rowe.
[5] Lords...] Rowe and Capell.
[6] and Wales] Capell. om. Rowe.

THE TRAGEDY OF

KING RICHARD II.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *London.* KING RICHARD'S *palace.*

Enter KING RICHARD, JOHN OF GAUNT, *with other* Nobles *and* Attendants.

K. Rich. Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son,
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;
Or worthily, as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?

The Tragedy...] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. The Life and Death... FfQ_5.

ACT I. SCENE I.] Actus Primus, Scæna Prima. FfQ_5. om. $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$ (and throughout the play).

London. King R.'s palace.] The Court. Pope.

John of Gaunt,] John a Gaunt. Q_5. John of Gant, F_3.

2. *band*] *bond* Rowe (ed. 2). See note (II).

3. *Hereford*] Q_5F_4. *Herford* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4F_1F_2F_3$.

5. *hear*] F_3F_4. *heare* $Q_1Q_2Q_3F_1F_2Q_5$. *here* Q_4.

6. *Thomas Mowbray*] *Tho: Mow.* Q_4.

9. *appeal*] *appeach* Strutt (ap. Seymour) conj.

Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that argument,
On some apparent danger seen in him
Aim'd at your highness, no inveterate malice.
K. Rich. Then call them to our presence; face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
The accuser and the accused freely speak:
High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Enter BOLINGBROKE *and* MOWBRAY.

Boling. Many years of happy days befal
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!
Mow. Each day still better other's happiness;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!
K. Rich. We thank you both: yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cause you come;
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?
Boling. First, heaven be the record to my speech!
In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely presence.
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.
Thou art a traitor and a miscreant,

15. *presence;*] Pope. *presence* Qq Ff. *presence,* Rowe.
17. [Exeunt some Attendants. Capell.
19. Enter...] Re-enter Attendants with... Capell.
20. *Many*] *May many* Pope. *Now many* Tate. *Full many* Collier MS.
24. *Add an*] *Adde in* Q_3Q_4.
26. *come*] *come for* Hanmer. *come on* Keightley conj.
27. *appeal*] *appeach* Strutt conj.
31. *devotion*] *devotions* F_4.
33. *other*] *wrath or* Collier MS.
34. *appellant*] Q_1Q_2. *appeallant* Q_3Q_4. *appealant* Ff. *appelant* Q_5.
38. *divine*] *divorced* Anon. conj.

Too good to be so and too bad to live,
Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;
And wish, so please my sovereign, ere I move,
What my tongue speaks my right drawn sword may prove.

Mow. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal:
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain;
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this:
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast
As to be hush'd and nought at all to say:
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;
Which else would post until it had return'd
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him;
Call him a slanderous coward and a villain:
Which to maintain I would allow him odds,
And meet him, were I tied to run afoot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.
Mean time let this defend my loyalty,
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

40—46. *Too good...prove*] Put in the margin as spurious by Pope.

43. *the note*] *thy note* S. Walker conj.

47. *cold*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4F_1$. *coole* F_2Q_5. *cool* F_3F_4.

53. *nought*] *naught* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.

56. *else*] *once* Q_5.

57. *doubled*] *doubly* FfQ_5.

59. *And let him*] *Let him but* Pope.

60. *I do*] *And I* Pope.
and I] *and* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$.

63. *tied*] Q_1. *tide* $Q_2Q_3Q_4FfQ_5$. *ty'd* Rowe (ed. 2).

65. *inhabitable*] *unhabitable* Theobald.

66. *Where ever*] *Where-ever* Rowe. *Where never* Pope.
Englishman] Q_1Ff. *English man* $Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$.

67. *Mean time*] F_3F_4. *Meane time* $Q_1Q_2Q_3F_1F_2Q_5$. *Meant time* Q_4.
loyalty] *royalty* Q_5.

Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming here the kindred of the king;
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except.
If guilty dread have left thee so much strength
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop:
By that and all the rites of knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

Mow. I take it up; and by that sword I swear,
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,
I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:
And when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor or unjustly fight!

K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?
It must be great that can inherit us
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Boling. Look, what I speak, my life shall prove it true;
That Mowbray hath received eight thousand nobles
In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,
Like a false traitor and injurious villain.
Besides I say and will in battle prove,
Or here or elsewhere to the furthest verge
That ever was survey'd by English eye,
That all the treasons for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this land
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
Further I say and further will maintain

70. *kindred*] $Q_3Q_4FfQ_5$. *kinred* Q_1Q_2.
the king] Q_1Q_5. *a king* Q_2 Q_3Q_4Ff.
73. *have*] Qq. *hath* Ff.
75. *rites*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4F_1$. *rights* $F_2Q_5F_3F_4$.
77. *spoke, or thou canst worse devise*] Q_1. *spoke, or thou canst devise* Q_2. *spoke, or what thou canst devise* Q_3Q_4. *spoken, or thou canst devise* Ff Q_5. *spoke, as what thou hast devis'd* Hanmer.
81. *Or*] *O* Q_2.
82. *mount, alive*] *mount aliue, aliue* Q_3Q_4.
85. *inherit*] *inhabit* Warburton.
87. *speak*] *speake* Q_1. *sayd* Q_2Q_3 Q_5. *said* Q_4Ff. *say* Grant White conj.
95. *for*] *of* Q_5.
97. *Fetch*] Q_1. *Fetcht* $Q_2Q_3Q_4F_2$ $Q_5F_3F_4$. *Fetch'd* F_1.

Upon his bad life to make all this good,
That he did plot the Duke of Gloucester's death,
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries,
And consequently, like a traitor coward,
Sluiced out his innocent soul through streams of blood:
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me for justice and rough chastisement;
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars!
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

Mow. O, let my sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slander of his blood,
How God and good men hate so foul a liar.

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears:
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,
As he is but my father's brother's son,
Now, by my sceptre's awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul:
He is our subject, Mowbray; so art thou:
Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.

Mow. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest.
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais
Disbursed I duly to his highness' soldiers;
The other part reserved I by consent,
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt

99. *Upon.....good*] Omitted by Pope.
100, 132. *Gloucester's*] *Glocesters* Q_1Q_2. *Glosters* $Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *Glousters* $F_1F_2F_3$. *Gloster's* F_4.
102. *traitor*] *taitour* Q_1.
107. *descent*] $Q_1F_2Q_5F_3F_4$. *discent* $Q_2Q_3Q_4F_1$.
110. *what*] *why* F_2.
113. *slander*] *sland'rer* Pope.
116. *my...my*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *my... our* Ff. *our...our* Q_5.
117, 121. *my*] *our* Q_5.
118. *by my*] FfQ_5. *by* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
126. *Calais*] *Callice* Qq Ff.
127. *duly*] *ducly* Q_1. The rest omit.

Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen:
Now swallow down that lie. For Gloucester's death,
I slew him not; but to my own disgrace
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.
For you, my noble Lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul;
But ere I last received the sacrament
I did confess it, and exactly begg'd
Your grace's pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault: as for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and most degenerate traitor:
Which in myself I boldly will defend;
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
To prove myself a loyal gentleman
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom.
In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
Your highness to assign our trial day.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be ruled by me;
Let's purge this choler without letting blood:
This we prescribe, though no physician;
Deep malice makes too deep incision:
Forget, forgive; conclude and be agreed;
Our doctors say this is no month to bleed.

130. *dear*] *clear* Singer (Collier MS.).

133. *not; but*] FfQ$_5$. *not but* Q$_1$. *not, but* Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$.

my] Q$_1$. *mine* Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$Ff Q$_5$.

137. *did I*] Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$. *I did* Ff Q$_5$.

lay an] *lay in* Knight.

139. *But*] FfQ$_5$. *Ah but* Q$_1$Q$_2$. *Ah, but* Q$_3$Q$_4$.

146. *interchangeably*] Ff. *enterchangeably* Qq.

my] Q$_1$FfQ$_5$. *the* Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$.

147. *Upon*] *Tpon* Q$_3$.

149. *his*] *your* Q$_4$. See note (111).

152. *gentlemen*] FfQ$_5$. *gentleman* Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$.

154—157. *This we...bleed*] Put in the margin as spurious by Pope.

154. *physician*] *phisition* Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$. *physition* F$_1$F$_2$Q$_5$. *physitian* F$_3$F$_4$.

157. *month*] *time* FfQ$_5$.

Good uncle, let this end where it begun;
We'll calm the Duke of Norfolk, you your son.
Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age:
Throw down, my son, the Duke of Norfolk's gage.
K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.
Gaunt. When, Harry, when?
Obedience bids I should not bid again.
K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down, we bid; there is no boot.
Mow. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot.
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame:
The one my duty owes; but my fair name,
Despite of death that lives upon my grave,
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
I am disgraced, impeach'd and baffled here;
Pierced to the soul with slander's venom'd spear,
The which no balm can cure but his heart-blood
Which breathed this poison.
K. Rich. Rage must be withstood:
Give me his gage: lions make leopards tame.
Mow. Yea, but not change his spots: take but my shame,
And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation: that away,
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.

162, 163. *When, Harry, when? Obedience bids*] *When, Harry, when? Obedience bids*, Pope. *When Harry? when obedience bids, Obedience bids* Q_1. *When Harry, when? obedience bids, Obedience bids* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$ (*Harrie*, Q_3 Q_4). *When Harrie when? obedience bids, Obedience bids* F_1. *When Harry when? obedience bids, Obedience bids,* $F_2Q_5F_3F_4$ (*Harry*, F_4). *When, Harry? when Obedience bids* Johnson.

168. *Despite....lives*] *That lives, despite of death*, Seymour conj.

172. *balm*] *balme* QqF_1F_3. *blame* F_2F_4.

174. *lions make leopards*] *lion makes leopard* Anon. conj.

175. *his spots*] *their spots* Pope.

176. *gage. My.....lord,*] FfQ_5. *gage, my...Lord.* Q_3Q_4. *gage my... Lord.* Q_2. *gage, my...Lord,* Q_1.

178. *reputation: that away,*] FfQ_5. *reputation that away* Q_1. *reputation, that away* Q_2. *reputation, that away;* Q_3Q_4.

179. *loam*] *trunks* England's Parnassus. See note (XIII).
or] *and* Q_4.

Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done:
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;
In that I live and for that will I die.
K. Rich. Cousin, throw up your gage; do you begin.
Boling. O, God defend my soul from such deep sin!
Shall I seem crest-fallen in my father's sight?
Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height
Before this out-dared dastard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound my honour with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive of recanting fear,
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.
[*Exit Gaunt.*
K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to command;
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day:
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate:
Since we can not atone you, we shall see
Justice design the victor's chivalry.
Lord marshal, command our officers at arms
Be ready to direct these home alarms. [*Exeunt.*

186. *cousin...begin*] As one line in $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4F_4$; as two lines, the first ending *gage*, in $F_1F_2Q_5F_3$.
up] *down* FfQ_5.
187. *God*] *Heaven* FfQ_5.
deep] *deepe* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *foule* $F_1F_2Q_5$. *foul* F_3F_4.
189. *beggar-fear*] $Q_1F_1F_2Q_5$. *beggar-face* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *beggar'd fear* F_3F_4. *haggard fear* Hanmer. *bug-bear fear* Becket conj.
190. *dastard*] *bastard* Rowe.
191. *my*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4F_4$. *mine* $F_1F_2Q_5F_3$.
192. *base*] *bace* Q_4.
parle] FfQ_5. *parlee* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
195. Exit Gaunt.] FfQ_5. om. $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
198. *lives*] Q_1FfQ_5. *life* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
199. *Lambert's*] Q_1FfQ_5. *Lambards* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
202. *atone*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *attone* Q_4FfQ_5.
we] Q_1. *you* $Q_2Q_3Q_4FfQ_5$.
203. *design*] *decide* Rowe (ed. 2).
204. *Lord marshall*] *Marshal* Capell. *Lord marishal* Delius conj.
command] *bid* Pope.
205. *alarms*] *all armes* Q_4.
Exeunt] FfQ_5. Exit $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.

SCENE II. *The* DUKE OF LANCASTER'S *palace.*

Enter JOHN OF GAUNT *with the* DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in Woodstock's blood
Doth more solicit me than your exclaims,
To stir against the butchers of his life!
But since correction lieth in those hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;
Who, when they see the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven vials of his sacred blood,
Or seven fair branches springing from one root:
Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,
Some of those branches by the Destinies cut;
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloucester,
One vial full of Edward's sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt,
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded,
By envy's hand and murder's bloody axe.
Ah, Gaunt, his blood was thine! that bed, that womb,

SCENE II.] Scæna Secunda. FfQ$_5$. om. Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$. SCENE III. Pope. See note (IV).

The...palace.] Theobald.

Enter John of G. with the] Q$_1$Q$_2$ Q$_3$Q$_4$. Enter G. and FfQ$_5$.

1. *Woodstock's*] Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$. *Glousters* F$_1$F$_2$F$_3$. *Glosters* Q$_5$F$_4$. See note (V).

7. *they see*] *it sees* Pope. *he sees* Steevens. *hours*] F$_3$F$_4$. *houres* Q$_1$Q$_2$F$_1$ F$_2$Q$_5$. *hower's* Q$_3$Q$_4$.

8. *rain*] F$_3$F$_4$. *raine* Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$ F$_2$. *raigne* F$_1$Q$_5$.

on] *on th'* Anon. conj.

12. *Were as*] Q$_1$Q$_2$. *Were* Q$_3$Q$_4$. *Where are* Q$_5$.

20. *leaves*] *leafes* F$_1$.

faded] Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$F$_4$. *vaded* F$_1$F$_2$F$_3$Q$_5$.

That metal, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee
Made him a man; and though thou livest and breathest,
Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy father's death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life.
Call it not patience, Gaunt; it is despair:
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
Thou showest the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee:
That which in mean men we intitle patience
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,
The best way is to venge my Gloucester's death.

Gaunt. God's is the quarrel; for God's substitute,
His deputy anointed in His sight,
Hath caused his death: the which if wrongfully,
Let heaven revenge; for I may never lift
An angry arm against His minister.

Duch. Where then, alas, may I complain myself?

Gaunt. To God, the widow's champion and defence.

Duch. Why, then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.
Thou goest to Coventry, there to behold
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight:
O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,

23. *metal*] *mettall* $Q_1Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *mettal* Q_2. *mettle* Ff.

24. *livest...breathest*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *liv'st...breath'st* FfQ_5.

31. *showest*] *shewest* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *shew'st* FfQ_5.

34. *cowardice*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4F_1F_4$. *cowardise* F_2Q_5. *cowardesse* F_3.

35. *thine*] *thy* Q_2Q_3.

36. *venge*] *'venge* Pope.

37. *God's...God's*] *Heavens...heavens* FfQ_5.

40. *heaven*] *God* Pope.

42. *then,...complain*] *then may I complaine* Q_1. *then (alas may I) complaint* F_1.

43. *God*] *heaven* FfQ_5.
widow's] *widows'* Delius conj.
and defence] *to defence* FfQ_5.

44. *Why...Gaunt.*] *Why...Gaunt, farewel.* Pope. *To heaven? why... Gaunt,* Capell. *Why...will. Now fare thee well, old Gaunt.* or *Why... will. Farewell old John of Gaunt.* Ritson conj. *Why...will. Farewell, farewell old Gaunt.* Collier (Collier MS.).

45. *goest*] *go'st* FfQ_5.

46, 47, 53. *Hereford*] $Q_1F_2Q_5F_3F_4$. *Herford* $Q_2Q_3Q_4F_1$.

47. *sit*] FfQ_5. *set* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.

That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast!
Or, if misfortune miss the first career,
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,
That they may break his foaming courser's back,
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford!
Farewell, old Gaunt: thy sometimes brother's wife
With her companion grief must end her life.
Gaunt. Sister, farewell; I must to Coventry:
As much good stay with thee as go with me!
Duch. Yet one word more: grief boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:
I take my leave before I have begun,
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.
Commend me to thy brother, Edmund York.
Lo, this is all:—nay, yet depart not so;
Though this be all, do not so quickly go;
I shall remember more. Bid him—ah, what?—
With all good speed at Plashy visit me.
Alack, and what shall good old York there see
But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,
Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?
And what hear there for welcome but my groans?
Therefore commend me; let him not come there,
To seek out sorrow that dwells every where.
Desolate, desolate, will I hence and die:
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye. [*Exeunt.*

48. *butcher*] *butchers* Q_1.
49. *career*] *carier* Q_1Q_2. *carrier* Q_3Q_4. *carreere* $F_1F_2Q_5$. *carreer* F_3F_4.
53. *caitiff*] *caitiue* Q_1Q_2. *caytiffe* $Q_3Q_4F_1F_2Q_5F_3$. *caytiff* F_4.
54. *sometimes*] *sometime* Pope.
58. *it*] *is* Q_1.
59. *empty*] *emptines* Q_1.
62. *thy*] Q_1. *my* $Q_2Q_3Q_4FfQ_5$. *Edmund*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4F_1$. *Edward* $F_2Q_5F_3F_4$.
65. *Ah*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *Oh*, FfQ_5.
66. *Plashy*] *Pleshie* Q_5.
67. *there see*] *see there* Pope.
70. *hear*] *cheere* Q_1. See note (VI).
72. *sorrow that*] $Q_1Q_2F_3F_4$. *sorrow, that* $Q_3Q_4F_1F_2Q_5$. *sorrow*— Rann.
73. *Desolate, desolate*] *All desolate* Pope. *And desolate, desolate* Seymour conj. *Desolate, desperate* Collier MS. *hence*] *from hence* Pope.

SCENE III. *The lists at Coventry.*

Enter the Lord Marshal *and the* DUKE OF AUMERLE.

Mar. My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?
Aum. Yea, at all points; and longs to enter in.
Mar. The Duke of Norfolk, sprightfully and bold,
Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.
Aum. Why, then, the champions are prepared and stay
For nothing but his majesty's approach.

The trumpets sound, and the KING *enters with his nobles,* GAUNT, BUSHY, BAGOT, GREEN, *and others. When they are set, enter* MOWBRAY *in arms, defendant, with a* Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms:
Ask him his name and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.
Mar. In God's name and the king's, say who thou art
And why thou comest thus knightly clad in arms,
Against what man thou comest, and what thy quarrel:
Speak truly, on thy knighthood and thy oath;
As so defend thee heaven and thy valour!
Mow. My name is Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk;
Who hither come engaged by my oath—
Which God defend a knight should violate!—

SCENE III.] SCENE IV. Pope.

The lists at C.] Pope. Gosford Green near Coventry. Steevens. Lists set out, and a Throne: Heralds, and People, attending. Capell.

Enter the Lord...] $Q_2Q_3Q_4$. Enter Lord... Q_1Q_5. Enter Marshall and Aumerle. Ff.

Duke of A.] Duke A. Q_1Q_2 Q_3Q_4.

1. *My Lord*] *My L.* FfQ$_5$.
Hereford] *Kerford* Q$_3$.

3. *sprightfully*] QqF$_1$. *sprightfull* F$_2$. *sprightful* F$_3$F$_4$. *sprightful all.* Hanmer.

4. *appellant's*] *appellants* Qq. *appealants* Ff.

7. The trumpets...] See note (VII).

13. *what*] Q$_1$. *what's* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$ FfQ$_5$.

14. *thy oath*] *thine oath* FfQ$_5$.

15. *As so*] *And so* Rowe.
thee] *the* Q$_1$.

16. *Thomas*] *Tho.* FfQ$_5$.
Duke of] *D. of* Q$_2$.

17. *come*] *comes* F$_1$.

18. *God defend*] *heaven defend* Ff Q$_5$. *heav'n forbid* Pope. *God forbid* Bailey conj. *Heaven forefend* Bubier conj.

Both to defend my loyalty and truth
To God, my king and my succeeding issue,
Against the Duke of Hereford that appeals me;
And, by the grace of God and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me:
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

The trumpets sound. Enter BOLINGBROKE, *Appellant, in armour, with a* Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is and why he cometh hither
Thus plated in habiliments of war,
And formally, according to our law,
Depose him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name? and wherefore comest thou hither,
Before King Richard in his royal lists?
Against whom comest thou? and what's thy quarrel?
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven!

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby
Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,
To prove, by God's grace and my body's valour,
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
That he is a traitor, foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, King Richard and to me;
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

Mar. On pain of death, no person be so bold
Or daring-hardy as to touch the lists,

20. *my*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *his* FfQ_5. See note (VIII).
21. *Against*] *Againe* F_2.
25. [He takes his seat. Malone. The trumpets...] See note (VII).
26. *Marshal, ask*] *Marshal, demand of* or *go ask of* Ritson conj. *Lord Marshal, ask of* Keightley conj.
28. *plated*] *placed* FfQ_5.
29. *formally*] *formerly* Q_4F_1.
33. *comest*] Q_4. *comes* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *com'st* FfQ_5.
what's] *whats* Q_1Q_2.
35. *Derby*] Q_5F_3. *Darbie* Q_1Q_2. *Darby* $Q_3Q_4F_4$. *Derbie* F_1F_2.
36. *here*] *heare* Q_4.
37. *God's*] *heavens* FfQ_5.
38. *Norfolk*] *Morfolke* Q_3.
39. *he is*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *he's* FfQ_5.
43. *daring-hardy*] Theobald. *daring, hardy* Q_1. *daring, hardie* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *daring hardie* F_1F_2. *daring hardy* F_3F_4.

Except the marshal and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs.
Boling. Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his majesty:
For Mowbray and myself are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave
And loving farewell of our several friends.
Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your highness,
And craves to kiss your hand and take his leave.
K. Rich. We will descend and fold him in our arms.
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight!
Farewell, my blood; which if to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.
Boling. O, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gored with Mowbray's spear:
As confident as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.
My loving lord, I take my leave of you;
Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerle;
Not sick, although I have to do with death,
But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.
Lo, as at English feasts, so I regreet
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet:
O thou, the earthly author of my blood,
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a twofold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,

52. *appellant*] *appealant* FfQ$_5$.
55. *right*] *just* FfQ$_5$.
58. *thee dead*] *the dead* Q$_1$Q$_2$.
60. *gored*] *gorgde* Q$_4$.
65—68. *Not sick...sweet*] Put in the margin, as spurious, by Pope.
66. *lusty, young*] *lusty-young* Anon. conj.
68. *most*] *more* Dyce.
69. *earthly*] *earthy* FfQ$_5$.
71. *vigour*] *rigor* F$_1$.
72. *at victory*] *a victory* Q$_3$Q$_4$.
75. *waxen*] *woven* Jervis conj.

And furbish new the name of John a Gaunt,
Even in the lusty haviour of his son.
Gaunt. God in thy good cause make thee prosperous!
Be swift like lightning in the execution;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy:
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.
Boling. Mine innocency and Saint George to thrive!
Mow. However God or fortune cast my lot,
There lives or dies, true to King Richard's throne,
A loyal, just and upright gentleman:
Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage and embrace
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary.
Most mighty liege, and my companion peers,
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years:
As gentle and as jocund as to jest
Go I to fight: truth hath a quiet breast.
K. Rich. Farewell, my lord: securely I espy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.
Order the trial, marshal, and begin.
Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby,
Receive thy lance; and God defend the right!
Boling. Strong as a tower in hope, I cry amen.

76. *furbish*] Qq. *furnish* Ff.
a Gaunt] *o' Gaunt* Theobald. *of Gaunt* Capell.
77. *haviour*] *'haviour* F_4.
78, 85, 101. *God*] *Heaven* FfQ_5.
80. *redoubled*] *redoubled on* Pope.
82. *adverse*] *amaz'd* FfQ_5. om. S. Walker conj., reading as one line *Of thy...up.*
83. *valiant*] *brave* Pope. *strong* Seymour conj.
be valiant and live] *the valiant live* Capell.
84. *innocency*] Capell. *innocence* $QqFf$. *innocence, God* Pope.
86. *lives*] *lies* Q_3Q_4.
King] *Kings* F_1.
88. *captive*] QqF_1. *captaine* F_2. *captain* F_3F_4.
91. *More....doth*] *Than doth my dancing soul now* Seymour conj.
94. *mouth*] *youth* Q_3Q_4.
95. *jest*] *just* Warburton.
101. *the right*] Q_1. *thy right* Q_2 $Q_3Q_4FfQ_5$.

Mar. Go bear this lance to Thomas, Duke of Norfolk.
First Her. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby,
Stands here for God, his sovereign and himself,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his king and him;
And dares him to set forward to the fight.
Sec. Her. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his sovereign and to him disloyal;
Courageously and with a free desire
Attending but the signal to begin.
Mar. Sound, trumpets; and set forward, combatants.
[*A charge sounded.*
Stay, the king hath thrown his warder down.
K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,
And both return back to their chairs again:
Withdraw with us: and let the trumpets sound
While we return these dukes what we decree.
[*A long flourish.*
Draw near,
And list what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd

103. [to an Officer. Capell.
Duke] $Q_1F_3F_4$. *D.* $Q_2Q_3Q_4F_1F_2Q_5$.
104. First Her.] 1. Har. F_1Q_5. Herald. $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. 1. $F_2F_3F_4$.
108. *his God*] *God* Q_1.
109. *forward*] $Q_1F_3F_4$. *forwards* $Q_2Q_3Q_4F_1F_2Q_5$.
110. Sec. Her.] Herald 2. Q_1. Herald. Q_2. Her. Q_3Q_4. 2. Har. FfQ_5.
112. *defend*] *befend* Q_3.
117. *forward*] Q_1FfQ_5. *forth* Q_2. *foorth* Q_3Q_4.
combatants] *conbatants* F_2.
[A charge sounded.] FfQ_5 (after line 115).
118. *Stay*] *But stay* Pope. *Yet stay* Seymour conj. *Stay, stay* S. Walker conj. *Stay them* Keightley conj.
122. [A long flourish.] FfQ_5.
123. *Draw near,*] *Draw near ye fell incensed adversaries* Seymour conj.
123, 124. *Draw near, And...done*] Arranged as in Theobald: in QqFf the first line ends at *list*. Omitted by Pope.

With that dear blood which it hath fostered;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours' sword;
And for we think the eagle-winged pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set on you
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;
Which so roused up with boisterous untuned drums,
With harsh-resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood;
Therefore, we banish you our territories:
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life,
Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields
Shall not regreet our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Boling. Your will be done: this must my comfort be,
That sun that warms you here shall shine on me;
And those his golden beams to you here lent
Shall point on me and gild my banishment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,

126. *which...fostered*] *with which it hath been foster'd* Malone conj.
hath] *hath beene* Q_4.

128. *civil*] *cruell* Q_1 (Capell's copy). See note (IX).
neighbours'] *neighbour* Theobald.
sword] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *swords* FfQ_5.

129—133. *And for. .sleep*] Omitted in FfQ_5. See note (X).

131. *set on you*] *set you on* Pope.

132. *peace*] *ease* Becket conj. *strife* Keightley conj.

133. *Draws*] *Drawes* Q_2 Q_3 Q_4. *Draw* Q_1. *Drew* Anon. conj.

134. *Which so*] *Which thus* Pope. *But thus* Hanmer.
drums] *drumme* Q_2.

134, 137. *Which.....fright fair peace*] *But.....frighted fly* Seymour conj.

134—138. *Which...blood*] Omitted by Capell.

135. *With*] *And* Pope.

136. *wrathful iron*] *harsh resounding* Q_1.

137. *fright fair peace*] *be affrighted* Hanmer.

138. *kindred's*] *kinreds* Q_1Q_2.

140. *upon*] *on* Pope.
life] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *death* FfQ_5.

141. *fields*] Q_1FfQ_5. *field* Q_2Q_3 Q_4.

142. *not*] *nor* F_2.

146. *to*] *unto* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$.

148. *doom*] *dombe* F_1.

Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:
The sly slow hours shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy dear exile;
The hopeless word of 'never to return'
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.
Mow. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth:
A dearer merit, not so deep a maim
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deserved at your highness' hands.
The language I have learn'd these forty years,
My native English, now I must forego:
And now my tongue's use is to me no more
Than an unstringed viol or a harp;
Or like a cunning instrument cased up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony:
Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips;
And dull unfeeling barren ignorance
Is made my gaoler to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
Too far in years to be a pupil now:
What is thy sentence then but speechless death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?
K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate:
After our sentence plaining comes too late.
Mow. Then thus I turn me from my country's light,

150. *sly slow*] *slie slow* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *slye slow* $F_1Q_5F_3F_4$. *flye slow* F_2. *fly-slow* Pope. *sly-slow* Malone. *slide-slow* Keightley conj. See note (XI).

151. *dear*] *drear* Anon. conj.

153. *life*] *death* Anon. conj.

156. *merit, not*] *mede, and not* Johnson conj.

159. *learn'd*] FfQs. *learnt* Q_1Q_2. *learnd* Q_3Q_4.

166—169. *Within...on me*] Put in the margin as spurious by Pope.

166. *engaol'd*] $F_1F_2Q_5$. *engaold* Q_1Q_2. *ingayld* Q_3Q_4. *engoal'd* F_3F_4.

167. *portcullis'd*] *portculist* Q_1. *portcullist* Q_2. *percullist* $Q_3Q_4F_1F_2F_3$. *purcullist* Q_5. *percullis'd* F_4.

169. *gaoler*] $Q_1Q_2F_1F_2Q_5$. *Iayler* Q_3Q_4. *goaler* F_3F_4.

172. *then*] FfQ$_5$. om. $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.

174. *be compassionate*] *be so passionate* Singer. *become passionate* Grant White (Theobald conj.).

175. *too*] *to* F_2.

To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.
K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee.
Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands;
Swear by the duty that you owe to God—
Our part therein we banish with yourselves—
To keep the oath that we administer:
You never shall, so help you truth and God!
Embrace each other's love in banishment;
Nor never look upon each other's face;
Nor never write, regreet, nor reconcile
This louring tempest of your home-bred hate;
Nor never by advised purpose meet
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.
Boling. I swear.
Mow. And I, to keep all this.
Boling. Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy:—
By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,
Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land:
Confess thy treasons ere thou fly the realm;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty soul.
Mow. No, Bolingbroke: if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,

177. *solemn*] *sullen* S. Walker conj.
178. *thee*] *ye* Rowe.
180. *you owe*] FfQ$_2$. *y' owe* Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$.
180, 183, 204. *God*] Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$. *heaven* FfQ$_5$.
183. *never*] *ueuer* F$_1$.
185, 186, 188. *never*] Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$. *ever* FfQ$_5$.
186. *write, regreet*] *write; regreete* Q$_3$Q$_4$. *writ, regreet* Q$_5$. *write regreet* Delius.
nor] Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$. *or* FfQ$_5$.
187. *louring*] *lowring* Q$_1$Q$_2$FfQ$_5$. *louing* Q$_3$Q$_4$.
189. *plot...complot*] *plot...compass* or *plan...complot* Keightley conj.
191. *swear*] *swear, my liege* Seymour conj.
192. [Kissing the King's sword. Collier (Collier MS.).
193. *far*] F$_4$. *fare* Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$F$_1$. *farre* F$_2$Q$_5$F$_3$.
enemy:—] Theobald. *enemy:* Q$_1$Q$_2$. *enemie:* Q$_3$Q$_4$. *enemie,* F$_1$F$_2$. *enemy,* Q$_5$F$_3$. *enemy* F$_4$. *enemy:*—[in salutation] Hanmer. A line omitted. Anon. conj.
198. *the*] Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$. *this* FfQ$_5$.

And I from heaven banish'd as from hence!
But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know;
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.
Farewell, my liege. Now no way can I stray;
Save back to England, all the world's my way. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grieved heart: thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away. [*To Boling.*] Six frozen winters spent,
Return with welcome home from banishment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters and four wanton springs
End in a word: such is the breath of kings.

Gaunt. I thank my liege, that in regard of me
He shortens four years of my son's exile:
But little vantage shall I reap thereby;
For, ere the six years that he hath to spend
Can change their moons and bring their times about,
My oil-dried lamp and time-bewasted light
Shall be extinct with age and endless night;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou canst give:
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow;
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;
Thy word is current with him for my death,
But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

206, 207. *stray;...England,*] Capell (Roderick conj.). *stray,...England* Q_1Q_2. *stray,...England,* Q_3Q_4 FfQ_5. *stray,...England;* Rowe.
207. [Exit.] Q_1F_1. The rest omit.
208. SCENE V. Pope.
211. [To Boling.] Steevens.
215. *a word*] *one word* Q_4.
breath] *breach* Q_3.
216. *thank*] *think*, Rowe (ed. 2).
219. *the six*] *these six* Q_5.
220. *their moons*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4F_1$. *the moons* $F_2Q_5F_3F_4$.
222. *extinct*] *extint* Q_1.
night] *nightes* Q_1. *nights* Q_2.
223. *inch*] *intch* Q_1Q_2.
227. *sullen*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *sudden* FfQ_5.

K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave:
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lour?
Gaunt. Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.
You urged me as a judge; but I had rather
You would have bid me argue like a father.
O, had it been a stranger, not my child,
To smooth his fault I should have been more mild:
A partial slander sought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.
Alas, I look'd when some of you should say,
I was too strict to make mine own away;
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue
Against my will to do myself this wrong.
K. Rich. Cousin, farewell; and, uncle, bid him so:
Six years we banish him, and he shall go.
[*Flourish. Exeunt King Richard and train.*
Aum. Cousin, farewell: what presence must not know,
From where you do remain let paper show.
Mar. My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride,
As far as land will let me, by your side.
Gaunt. O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?
Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office should be prodigal
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.
Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.
Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.
Gaunt. What is six winters? they are quickly gone.

233. *upon*] *with* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
advice] FfQ$_5$. *advise* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
234. *party-verdict*] FfQ$_5$. *party verdict* Q_1. *party, verdict* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
235. *lour*] *lowre* QqFf.
236. *sour*] *sowre* $QqF_1F_2F_3$. *sowr* F_4.
237. *urged*] *urdge* Q_1. *urge* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *urg'd* FfQ$_5$.
239—242. *O, had.....destroy'd*] Omitted in FfQ$_5$. See note (XII).
239. *had it*] *had't* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
240. *should*] Q_1. *would* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
241. *sought*] Q_3Q_4. *ought* Q_1Q_2.
248. [Flourish. Exeunt...] Exit. Flourish. FfQ$_5$. om. $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
249. SCENE VI. Pope.
254. *return'st*] FfQ$_5$. *returnest* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.

Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.
Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou takest for pleasure.
Boling. My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an inforced pilgrimage.
Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem as foil wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home return.
Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make
Will but remember me what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Must I not serve a long apprenticehood
To foreign passages, and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else
But that I was a journeyman to grief?
Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not the king did banish thee,
But thou the king. Woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour
And not the king exiled thee; or suppose
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air
And thou art flying to a fresher clime:
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou comest:
Suppose the singing birds musicians,

261. *one hour ten*] *ten hours of one* Seymour conj.
266. *as foil*] *as foyle* Q_1. *a foyle* Q_2. *a soyle* $Q_3Q_4F_1F_2Q_5$. *a soyl* F_3. *a soil* F_4.
268—293. *Nay, rather.....light*] Omitted in FfQ_5.
268—274. *Nay, rather.....grief?*] Omitted by Pope.
269. *a deal*] *deale* Q_3Q_4.
world] *world:* Q_1.
276. *wise man*] Q_3Q_4. *wiseman* Q_1Q_2.
279—281. *Think not.....borne*] Omitted by Pope.
279. *Think not*] *Therefore think not* Ritson conj. *Thou must not think* Seymour conj. *Wherefore think not* Keightley conj.
thee,] *thee, my son* Capell.
280. *king. Woe*] Q_1Q_2. *king, who* Q_3Q_4.

The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence strew'd,
The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more
Than a delightful measure or a dance;
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it and sets it light.
Boling. O, who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow
By thinking on fastastic summer's heat?
O, no! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
Than when he bites, but lanceth not the sore.
Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way:
Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.
Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell; sweet soil, adieu;
My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!
Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banish'd, yet a trueborn Englishman. [*Exeunt.*

289. *strew'd*] *floor* Pope.
292, 293. *For gnarling.....light*] Omitted by Pope.
294. *fire*] Q_2FfQ_5. *fier* $Q_1Q_3Q_4$.
298. *December*] *December's* Capell conj.
301. *Gives*] *Give* Q_4.
302. *never*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *ever* Ff Q_5.
303. *Than*] F_4. *Then* $QqF_1F_2F_3$.
he] Q_1. *it* $Q_2Q_3Q_4FfQ_5$.
lanceth] FfQ_5. *launceth* Q_1. *launcheth* Q_2. *lancheth* Q_3Q_4.
307. *that*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *which* Ff Q_5.
309. [Exeunt.] om. FfQ_5.

SCENE IV. *The court.*

Enter the KING, *with* BAGOT *and* GREEN *at one door; and the* DUKE OF AUMERLE *at another.*

K. Rich. We did observe. Cousin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?
Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,
But to the next highway, and there I left him.
K. Rich. And say, what store of parting tears were shed?
Aum. Faith, none for me; except the north-east wind,
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
Awaked the sleeping rheum, and so by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.
K. Rich. What said our cousin when you parted with him?
Aum. 'Farewell:'
And, for my heart disdained that my tongue
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,
That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word 'farewell' have lengthen'd hours
And added years to his short banishment,

SCENE IV.] SCENE VII. Pope. ACT II. SC. I. Johnson conj.
The court.] Theobald.
Enter...Bagot and Green...] Enter... Bushie, &c. $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. Enter King, Aumerle, Green, and Bagot. FfQ_5.
1. *observe*] *indeed observe* Pope. *observe it well* Seymour conj. *observe it* Keightley conj.
Aumerle] *Anmerle* F_1. *Humerle* Q_4.
6. *for me*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4F_1$. *by me* $F_2Q_5F_3F_4$.
7. *blew*] Qq. *grew* Ff.
faces] Q_1Q_2. *face* $Q_3Q_4FfQ_5$.
8. *sleeping*] Q_1Q_2. *sleepie* Q_3Q_4 F_1F_2. *sleepy* $Q_5F_3F_4$.
10. *our*] *your* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
11, 12. *Farewell...tongue*] Arranged as by Pope: as one line in QqFf.
12. *that*] om. Long MS. and Seymour conj.
15. *words*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *word* Ff Q_5.
16. *Marry*] *But* Pope.
have] *had* $F_2F_3F_4$.

He should have had a volume of farewells;
But since it would not, he had none of me.
K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Ourself and Bushy, Bagot here and Green
Observed his courtship to the common people;
How he did seem to dive into their hearts
With humble and familiar courtesy,
What reverence he did throw away on slaves,
Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles
And patient underbearing of his fortune,
As 'twere to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;
A brace of draymen bid God speed him well
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With 'Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends;'
As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.
Green. Well, he is gone; and with him go these thoughts.
Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland,
Expedient manage must be made, my liege,
Ere further leisure yield them further means
For their advantage and your highness' loss.
K. Rich. We will ourself in person to this war:
And, for our coffers, with too great a court
And liberal largess, are grown somewhat light,
We are inforced to farm our royal realm;
The revenue whereof shall furnish us

20. *cousin, cousin*] *cosin (cosin)* F_1 $F_2Q_5F_3$. *cousin (cousin)* F_4. *coosens coosin* Q_1. *coosens cosin* Q_2. *coosins coosin* Q_3Q_4. *kinsman, cousin* Pope.
22. *come*] *comes* Q_2Q_3.
22, 23. *friends... Green*] *friends, Our selfe, and Bushy, Bagot here and Greene* Q_5. *friends, Our selfe, and Bushy: haere Bagot and Greene* Ff. *friends. Our selfe and Bushie,* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
27. *What*] FfQ$_5$. *With* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
28. *smiles*] Qq. *soules* F_1F_2. *souls* F_3F_4.
30. *affects*] *affections* Hanmer.
36. *subjects'*] *subject's* Pope.
40. *them further*] *the futher* F_2. *the further* Q_5.
46, 47. *revenue...that*] *revenues... they* Heath conj.

For our affairs in hand: if that come short,
Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters;
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold
And send them after to supply our wants;
For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter BUSHY.

Bushy, what news?

Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord,
Suddenly taken; and hath sent post haste
To entreat your majesty to visit him.

K. Rich. Where lies he?

Bushy. At Ely House.

K. Rich. Now put it, God, in the physician's mind
To help him to his grave immediately!
The lining of his coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.
Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him:
Pray God we may make haste, and come too late!

All. Amen. [*Exeunt.*

47. *hand: if that*] F_1. *hand if that* Q_1 Q_2 Q_3. *hand, if that* Q_4. *hand: if they* $F_2Q_5F_3F_4$.
short,] *short.* Q_5.

52, 53. Enter Bushy. *Bushy, what news?*] FfQ_5. Enter Bushie with newes. $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. Enter Bushy. K. Rich. *What news?* Rowe.

54. *John of Gaunt*] *John a Gaunt* Q_5.
grievous] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *verie* F_1 F_2. *very* $Q_5F_3F_4$. om. Pope.

57. *lies he*] *does he lie* Seymour conj. *lies he now* Collier (Collier MS.).

58. *Ely House*] *Ely-house, my liege* Collier (Seymour conj.). *Ely-house, my lord* Keightley conj.

59, 64. *God*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *heaven* FfQ_5.

59. *in the*] Q_1. *into the* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *in his* FfQ_5.

65. All. *Amen.*] Staunton. *Amen.* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. om. FfQ_5.
[Exeunt.] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. Exit. FfQ_5.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Ely House.*

Enter JOHN OF GAUNT *sick, with the* DUKE OF YORK, *&c.*

Gaunt. Will the king come, that I may breathe my last
In wholesome counsel to his unstaid youth?
York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.
Gaunt. O, but they say the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony:
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain,
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.
He that no more must say is listen'd more
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose;
More are men's ends mark'd than their lives before:
The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance more than things long past:
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.
York. No; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,
As praises, of whose taste the wise are fond,

Ely House] London. A room in Ely-house. Theobald. om. QqFf.

Enter John of GAUNT sick, with the Duke of York, &c.] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. Enter Gaunt, sicke with Yorke. F_1F_2. Enter Gaunt sicke, with the Duke of Yorke. Q_5. Enter sick Gaunt, with York. F_3F_4.

9—16. *He...ear.*] Put in the margin, as spurious, by Pope.

10. *have*] *hath* Q_3Q_4.

12. *at the close*] Q_1. *at the glose* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *is the close* FfQ$_5$. *in the close* Rowe.

13. *As...sweetest last*] (*As the last taste of sweets is sweetest*) *last* Rann (Mason conj.).

15. *life's*] *lifes* F_4. *lives* $QqF_1F_2F_3$.

17. *No; it*] *His ear* Pope.
sounds] *charms* Pope.

18. *of whose...fond*] Edd. (Collier conj.). *of whose taste the wise are found* Q_1. *of whose state the wise are found* Q_2. *of his state: then there are found* Q_3Q_4FfQ$_5$. *of his state; there*

Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen;
Report of fashions in proud Italy,
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after in base imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity—
So it be new, there's no respect how vile—
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.
Direct not him whose way himself will choose:
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.
Gaunt. Methinks I am a prophet new inspired
And thus expiring do foretell of him:
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
For violent fires soon burn out themselves;
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;
He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder:
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war;

are beside Pope. *of whose taste th' unwise are fond* Lettsom conj.

19. *metres*] Malone (Steevens conj.). *meeters* QqFf. *metr'ers* Anon. conj. *venom sound*] $Q_2Q_3Q_4$Ff. *venome sound* Q_1Q_5. *venom'd sound* Pope.

20. *ear*] *eare* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4F_1$. *eares* F_2Q_5. *ears* F_3F_4.

21. *Report*] *Reports* Capell.

22. *tardy apish*] *tardy-apish* Dyce (S. Walker conj.).

23. *base*] *base awkward* Pope.

26. *his*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4F_1$. *their* $F_2Q_5F_3F_4$.

27. *Then*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *That* FfQ_5.

29, 30. *Direct...lose*] Put in the margin, as spurious, by Pope.

30. *wilt thou lose.*] *thou wilt lose.* Q_4. *wilt thou lose?* Capell conj.

34. *burn*] *do burn* Seymour conj.

38. *insatiate*] *insaitat* Q_5.

40—55. See note (XIII).

42. *demi-paradise*] *this demi-paradise* England's Parnassus.

44. *infection*] *intestion* 'England's Parnassus.' *invasion* Johnson conj. (withdrawn). *infestion* Farmer conj. *insection* Becket conj. *infraction* Jackson conj.

This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son;
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leased out, I die pronouncing it,
Like to a tenement or pelting farm:
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds:
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!

45. *men*] *man* England's Parnassus.

48. *as a*] *as* Q_1Q_2.

49. *happier*] *happy* Pope.

50. *This...England*] Omitted in England's Parnassus and by Pope.

52. *by...by*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$ and England's Parnassus. *by...for* FfQ_5. *for...for* Rowe. *for...by* Pope.

53, 54. Johnson suggests that these lines should be transposed.

53. *for*] Q_1FfQ_5. *in* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$ and England's Parnassus.

54. *Christian*] *charitie*, England's Parnassus.

60. *or*] *and* Q_4.

62. *siege*] *surge* Grey conj.

63. *is now*] *is* Pope. *'s now* S. Walker conj.

64. *blots*] *bolts* Steevens conj.

67. *Ah,*] Q_5. *Ah* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *Ah!* F_1F_4. *Ah!* F_2F_3. *O*, Capell. *vanish*] *vanisht* Q_3Q_4.

Enter KING RICHARD *and* QUEEN, AUMERLE, BUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS, *and* WILLOUGHBY.

York. The king is come: deal mildly with his youth;
For young hot colts being raged do rage the more.
Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?
K. Rich. What comfort, man? how is't with aged Gaunt?
Gaunt. O, how that name befits my composition!
Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old:
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;
And who abstains from meat that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England long time have I watch'd;
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt:
The pleasure that some fathers feed upon,
Is my strict fast; I mean, my children's looks;
And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.
K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?
Gaunt. No, misery makes sport to mock itself:
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.
K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with those that live?
Gaunt. No, no, men living flatter those that die.
K. Rich. Thou, now a-dying, say'st thou flatterest me.
Gaunt. O, no! thou diest, though I the sicker be.
K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.
Gaunt. Now, He that made me knows I see thee ill;

68. Enter...] Enter King, Queene, ... FfQ$_5$. Enter the King and Queene, &c. Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$ (after line 70).
Ross,] Roos, Grant White (and passim).
69. SCENE II. Pope.
70. *being raged*] *inrag'd* Pope. *being 'rag'd* Hanmer. *being rein'd* Singer (Ritson conj. and Long MS.). *being urg'd* Collier (Collier MS.). *being chaf'd* Jervis conj. *being curb'd* Keightley conj.
73–93. *O, how...I see thee ill.*] Put in the margin, as spurious, by Pope.
81. *hast thou*] *thou hast* Theobald.
87. *I mock*] Q$_1$FfQ$_5$. *O mock* Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$.
88. *flatter with*] Q$_1$. *flatter* Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$FfQ$_5$. *then flatter* Heath conj.
90. *flatterest*] *flatter'st* FfQ$_5$.
92. *and see*] Q$_1$. *I see* Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$FfQ$_5$.

Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.
Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick;
And thou, too careless patient as thou art,
Commit'st thy anointed body to the cure
Of those physicians that first wounded thee:
A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;
And yet, incaged in so small a verge,
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.
O, had thy grandsire with a prophet's eye
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,
Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,
Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.
Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame to let this land by lease;
But for thy world enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than shame to shame it so?
Landlord of England art thou now, not king:
Thy state of law is bondslave to the law;
And thou—
K. Rich. A lunatic lean-witted fool,
Presuming on an ague's privilege,
Darest with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood

94. *to see*] om. Seymour conj. *to see...ill*] *but seeing thee too, ill* Pope. *and in thee seeing ill* Capell. *and*] om. Long MS.

95. *thy land*] Q_1. *the land* $Q_2Q_3Q_4FfQ_5$.

98. *commit'st*] *Giv'st* Pope.

101. *head*] *hand* $F_2Q_5F_3F_4$.

102. *incaged*] F_1F_2. *inraged* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *encaged* Q_5. *ingaged* F_3F_4.

103. *The*] *Thy* Pope.

108. *Which*] *Who* Pope.

109. *wert*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4F_4$. *were* $F_1F_2Q_5F_3$.

110. *this*] QqF_4. *his* $F_1F_2F_3$.

113. *now, not*] Theobald. *now not, not* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *now not, nor* Q_4. *and not* FfQ_5.

114. *of law*] *o'er law* Hanmer.

115. *And thou*— K. Rich. *A lunatic*] *And thou* King. *A lunatike* Q_1. *And thou.* King. *A lunatick* Q_2. *And thou.* King. *Ah lunaticke* Q_3Q_4 (*lunatick* Q_4). *And*— Rich. *And thou, a lunaticke* FfQ_5 (*lunatick* F_3F_4). *And thou*— K. Rich. *And thou, a lunatick* Warburton.

118. *chasing*] *chafing* FfQ_5.

With fury from his native residence.
Now, by my seat's right royal majesty,
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head
Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders.

Gaunt. O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,
For that I was his father Edward's son;
That blood already, like the pelican,
Hast thou tapp'd out and drunkenly caroused:
My brother Gloucester, plain well-meaning soul,
Whom fair befal in heaven 'mongst happy souls!
May be a precedent and witness good
That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood:
Join with the present sickness that I have;
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too long wither'd flower.
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!
These words hereafter thy tormentors be!
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:
Love they to live that love and honour have.

[*Exit, borne off by his Attendants.*

K. Rich. And let them die that age and sullens have;
For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

York. I do beseech your majesty, impute his words
To wayward sickliness and age in him:
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry Duke of Hereford, were he here.

119. *residence.*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *residence?* $F_1F_2Q_5F_3$. *residence;* F_4.

123. *unreverent*] *unreverend* Theobald.

124. *brother*] $Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5F_3F_4$. *brothers* $Q_1F_1F_2$.

127. *Hast thou*] *Thou hast* FfQ_5. *out*] om. $Q_2Q_3Q_4$.

131. *respect'st*] *respects* Warburton.

b. 133, 134. Becket would transpose *being*, lines.

133. *like crooked age*] *time's crooked edge* Johnson conj.

135. *Live*] *Die* Capell conj.

138. Exit.....Attendants] Capell. Exit. QqFf.

140. *the grave*] *thee grave* Q_2.

141, 142. Arranged as in QqFf. Pope ends line 141 at *impute* and omits *in him.*

141. *I do beseech*] *Beseech* Steevens.

K. Rich. Right, you say true: as Hereford's love, so his;
As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your majesty.
K. Rich. What says he?
North. Nay, nothing; all is said:
His tongue is now a stringless instrument;
Words life and all, old Lancaster hath spent.
York. Be York the next that must be bankrupt so!
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.
K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he;
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be.
So much for that. Now for our Irish wars:
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,
Which live like venom where no venom else
But only they have privilege to live.
And for these great affairs do ask some charge,
Towards our assistance we do seize to us
The plate, coin, revenues and moveables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.
York. How long shall I be patient? ah, how long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
Not Gloucester's death, nor Hereford's banishment,
Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,

146. *all*] om. $Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
Enter Northumberland.] Omitted in $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
147. SCENE III. Pope.
148. *says he?*] *sayes he?* QqF_1F_2. *saies he?* F_3. *say's he?* F_4. *says old Gaunt?* Pope. *says he now?* Capell. *sayeth he?* Anon. conj.
says he? North. *Nay, nothing*] *says he?* North. *Says he, — Nothing* Lettsom conj.
Nay] om. Q_3Q_4.
156. *those*] *these* Capell.
kerns] *kerne* Q_1Q_2.
158. *have*] *hath* Capell.
161. *revenues*] *and revennewes* F_2 $Q_5F_3F_4$. (*reuenewes* $Q_1Q_2Q_4$. *reueneues* Q_3. *reuennewes* F_1. *revennews* F_2. *revenews* F_3. *revenues* F_4).
163. *ah*] *oh* FfQ_5.
165. *nor*] *not* Rowe.

Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.
I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was first:
In war was never lion raged more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman.
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;
But when he frown'd, it was against the French
And not against his friends; his noble hand
Did win what he did spend and spent not that
Which his triumphant father's hand had won;
His hands were guilty of no kindred blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
O Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare between.
K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter?
York. O my liege,
Pardon me, if you please; if not, I, pleased
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
Seek you to seize and gripe into your hands
The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead, and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt just, and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time
His charters and his customary rights;
Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day;
Be not thyself; for how art thou a king

171. *noble*] *the noble* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
173. *war*] *warres* $F_2Q_5F_3$. *wars* F_4.
raged] *ragde* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *rage* Q_4. *rag'd* FfQ_5.
177. *the*] FfQ_5. *a* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
182. *kindred*] Q_3Q_4. *kinred* Q_1Q_2. *kindreds* FfQ_5.
185. *between.*] *between*— Hanmer.
186—188. Arranged as by Theobald. $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$ end the lines with *matter?...please...with all* (*withal* Q_2. *withall* Q_4). As four lines ending *uncle,...matter?...if not...with all.* in FfQ_5.
187, 188. *Pardon...withal.*] Put in the margin, as spurious, by Pope.
195. *rights*] *right* Q_4.

But by fair sequence and succession?
Now, afore God—God forbid I say true!—
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
Call in the letters patents that he hath
By his attorneys-general to sue
His livery and deny his offer'd homage,
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you will, we seize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money and his lands.

York. I'll not be by the while: my liege, farewell:
What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;
But by bad courses may be understood
That their events can never fall out good. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the Earl of Wiltshire straight:
Bid him repair to us to Ely House
To see this business. To-morrow next
We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow:
And we create, in absence of ourself,
Our uncle York lord governor of England;
For he is just and always loved us well.
Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we part;
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

[*Flourish. Exeunt King, Queen, Aumerle, Bushy, Green, and Bagot.*

North. Well, lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

Ross. And living too; for now his son is duke.

Willo. Barely in title, not in revenue.

200. *Now.....true!*—] omitted by Pope.

201. *rights*] *rightes* Q_1. *right* Q_2 $Q_3Q_4FfQ_5$.

202. *the*] *his* FfQ_5.

206. *lose*] Q_2F_4. *loose* $Q_1Q_3Q_4F_1$ $F_2Q_5F_3$.

209. *seize*] Q_3 Q_4 F_4. *cease* Q_1. *cease* Q_2. *seise* $F_1F_2Q_5F_3$.

210. *lands*] *land* Q_3Q_4.

217. *business*] *business done* Rowe.

223. Flourish. Exeunt...] Exeunt ... Capell. Exeunt King and Queene: Manet North. $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. Flourish. Manet North. Willoughby, and Ross. FfQ_5.

224. SCENE IV. Pope.

226. *revenue*] *revennew* FfQ_5 (*revenue* F_3F_4).

North. Richly in both, if justice had her right.
Ross. My heart is great; but it must break with silence,
Ere't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.
North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er speak more
That speaks thy words again to do thee harm!
Willo. Tends that thou wouldst speak to the Duke of Hereford?
If it be so, out with it boldly, man;
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.
Ross. No good at all that I can do for him;
Unless you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.
North. Now, afore God, 'tis shame such wrongs are borne
In him a royal prince and many moe
Of noble blood in this declining land.
The king is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform,
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,
That will the king severely prosecute
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.
Ross. The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,
And quite lost their hearts: the nobles hath he fined
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.
Willo. And daily new exactions are devised,
As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what:

232. *that thou wouldst*] *that thou'dst* FfQ5. *what you'd* Pope. *that that thou'dst* Keightley conj.
the Duke] Q1F4. *the D.* Q2Q3Q4. *th' Du.* F1F2. *th' D.* Q5. *th' Duke* F3.
238. *God*] *heaven* FfQ5.
'tis] F1. *tis* Q1Q2. *t'is* Q3Q4. *'its* F2. *'ts* Q5. *it's* F3F4.
239. *moe*] FfQ5. *mo* Q1Q2Q3Q4. *more* Rowe.
243, 245. *'gainst...'Gainst*] FfQ5. *gainst...Gainst* Q1. *against...Against* Q2Q3Q4.
245. *lives*] *wives* Collier (Collier MS.).
246. *pill'd*] F2Q5F3F4. *pild* Q1Q2Q3Q4. *pil'd* F1.
247. *And quite*] *And* Pope. *And hath quite* Keightley conj.
248. *and...hearts*] om. S. Walker conj., ending lines 246—248 at *pill'd ...hearts...quarrels.*
250. *benevolences, and I*] *benevolences, I* Pope. *benevolence', I* S. Walker conj.

But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?
North. Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,
But basely yielded upon compromise
That which his noble ancestors achieved with blows:
More hath he spent in peace than they in wars.
Ross. The Earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.
Willo. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.
North. Reproach and dissolution hangeth over him.
Ross. He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burthenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.
North. His noble kinsman: most degenerate king!
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm;
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.
Ross. We see the very wreck that we must suffer;
And unavoided is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wreck.
North. Not so; even through the hollow eyes of death
I spy life peering; but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is.
Willo. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.
Ross. Be confident to speak, Northumberland:
We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore, be bold.
North. Then thus: I have from Port le Blanc, a bay

251. *But...*] North. *But* Q_3Q_4. *o'*] FfQ_5. *a* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
252—255. Given to *North.* in Q_1 FfQ_5; to *Willo.* in $Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
252. *Wars have*] Rowe. *Wars hath* Q_1Q_2Ff. *Warres hath* $Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *War hath* Capell.
254. *noble*] om. FfQ_5. See note (XIV).
257. *king's*] *king* Q_1Q_2.
258. *dissolution*] *desolution* $Q_3Q_4Q_5$.
hangeth over] *hang o'er* Hanmer.
265. *sails*] *salles* F_1 (Capell's copy).
268. *unavoided is*] *unavoidable* Pope.
271. *spy*] *espie* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *peering*] *peercing* Q_5.
276. *as thoughts*] *our thoughts* Singer (Collier MS.).
277. *thus*] *thus, my friends* Pope.
277, 278. See note (XV).

In Brittany, received intelligence
That Harry Duke of Hereford, Rainold Lord Cobham,
. . . . . .
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter,
His brother, Archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston,
Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton and Francis Quoint,
All these well furnish'd by the Duke of Bretagne
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore:
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the king for Ireland.
If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt
And make high majesty look like itself,
Away with me in post to Ravenspurgh;
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay and be secret, and myself will go.

Ross. To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them that fear.

Willo. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

[*Exeunt.*

278. *Brittany*] *Brittanie* Q_2 Q_3. *Brittaine* Q_1. *Britaine* $Q_4F_1F_2Q_5$. *Britain* F_3F_4.
received] *had* Pope.
279. *Duke of*] om. Pope. See note (XVI).
Rainold] Q_1Q_2. *Raynold* Q_3 Q_4. *Rainald* Ff. *Raynald* Q_5. *Reignold* Capell. *Reginald* Collier.
282. *brother*] *uncle* Rann conj.
283. *Ramston*] *Rainston* FfQ_5.
284. *Quoint*] *Coines* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
291. *slavish*] *countries slavish* Q_2 Q_3Q_4.
293. *broking*] Q_1Q_2. *broken* Q_3 Q_4Q_5. *broaking* Ff.
294. *our*] *the* Q_5.
gilt] FfQ_5. *guilt* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
296. *post*] *haste* F_3F_4.

SCENE II. *The palace.*

Enter QUEEN, BUSHY, *and* BAGOT.

Bushy. Madam, your majesty is too much sad:
You promised, when you parted with the king,
To lay aside life-harming heaviness,
And entertain a cheerful disposition.
Queen. To please the king I did; to please myself
I cannot do it; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard: yet again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me, and my inward soul
With nothing trembles: at some thing it grieves,
More than with parting from my lord the king.
Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which shows like grief itself, but is not so;
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like perspectives, which, rightly gazed upon,
Show nothing but confusion, eyed awry,
Distinguish form: so your sweet majesty,

SCENE II.] SCENE V. Pope.

The palace.] The court of England. Pope.

1. *too much*] *much too* Pope.

3. *life-harming*] Q_1 Q_2. *halfe-harming* Q_3Q_4. *selfe-harming* F_1F_2 Q_5. *self-harming* F_3F_4.

11. *towards*] *toward* Rowe (ed. 2).
me,...soul] FfQ5. *me...soule*, $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.

12. *With.....at*] *Which nothing trembles, at* F_3F_4. *Which nothing trembles at*, Rowe (ed. 1).
With nothing trembles: at some thing] *With something trembles, yet at nothing* Warburton.
at some thing it] *yet at something* Pope.
some thing] $Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *something* Q_1FfQ5.

14. *hath*] *had* Q5.

15. *shows...is*] *shewes....is* QqFf (*shews* F_3F_4). *show...are* Pope.

16. *eye*] FfQ5. *eyes* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.

18, 19. *rightly gazed upon...eyed awry*] *wrily gaz'd upon...ey'd aright* Capell. *gaz'd upon awry...ey'd aright* Blackstone conj.

20. *Distinguish*] *Distinguisht* Q5.

Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Find shapes of grief, more than himself, to wail;
Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not: more's not seen;
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which for things true weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me it is otherwise: howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad,
As, though on thinking on no thought I think,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Bushy. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing less: conceit is still derived
From some forefather grief; mine is not so,
For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve:
'Tis in reversion that I do possess;
But what it is, that is not yet known; what
I cannot name; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

22. *Find*] $Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5F_3F_4$. *Finde* $Q_1F_1F_2$. *Finds* Pope.
23. *it is, is*] *they are, are* Hanmer.
24. *it is*] *they are* Hanmer.
thrice-gracious queen] *thrice* (*gracious Queene*) $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
24, 25. *Then...weep not*] *gracious queen, then weep not More than your lord's departure* Pope.
25. *more's*] FfQ_5. *more is* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
26. *eye*] *eyes* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
27. *weeps*] *weepes* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *weepe* $F_1F_2Q_5$. *weep* F_3F_4.
29. *it is*] om. Pope.
it be] *'t be* S. Walker conj.
30. *so*] *most* Pope.
31, 32. *As, though...shrink*] Placed in the margin, as spurious, by Pope.
31. *though*] *thought* Q_1.
on thinking on] *one thinking, on* F_3F_4. *in thinking, on* Capell (Johnson conj.). *unthinking, on* Collier MS.
on no] *on, no* Q_4Q_5.
no thought] *no thing* Lettsom conj.
32. *Makes*] *'T makes* Capell.
34. *nothing*] *something* Seymour conj.
36—40. *For nothing.....I wot*] Placed in the margin, as spurious, by Pope.
36. *grief*] *woe* Collier MS.
37. *Or*] *Not* Johnson conj.
grieve] *guess* Collier MS.
38. *reversion that...possess*] *reversion—that...possess* Johnson conj.
39, 40. *But...wot*] *But what it is, not known, 'tis nameless woe* Pope.

Enter GREEN.

Green. God save your majesty! and well met, gentlemen:
I hope the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.

Queen. Why hopest thou so? 'tis better hope he is;
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope:
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipp'd?

Green. That he, our hope, might have retired his power,
And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land:
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arrived
At Ravenspurgh.

Queen. Now God in heaven forbid!

Green. Ah madam, 'tis too true: and that is worse,
The Lord Northumberland, his son young Henry Percy,
The Lords of Ross, Beaumond, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

Bushy. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland
And all the rest revolted faction traitors?

Green. We have: whereupon the Earl of Worcester
Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.

40. Enter Green] Omitted in Q_1 $Q_2Q_3Q_4$.

41. SCENE VI. Pope.

God] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *Heaven* FfQ_5.

44. *designs crave*] *design craves* Capell.

his haste] om. $F_2Q_5F_3F_4$.

47. *enemy's hope*] *enemy* Pope.

50, 51. *And...Ravenspurgh*] As in FfQ_5; as one line in $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.

51. *Ravenspurgh*] *Ravenspurg* Ff Q_5.

52. *Ah*] *O* FfQ_5.

that] *what* Rowe.

53. *The Lord*] om. Anon. conj.

his son young Henry] *his son yong H.* Q_1. *his yong sonne H.* Q_2. *his young sonne H.* Q_3. *his young Son H.* Q_4. *his yong sonne Henrie* F_1. *his yong sonne Henry* F_2. *his young sonne Henry* Q_5. *his young son Henry* F_3F_4. *his young son* Pope. *young Henry* Seymour conj.

Percy] om. Capell.

57. *all the rest*] *al the rest* Q_1. *the rest of the* $Q_2Q_3Q_4F_1F_2Q_5$. *the rest of that* F_3F_4. *all of that* Pope. *all the rest of the* Capell (ending the line at *faction*).

revolted] *revolting* Q_3Q_4.

58. *whereupon*] *whereon* Pope.

59. *broke*] *broken* Q_1.

60, 61. *And all.....Bolingbroke*] Arranged as in Pope; as one line in QqFf.

61. *To Bolingbroke*] om. Capell.

Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe,
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir:
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy,
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.
Bushy. Despair not, madam.
Queen. Who shall hinder me?
I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope: he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Enter YORK.

Green. Here comes the Duke of York.
Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck;
O, full of careful business are his looks!
Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable words.
York. Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts:
Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, cares and grief.
Your husband, he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home:
Here am I left to underprop his land,
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself:
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made;
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

62. *to my*] Q_1. The rest *of my*.
65. *new-deliver'd*] *uew deliverd* Q_1Q_2. *uew delivered* $Q_3Q_4FfQ_5$.
69. *cozening*] *couetous* Q_3Q_4.
72. *hope lingers*] *hopes linger* Ff Q_5.
Enter York] om. $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. Enter York, part. armed. Collier MS.
73. SCENE VII. Pope.
Here comes] *Madam, here comes my lord* Seymour conj.
75. *O*] *How* Anon. conj.
76. *Uncle, for God's sake*] *For heav'ns sake, uncle* Seymour conj.
God's] *heaven's* FfQ_5.
speak] om. Pope.
77. *Should...thoughts*] Omitted in FfQ_5.
79. *cares*] Q_1. The rest *care*.
81. *him lose*] *him loose* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *his loose* $F_1F_2Q_5F_3$. *his lose* F_4.
84. *comes the*] *comes his* $F_2Q_5F_3F_4$.
that his] *after* Pope.
85. *flatter'd*] *flatterd* Q_1Q_2. *flattered* $Q_3Q_4FfQ_5$.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, your son was gone before I came.
York. He was? Why, so! go all which way it will!
The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.
Sirrah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloucester;
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound:
Hold, take my ring.
Serv. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship,
To-day, as I came by, I called there;
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.
York. What is't, knave?
Serv. An hour before I came, the duchess died.
York. God for his mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!
I know not what to do: I would to God,
So my untruth had not provoked him to it,
The king had cut off my head with my brother's.
What, are there no posts dispatch'd for Ireland?
How shall we do for money for these wars?
Come, sister,—cousin, I would say,—pray, pardon me.
Go, fellow, get thee home, provide some carts
And bring away the armour that is there. [*Exit Servant.*
Gentlemen, will you go muster men?
If I know how or which way to order these affairs

Enter...] FfQ$_5$. The rest omit.
86, 93, 97. Serv.] Servingman Q$_1$Q$_2$.
88. *they are cold*] *cold* Pope.
90. *Sirrah*] om. Pope.
91. *me*] om. Pope.
92, 94. *Hold.....called there*] Arranged as in the first four Quartos; as two lines in FfQ$_5$, ending *forgot... call'd there.*
93. *your lordship*] om. Pope.
94. *as I came by, I*] Q$_1$. *I came came by and* Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$FfQ$_5$.
94, 95. *To-day...to report*] *I to-day came by And call'd there, but—alack! I shall but grieve you if I* Seymour conj.
96. *knave*] om. Pope.
98, 100. *God*] *Heaven* FfQ$_5$.
99. *Comes*] *Come* FfQ$_5$.
103. *no*] Q$_1$. *two* Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$. om. FfQ$_5$.
106. *fellow*] *follow* F$_2$F$_3$F$_4$.
107. [Exit...] Capell.
108. *go*] om. FfQ$_5$. *go and* Pope. Seymour would continue this line to *if I.*
109. *or which way*] om. Pope. See note (XVII).

Thus thrust disorderly into my hands,
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen:
The one is my sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; the other again
Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd,
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must do. Come, cousin, I'll
Dispose of you.
Gentlemen, go, muster up your men,
And meet me presently at Berkeley.
I should to Plashy too;
But time will not permit: all is uneven,
And every thing is left at six and seven.

[*Exeunt York and Queen.*

Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland,
But none returns. For us to levy power
Proportionable to the enemy
Is all unpossible.

Green. Besides, our nearness to the king in love
Is near the hate of those love not the king.

110. *Thus thrust disorderly*] Steevens. *Thus disorderly thrust* QqFf. *Disorderly thus thrust* Pope. *Thus most disorderly thrust* Capell.

111. *Both are*] *They are both* Pope.

are my kinsmen] *my kinsmen are* Seymour conj.

112. *The one*] *Tone* Q_1Q_2. *T'one* Q_3Q_4. *Th' one* FfQ_5.

is] om. Pope.

113. *the other*] Q_5. *tother* Q_1Q_2. *t'other* Q_3Q_4. *Th' other* FfQ_5.

114. *Is my kinsman*] *My kinsman is, one* Pope. *He is my kinsman* Capell. *My kinsman is, too* Seymour conj. *Is my near kinsman* Collier MS.

116—118. *Well.....men*] As two lines in QqFf, ending *cousin...men.*

118. *Gentlemen*] om. Pope (ending the lines *I'll...men.*

119. *Berkeley*] *Barkly* Q_1 Q_2. *Barckly* Q_3Q_4. *Barkley castle* FfQ_5. (*Barkly* F_3F_4). *Berkley, gentlemen* Capell (reading lines 117, 118 with Pope).

120—122. *I should.....seven*] Arranged as by Pope; as two lines in QqFf, ending *permit...seven.*

122. [Exeunt...] Exeunt Duke, Qu. man. Bush. Green. Q_1Q_2. Exeunt Duke, & Queene: manent Bushie and Greene. Q_3Q_4. Exit. Ff. Ex. Q_5.

123. SCENE VIII. Pope.

to Ireland] FfQ_5. *for Ireland* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.

125, 126. *Proportionable...unpossible*] Arranged as in Pope; as one line in QqFf.

126. *all*] om. Seymour conj.

unpossible] *impossible* FfQ_5.

Bagot. And that's the wavering commons: for their love
Lies in their purses, and whoso empties them
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.
Bushy. Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.
Bagot. If judgement lie in them, then so do we,
Because we ever have been near the king.
Green. Well, I will for refuge straight to Bristol castle:
The Earl of Wiltshire is already there.
Bushy. Thither will I with you; for little office
The hateful commons will perform for us,
Except like curs to tear us all to pieces.
Will you go along with us?
Bagot. No; I will to Ireland to his majesty.
Farewell: if heart's presages be not vain,
We three here part that ne'er shall meet again.
Bushy. That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.
Green. Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes
Is numbering sands and drinking oceans dry:
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.
Farewell at once, for once, for all, and ever.
Bushy. Well, we may meet again.
Bagot. I fear me, never.

[*Exeunt.*

129. *that's*] FfQ$_5$. *that is* Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$.
130. *whoso*] Q$_5$. *who so* Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$Ff. *who* Pope.
132. *Wherein*] *Therein* Q$_5$.
134. *ever have been*] *have been ever* FfQ$_5$.
135, 141. *Well* and *No*] Placed in a separate line by Dyce.
135. *I will*] *I'll* Pope.
Bristol] *Brist.* Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$.
137. *will I*] *will will I* Q$_4$.
138. *The hateful commons will*] Pope. *Will the hateful commons* Qq Ff.
139. *to pieces*] Q$_1$. The rest *in pieces.*
140. *go along*] *go* Pope. *along* Seymour conj. inserting *We must be brief.*
141. *I will*] *I'll* Pope.
143. *ne'er*] *nere* Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$. *neere* Q$_4$. *neu'r* F$_1$F$_2$. *nev'r* Q$_5$F$_3$. *never* F$_4$.
145. Green.] Bag. Capell.
148, 149. *Farewell...ever.* Bushy. *Well...again.*] Bush. *Farewell...again* FfQ$_5$. Bush. *Farewell...ever.* Green. *Well...again.* Rowe.
149. [Exeunt.] om. Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$. Exit. F$_1$F$_2$Q$_5$F$_3$. Ex. F$_4$.

SCENE III. *Wilds in Gloucestershire.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE *and* NORTHUMBERLAND, *with Forces.*

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkeley now?
North. Believe me, noble lord,
I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire:
These high wild hills and rough uneven ways
Draws out our miles, and makes them wearisome;
And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.
But I bethink me what a weary way
From Ravenspurgh to Cotswold will be found
In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company,
Which, I protest, hath very much beguiled
The tediousness and process of my travel:
But theirs is sweetened with the hope to have
The present benefit which I possess;
And hope to joy is little less in joy
Than hope enjoy'd: by this the weary lords
Shall make their way seem short, as mine hath done
By sight of what I have, your noble company.
Boling. Of much less value is my company
Than your good words. But who comes here?

SCENE III.] SCENE IX. Pope. Wilds...] Capell. In Gloucestershire. Pope. A wild prospect... Theobald.

Enter...] Enter B. and N. journeying; Forces with them. Capell. Enter Hereford, Northumberland. $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. Enter the Duke of H. and N. FfQ_5.

2. *Believe.....lord,*] Omitted by Pope. *Believe...lord, I cannot tell;* Capell. *Believe...lord, 'tis past my knowledge* Seymour conj.

3. *here*] om. $Q_2Q_3Q_4$.

4. *wild*] *wide* Q_5.

5. *Draws...,makes*] *Draw....make* Rowe. See note (XVIII).

6. *your*] *our* FfQ_5.

9. *Cotswold*] Hanmer. *Cotshall* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *Coltshold* FfQ_5.

10. *In*] *By* Hanmer.

14. *which*] Q_1. The rest *that*.

15. *to joy*] *of joy* Malone conj. *t' enjoy* Seymour conj.

17. *done*] *been* Collier MS.

18. *noble*] om. Seymour conj.

20. *good words*] *good words, my lord* Seymour conj.

20, 21. S. Walker proposed to read *Than...It is* as one line.

Enter HENRY PERCY.

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.
Harry, how fares your uncle?

Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the queen?

Percy. No, my good Lord; he hath forsook the court,
Broken his staff of office and dispersed
The household of the king.

North. What was his reason?
He was not so resolved when last we spake together.

Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurgh,
To offer service to the Duke of Hereford,
And sent me over by Berkeley, to discover
What power the Duke of York had levied there;
Then with directions to repair to Ravenspurgh.

North. Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford, boy?

Percy. No, my good Lord, for that is not forgot
Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now; this is the duke.

Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw and young;
Which elder days shall ripen and confirm
To more approved service and desert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure

20. Enter Henry] Enter Harry $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. Enter H. FfQ5.

21. *my son*] *my son, my lord*, Capell.

22. *Worcester, whencesoever.*] *Worcester whencesoever.* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *Worcester whensoever:* Q_4. *Worcester: Whencesoever.* Ff (in the same line). *Worcester: whencesoever,* Q_5.

23—25. As two lines in Capell, ending *lord...queen?*

24. *had*] om. Pope.
to have learn'd] *that I should learn* Seymour conj., reading as one line, *my lord...you.*

25. *Why*] *Of me! why so?* Seymour conj.

28, 29. *What...resolved*] As one line in $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.

29. *last we*] *we last* FfQ5.
together] om. Steevens conj.

33. *over*] *o'er* Pope.

35. *directions*] *direction* FfQ5.

36. *Hereford, boy*] *Herefords boy* Q_1Q_2.

I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul remembering my good friends;
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompense:
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.
North. How far is it to Berkeley? and what stir
Keeps good old York there with his men of war?
Percy. There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard;
And in it are the Lords of York, Berkeley, and Seymour;
None else of name and noble estimate.

Enter ROSS *and* WILLOUGHBY.

North. Here come the Lords of Ross and Willoughby,
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.
Boling. Welcome, my lords. I wot your love pursues
A banish'd traitor: all my treasury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which more enrich'd
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.
Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.
Willo. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.
Boling. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor;
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

Enter BERKELEY.

North. It is my Lord of Berkeley, as I guess.
Berk. My Lord of Hereford, my message is to you.
Boling. My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster;
And I am come to seek that name in England;

48. *thy love*] *my love* Q_5.
53. *yon*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *yond* FfQ_5.
54. *three hundred*] 300. *men* Q_1Q_2.
55. *are...of*] om. Seymour conj.
of] om. Pope.
and] om. Pope.
56. *estimate*] *estimation* Q_3Q_4.
Enter...] FfQ_5. om. $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
57. *come*] *comes* $Q_5F_3F_4$.
65. *thanks*] *thanke's* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
67. *Stands...bounty*] *Must for my bounty stand* Seymour conj.
who] *who now* Pope.
Enter B.] FfQ_5. om. $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
69. *My lord of*] *Lord* Pope.
is to you] *is*— Steevens conj.
70. *is—to*] Malone. *is to* QqFf.
71. *And*] *As* Anon. conj.

And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.
Berk. Mistake me not, my Lord; 'tis not my meaning
To raze one title of your honour out:
To you, my lord, I come, what lord you will,
From the most gracious regent of this land,
The Duke of York, to know what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time
And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

Enter YORK *attended.*

Boling. I shall not need transport my words by you;
Here comes his grace in person.
My noble uncle! [*Kneels.*
York. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is deceiveable and false.
Boling. My gracious uncle—
York. Tut, tut!
Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word 'grace'
In an ungracious mouth is but profane.
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs
Dared once to touch a dust of England's ground?
But then more 'why?' why have they dared to march

72. *And I must*] *For I must* Capell conj.
tongue] *towne* F_2Q_5. *town* F_3 F_4.
75. *raze*] *race* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *'rase* Capell.
title] *tittle* Capell conj.
77. *gracious regent of*] *gratious regent of* Q_1. *ghorious of* Q_2. *glorious of* $Q_3Q_4FfQ_5$. *glorious of all* Hanmer.
79. *time*] *king* Theobald conj.
80. Enter Y. attended.] Capell. Enter Yorke. FfQ_5. om. $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
81. SCENE X. Pope.
82. *My noble*] *Noble* Pope.
[Kneels.] Rowe.
86, 87. *Tut...uncle*] As one line in $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. Omitted by Pope.
87. *no uncle*] om. FfQ_5.
88. *and*] om. Pope.
word] om. Mitford conj.
90. *those*] *these* FfQ_5.
91. *a dust*] *the dust* Q_5.
92. *But then more 'why?'*] *But then more why?* Q_1. *But more than why?* Q_2Q_3. *But more then why?* Q_4. *But more then why,* $F_1F_2Q_5F_3$. *But more then, why,* F_4. *But more than, —why,* Theobald. *But more than this;* Tyrwhitt conj. *Why?—but then more:—* Jackson conj.

So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,
Frighting her pale-faced villages with war
And ostentation of despised arms?
Comest thou because the anointed king is hence?
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself
Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranks of many thousand French,
O, then how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee
And minister correction to thy fault!
Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault:
On what condition stands it and wherein?
York. Even in condition of the worst degree,
In gross rebellion and detested treason:
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms against thy sovereign.
Boling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford;
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.
And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my father, for methinks in you
I see old Gaunt alive; O, then, my father,
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wandering vagabond; my rights and royalties
Pluck'd from my arms perforce and given away
To upstart unthrifts? Wherefore was I born?
If that my cousin king be King of England,
It must be granted I am Duke of Lancaster.

95. *despised*] *despightful* Hanmer. *disposed* Warburton. *despited* Becket conj. *despoiling* Collier (Collier MS.). *displayed* Singer conj.
99. *the lord*] *lord* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
100. *myself*] *my selfe* $Q_1Q_2F_1$. *thy selfe* $Q_3Q_4F_2Q_5$. *thy self* F_3F_4.
102. *thousand*] *thousands* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
104. *palsy*] *Plashy* Q_5.
107. *On*] *In* Johnson conj.
112. *thy*] *my* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
117. *for*] *or* Q_3Q_4.
118. *my*] om. $Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
123. *King of*] *King in* Q_1.

You have a son, Aumerle, my noble cousin;
Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rouse his wrongs and chase them to the bay.
I am denied to sue my livery here,
And yet my letters-patents give me leave:
My father's goods are all distrain'd and sold;
And these and all are all amiss employ'd.
What would you have me do? I am a subject,
And I challenge law: attorneys are denied me;
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble duke hath been too much abused.

Ross. It stands your grace upon to do him right.

Willo. Base men by his endowments are made great.

York. My lords of England, let me tell you this:
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs
And laboured all I could to do him right;
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be his own carver and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong, it may not be;
And you that do abet him in this kind
Cherish rebellion and are rebels all.

North. The noble duke hath sworn his coming is
But for his own; and for the right of that
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;
And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath!

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms:
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak and all ill left:
But if I could, by Him that gave me life,
I would attach you all and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king;

125. *cousin*] *kinsman* FfQ$_5$.
128. *wrongs*] *wrongers* Heath conj.
130. *letters-patents*] *letters-patent* Malone.
132. *are all*] om. Q$_5$.
134. *And I*] *And* FfQ$_5$.
136. *my*] *mine* F$_2$Q$_5$F$_3$F$_4$.
143. *kind to come, in*] Q$_1$. *kind, to come in* Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$FfQ$_5$.
145. *wrong*] *wrongs* FfQ$_5$.
148. North.] Yor. Q$_5$.
151. *ne'er*] F$_4$. *ne're* Q$_3$Q$_4$. *never* Q$_1$Q$_2$. *nev'r* F$_1$F$_2$F$_3$.

But since I cannot, be it known to you
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;
Unless you please to enter in the castle
And there repose you for this night.
Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept:
But we must win your grace to go with us
To Bristol castle, which they say is held
By Bushy, Bagot and their complices,
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away.
York. It may be I will go with you: but yet I'll pause;
For I am loath to break our country's laws.
Nor friends nor foes, to me welcome you are:
Things past redress are now with me past care. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A camp in Wales.*

Enter SALISBURY *and a* Welsh Captain.

Cap. My Lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;
Therefore we will disperse ourselves: farewell.
Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman:
The king reposeth all his confidence in thee.

159. *fare you well*] *farewell* Pope.
161. *there*] *there, my lords* Collier (Collier MS.).
night.] *night, or so.* Capell.
164. *Bristol*] *Bristoll* Q_5. The rest *Bristow.*
165. *complices*] *complicies* Q_3Q_4.
168. *with you*] om. Pope.
170. *Nor friends*] *Not friends* Q_5. *For friends* F_3F_4.
welcome you] *you welcome* Jackson conj.
171. Exeunt.] om. Q_3Q_4.
SCENE IV.] SCENE XI. Pope. Johnson proposes to insert this Scene after Act III. Sc. I.
A camp in Wales.] Capell. In Wales. Theobald.
Enter...] Enter Earl of S. and a Welch Captaine $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. Enter Salisbury and a Captaine FfQ_5.
1. Cap.] Welch. $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
2. *our*] QqF_1. *your* $F_2F_3F_4$.
4. *will*] *all* Rowe.
6. *all...thee*] *in thee all his confidence* Capell.
all his] om. Seymour conj.
confidence] *trust* Pope.

Cap. 'Tis thought the king is dead; we will not stay.
The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-faced moon looks bloody on the earth
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change;
Rich men look sad and ruffians dance and leap,
The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other to enjoy by rage and war:
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.
Farewell: our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assured Richard their king is dead. [*Exit.*

Sal. Ah, Richard, with the eyes of heavy mind
I see thy glory like a shooting star
Fall to the base earth from the firmament.
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe and unrest:
Thy friends are fled to wait upon thy foes,
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Bristol. Before the Castle.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, ROSS, PERCY, WILLOUGHBY, *with* BUSHY *and* GREEN, *prisoners.*

Boling. Bring forth these men.
Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls—

8. *are all*] $Q_1F_3F_4$. *all are* $Q_2Q_3Q_4F_1F_2Q_5$.
9. *And*] *The* Q_5.
12. *leap*] *rape* Capell conj.
14. *to enjoy*] *hope t' enjoy* Pope. *in hope t' enjoy* Theobald.
15. *signs*] *boding signs* Hanmer. *or fall*] Q_1. The rest omit.
17, 24. [Exit.] om. $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
18. *with the*] Q_1. *with* $Q_2Q_3Q_4FfQ_5$. *ah, with* Pope.
18, 19. *with the...I see*] *I with... Do see* Seymour conj.
21. *Thy sun*] *The sun* Dyce.
ACT III. SCENE I. Bristol. Before the Castle.] Capell.
Enter Bolingbroke...] FfQ_5. Enter Duke of Hereford, Y., N., B. and G. prisoners. $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.

Since presently your souls must part your bodies—
With too much urging your pernicious lives,
For 'twere no charity; yet, to wash your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men
I will unfold some causes of your deaths.
You have misled a prince, a royal king,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappied and disfigured clean:
You have in manner with your sinful hours
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him,
Broke the possession of a royal bed
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.
Myself, a prince by fortune of my birth,
Near to the king in blood, and near in love
Till you did make him misinterpret me,
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment;
Whilst you have fed upon my signories,
Dispark'd my parks and fell'd my forest woods,
From my own windows torn my household coat,
Razed out my imprese, leaving me no sign,
Save men's opinions and my living blood,
To show the world I am a gentleman.
This and much more, much more than twice all this,
Condemns you to the death. See them deliver'd over
To execution and the hand of death.

Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of death to me
Than Bolingbroke to England. Lords, farewell.

Green. My comfort is that heaven will take our souls

4. *too*] *two* Q_4Q_5.
7. *deaths*] *death* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
13. *possession*] *profession* Q_4.
15. *by*] Q_1. *with* $Q_2Q_3Q_4FfQ_5$.
18. *you*] *they* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
20. *sigh'd*] *sight* Q_1Q_2.
clouds] *climes* Long MS.
22. *Whilst*] Q_1. *While* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$ FfQ_5.
24. *my*] Q_1Q_2. *mine* $Q_3Q_4FfQ_5$.
25. *imprese*] Q_5. *imprese* Q_1Q_2 Q_3. *impresse* $Q_4F_1F_2F_3$. *impress* F_4.
29. *over*] om. Pope.
32. *Lords, farewell*] Omitted in FfQ_5.

And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My Lord Northumberland, see them dispatch'd.

[*Exeunt Northumberland and others, with the prisoners.*

Uncle, you say the queen is at your house;
For God's sake, fairly let her be entreated:
Tell her I send to her my kind commends;
Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large.

Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle. Come, lords, away,
To fight with Glendower and his complices:
Awhile to work, and after holiday. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The coast of Wales. A castle in view.*

Drums: flourish and colours. Enter KING RICHARD, *the* BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE, *and Soldiers.*

K. Rich. Barkloughly castle call they this at hand?

Aum. Yea, my lord. How brooks your grace the air,
After your late tossing on the breaking seas?

K. Rich. Needs must I like it well: I weep for joy
To stand upon my kingdom once again.
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,

35. *see*] *seem* Capell (corrected in Notes).

[Exeunt...] Capell. om. QqFf.

37. *God's*] *Heavens* FfQ$_5$.

39. *deliver'd*] *delivered* Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$.

42. *lords*] *my lords* Pope. After this line S. Walker would supply *And lead we forth our well appointed powers.*

43. *To fight...complices*] Omitted by Theobald.

Glendower] *Glendor* Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$. *Glendoure* Ff. *Gendoure* Q$_5$.

SCENE II. The coast...view.] Capell. Changes to the coast of Wales. Pope.

Drums...colours.] FfQ$_5$. Flourish: drums, and colours. Rowe (ed. 1). Flourish: drums and trumpets. Rowe (ed. 2).

Enter...] Enter the King, Aumerle, Carleil, &c. Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$ (Carlile. Q$_3$Q$_4$). Enter Richard, Aumerle, Carlile, and Souldiers. FfQ$_5$.

1. *Barkloughly*] *Berkley* Grey conj. *they*] Q$_1$. *you* Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$FfQ$_5$.

2. *Yea*] *Even so* Keightley conj. *my lord*] *my good lord* Pope. *good my lord* Grant White conj.

3. *your late*] *your* Pope. *late* Steevens (1793).

Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:
As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting,
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favours with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense;
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads lie in their way,
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet
Which with usurping steps do trample thee:
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies;
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords:
This earth shall have a feeling and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.

Car. Fear not, my lord: that Power that made you king
Hath power to keep you king in spite of all.
The means that heaven yields must be embraced,
And not neglected; else, if heaven would,
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse,
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

8. *with*] *from* Rann (Capell conj.).

9. *tears and smiles*] *teares and smiles* Q_1Q_3. *teares, and smiles* Q_3Q_4 FfQ_5. *tears and smiles*, Knight.

meeting] *weeping* Capell (withdrawn).

10. *weeping, smiling*] *weeping-smiling* Dyce (S. Walker and Delius conj.).

my] *the* $F_2Q_5F_3F_4$.

11. *favours*] Q_1. The rest *favour*.

19. *thy*] *my* Q_4.

20. *pray thee*] *prethee* FfQ_5.

26. *rebellion's*] Q_1Q_2. *rebellious* $Q_3Q_4FfQ_5$.

29—32. *The means.....redress*] Omitted in FfQ_5.

29. *heaven yields*] Pope. *heavens yeeld* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *heaven's yield* Anon. conj.

30. *neglected; else, if*] Pope. *neglected. Else* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *neglected then: else*, Capell.

31. *will not*] Q_1Q_2. *would not* Q_3Q_4.

will not, heaven's offer we refuse,] *would not heav'n's offer, we refuse* Theobald.

32. *The proffer'd*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *The poofered* Q_4. *That proffers* Capell conj.

succour] Pope. *succors* Q_1Q_2. *succours* Q_3Q_4.

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great in substance and in power.
K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid,
Behind the globe, that lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen
In murders and in outrage, boldly here;
But when from under this terrestrial ball
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night
Whilst we were wandering with the antipodes,
Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But self-affrighted tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm off from an anointed king;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord:
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,

34. *our*] *their* $F_2Q_5F_3F_4$.
35. *power*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *friends* FfQ_5.
36. *know'st*] *knowest* FfQ_5.
37, 38. *is hid, Behind...world*] *that lights The lower world is hid behind the globe* Malone conj.
38. *that*] *and* Hanmer.
40. *boldly*] Dyce (Collier conj.). *bouldy* Q_1. *bloudy* Q_2. *bloodie* Q_3Q_4. *bloody* FfQ_5.
41. *this*] *his* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
43. *light*] *lightning* FfQ_5.
light...every] *lightning through each* Long MS.
49. *Whilst.... antipodes*] Omitted in FfQ_5.
51. *sit*] *set* F_3F_4.
53. *his sin*] *themselves* Seymour conj.
54. *rough rude*] *rough-rude* S. Walker conj.
rude] *wide* Collier conj.
55. *off from*] *from* FfQ_5.
an anointed] *a'nointed* Anon. conj.
56. *worldly*] *wordly* F_2.
cannot] *can cannot* Q_4.
58. *press'd*] *prest* QqFf.
59. *shrewd*] *sharp* Pope.

God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards the right.

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, my lord: how far off lies your power?
Sal. Nor near nor farther off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm: discomfort guides my tongue
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
One day too late, I fear me, noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth:
O, call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men!
To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune and thy state:
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispersed and fled.
Aum. Comfort, my liege: why looks your grace so pale?
K. Rich. But now the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
And, till so much blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale and dead?
All souls that will be safe fly from my side,
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.
Aum. Comfort, my liege; remember who you are.
K. Rich. I had forgot myself: am I not king?
Awake, thou coward majesty! thou sleepest.
Is not the king's name twenty thousand names?
Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes

60. *God*] *Heaven* FfQ$_5$.
Richard] *Ric:* Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$.
63. SCENE III. Pope.
lord] *lo:* Q$_1$Q$_2$.
67. *day too...lord*] *day* (*too...lord*) Pope.
me] Q$_1$Q$_2$. *my* Q$_3$Q$_4$FfQ$_5$.
lord] *lo:* Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$.
68. *thy*] *my* F$_2$Q$_5$.
70. *twelve thousand*] See note (XIX).
71. *O'erthrows*] *Orethrowes* F$_1$F$_2$Q$_3$. *'Orethrows* F$_3$. *O'rethrows* F$_4$. *Overthrowes* Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$.
friends] *frindes* Q$_2$.
state] *tate* F$_2$.
74. *and*] *or* Collier MS.
76. *twenty thousand*] 20000. Q$_1$Q$_2$.
78, 79. *And...dead*] Put in the margin, as spurious, by Pope.
84. *coward*] Q$_1$. *coward,* Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$. *sluggard* FfQ$_5$.
coward majesty!] *sluggard! majesty* Seymour conj.
85. *twenty*] *forty* FfQ$_5$.

At thy great glory. Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king: are we not high?
High be our thoughts: I know my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who comes here?

Enter SCROOP.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my liege
Than can my care-tuned tongue deliver him!
K. Rich. Mine ear is open and my heart prepared:
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care;
And what loss is it to be rid of care?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,
We'll serve Him too and be his fellow so:
Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God as well as us:
Cry woe, destruction, ruin and decay;
The worst is death, and death will have his day.
Scroop. Glad am I that your highness is so arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolved to tears,
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
With hard bright steel and hearts harder than steel.
White-beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps
Against thy majesty; boys, with women's voices,
Strive to speak big and clap their female joints

90. *Hath...here?*] As two lines in FfQ$_5$ ending *turn...here?* Capell ends the first line at *who.*
enough] om. Pope.
91. SCENE IV. Pope.
102. *and decay*] *loss, decay* FfQ$_5$.
107. *makes*] Q$_1$Q$_2$. *make* Q$_3$Q$_4$ FfQ$_5$.
shores] *showers* Q$_4$.
109. *swells*] *swell* Steevens (1778).
111. *harder*] *more hard* Pope.
112. *White-beards*] *White beards* Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$. *White Beares* F$_1$F$_2$Q$_5$. *White Bears* F$_3$F$_4$.
113. *boys*] *boies* Q$_1$. *and boyes* Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$F$_1$F$_2$Q$_5$. *and boys* F$_3$F$_4$.
114. *clap*] *clasp* Pope. *clip* Ritson conj.
female] *feeble* Collier (Collier MS).

In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown:
Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal yew against thy state;
Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills
Against thy seat: both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well thou tell'st a tale so ill.
Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushy? where is Green?
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it:
I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

Scroop. Peace have they made with him indeed, my lord.

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart!
Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate:
Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands: those whom you curse

115. *arms.....crown:*] *armes.....crowne*, Q_1Q_2. *armes,...crowne*, Q_3 Q_4. *armes:...crowne* $F_1F_2Q_5$. *armes: ...crown* F_3. *arms:...crown* F_4.
arms against] *armour 'gainst* Collier MS.

116. *Thy*] *The* Rowe.
bows] *browes* Q_3Q_4.

117. *double-fatal*] Warburton. *double fatal* QqFf. *doubly-fatal* Hanmer.
yew] Hanmer. *ewe* $Q_1Q_2F_4$. *woe* Q_3Q_4. *Eugh:* $F_1F_2Q_5F_3$.
state;] *state*, $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *state* FfQ_5.

118, 119. *bills...seat:*] *bils....seate*, Q_1. *billes,...seate* Q_2. *billes:...seate* Q_3 Q_4. *bills:...seat* FfQ_5.

122. *where is Bagot*] Omitted by Hanmer.
Bagot] *he got* Theobald.

126. *heads*] *hands* $F_2Q_5F_3F_4$.

127. *they have*] *they've* Pope.
Bolingbroke] *Bulling.* Q_1.

128. *have they*] *they have* Rowe.

130. *won*] *woon* Q_1F_1. *woonne* Q_2. *wonne* Q_3Q_4.

134. *offence*] om. $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$, ending line 133 at *hell* (*hel*, Q_1. *hell*, Q_2. *hell* Q_3Q_4).

135. *love, I see, changing*] *love* (*I see*) *changing* FfQ_5. *love I see changing* Q_1. *love I see changing*, Q_2. *love's* (*I see*) *changing:* Q_3. *love's* (*I see*) *changing* Q_4.

138. *heads*] *head* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$.

Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound
And lie full low, graved in the hollow ground.
Aum. Is Bushy, Green and the Earl of Wiltshire dead?
Scroop. Ay, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.
Aum. Where is the duke my father with his power?
K. Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man speak:
Let's talk of graves, of worms and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's choose executors and talk of wills:
And yet not so, for what can we bequeath
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death
And that small model of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:
How some have been deposed; some slain in war;
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed;
Some poison'd by their wives; some sleeping kill'd;
All murder'd: for within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps Death his court and there the antique sits,
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp,
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize, be fear'd and kill with looks,
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if this flesh which walls about our life
Were brass impregnable, and humour'd thus
Comes at the last and with a little pin

139. *wound*] *hand* FfQ$_5$.
140. *hollow*] *hallow'd* Warburton.
142. *Ay*] *I* Q$_1$. *Ye* Q$_2$. *Yea* Q$_3$ Q$_4$FfQ$_5$.
Bristol] *Bristow* QqFf.
147. *on*] *in* F$_2$Q$_5$F$_3$F$_4$.
153. *model*] *modle* Q$_1$.
155. *God's*] *Heavens* FfQ$_5$.
158. *the ghosts*] *their ghosts* Jervis conj.
have deposed] *dispossess'd* Pope. *have depriv'd* S. Walker conj.
169. *little*] *lettle* Q$_3$.

Bores through his castle wall, and farewell king!
Cover your heads and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence: throw away respect,
Tradition, form and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feel want,
Taste grief, need friends: subjected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a king?

Car. My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wail their woes,
But presently prevent the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives in your weakness strength unto your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself.
Fear, and be slain; no worse can come to fight:
And fight and die is death destroying death;
Where fearing dying pays death servile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power; inquire of him,
And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou chidest me well: proud Bolingbroke, I come
To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
This ague fit of fear is over-blown;
An easy task it is to win our own.
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?

170. *through*] *thorough* Q_1.
wall] Q_1. *walls* Q_2FfQ_5. *walles* Q_3Q_4.
171, 172. *blood With...reverence:*] FfQ_5. *blood, With...reverence* Q_1Q_2 Q_3Q_4.
173. *Tradition*] *Addition* Roderick conj.
175—177. *I live with.....king?*] Left as in QqFf. *I live on...want like you...friends, like you...king?* Pope, ending the lines at *you,...thus,...king?* Steevens ends the lines *grief...thus... king.*
176. *friends:*] *friends, fear enemies* S. Walker conj.
subjected] *and being subjected* Seymour conj.
176, 177. *need...say*] As one line. Keightley conj.
177. *king*] *kin* Q_3.
178. *sit...woes*] *wail their present woes* FfQ_5.
182. *And so....yourself*] Omitted in FfQ_5.
183—187. *Fear...limb*] Put in the margin by Pope.
183. *to fight*] *from fight* Pope (in margin).
184. *destroying*] *defying* Johnson conj. (withdrawn).
189—191. *To change...own*] Put in the margin by Pope.

Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.
Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day:
So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
I play the torturer, by small and small
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:
Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke,
And all your northern castles yielded up
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his party.
K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.
Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth [*To Aumerle.*
Of that sweet way I was in to despair!
What say you now? what comfort have we now?
By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to Flint castle: there I'll pine away;
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.
That power I have, discharge; and let them go
To ear the land that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none: let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.
Aum. My liege, one word.
K. Rich. He does me double wrong
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers: let them hence away,
From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day. [*Exeunt.*

193—197. *Speak...say*] Put in the margin by Pope.
200. *is*] *hath* Capell (corrected in Notes).
with] *to* F_4.
203. *party*] *faction* FfQ_5.
204. [To Aumerle] Theobald.
211. *them*] *'em* FfQ_5.
212. *hath*] *have* Delius conj.
217. *hence away*] *away* Pope. *hence, away* Theobald.
218. *Bolingbroke's*] *Bullingbrooke* F_2.

SCENE III. *Wales. Before Flint castle.*

Enter, with drum and colours, BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, Attendants, *and forces.*

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn
The Welshmen are dispersed; and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed
With some few private friends upon this coast.
North. The news is very fair and good, my lord:
Richard not far from hence hath hid his head.
York. It would beseem the Lord Northumberland
To say 'King Richard': alack the heavy day
When such a sacred king should hide his head.
North. Your grace mistakes; only to be brief,
Left I his title out.
York. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the head, your whole head's length.
Boling. Mistake not, uncle, further than you should.
York. Take not, good cousin, further than you should,
Lest you mistake the heavens are o'er our heads.

SCENE III.] SCENE V. Pope.

Wales...] Capell. Bolingbroke's camp. Pope. B.'s camp near Flint. Theobald.

Enter...] Enter...Attendants. FfQ_5. Enter Bull., Yorke, North. $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.

8. *alack*] *ah* Pope.

10. *mistakes*] *mistakes me* Rowe. *mistaketh* Delius conj.

11, 12. *The...him*] As in FfQ_5. As one line in $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.

11. *his*] *this* Q_5.

12. *Would you*] *Should you* Q_3Q_4.

13, 14. *Have...length.*] *Have been so brief, to shorten you the head.* Pope.

13. *with you*] FfQ_5. om. $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$, reading *He would...you* as one line.

14. *taking so*] *taking off* Keightley conj.

your] *the* Theobald.

15, 16. *further*] *farther* FfQ_5.

17. *mistake the*] *mistake, the* Q_5F_4. *mistake; the* Rowe.

o'er our heads] *over our heads* Q_1Q_2. *over your heads* Q_3Q_4. *ore your head* FfQ_5.

Boling. I know it, uncle, and oppose not myself
Against their will. But who comes here?

Enter PERCY.

Welcome, Harry: what, will not this castle yield?
Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against thy entrance.
Boling. Royally!
Why, it contains no king?
Percy. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king; King Richard lies
Within the limits of yon lime and stone:
And with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop, besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence; who, I cannot learn.
North. O, belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle.
Boling. Noble lords,
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parley
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver:
Henry Bolingbroke

18. *and oppose not*] *nor oppose* Pope. *and will not oppose* Capell (ending the line here). *and do not oppose* or *and I not oppose* Seymour conj. *and oppose me not* Anon. conj. *myself*] om. Steevens conj.

19. *Against*] *Againe* F_2. *will*] *willes* Q_3Q_4. *here?*] *here? 'tis Percy* Hanmer.

20. *Welcome,*] *Well,* Hanmer.

21. *royally is*] *is royally* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$.

22. *thy*] *your* Pope.

23, 24. *Royally!...king?*] As one line in QqFf. So Hanmer, reading *doth contain. Royally! how so?* Capell, reading *Against....so?* as one line. *Royally, say'st thou* Seymour conj.

25. *King*] *Kind* F_2F_3.

26. *yon*] *yond* FfQ_5.

27. *are the*] Q_1. *the* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$ FfQ_5. om. Pope.

30. *O*] om. Pope. *O, belike it is the*] *Believe me* Seymour conj.

30, 31. *it is...lords*] As one line by S. Walker.

31. *lords*] *lord* FfQ_5. *lord* [To North. Rowe.

33. *parley*] *parlee* Q_1 Q_2 Q_3 Q_4. *parle* FfQ_5.

34, 35. *Into.....Bolingbroke*] S. Walker arranges as two lines, the first ending *ears*.

35. *Henry Bolingbroke*] *Henry Bullingbrooke* FfQ_5. *H. Bull.* Q_1Q_2. *H. Bul.* Q_3Q_4. *Henry of Bolingbroke* Pope. *Harry of Bolingbroke* Capell.

35, 36. *Henry....hand*] As one line in $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *That Harry... knees Doth, in his duty, kiss...hand* Seymour conj.

On both his knees doth kiss King Richard's hand
And sends allegiance and true faith of heart
To his most royal person; hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power,
Provided that my banishment repeal'd
And lands restored again be freely granted:
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:
The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall show.
Go, signify as much, while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.
Let's march without the noise of threatening drum,
That from this castle's tatter'd battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perused.
Methinks King Richard and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thundering shock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:
The rage be his, whilst on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark King Richard how he looks.

36. *On both*] *Upon* FfQ$_5$ ending the lines *kisse...allegeance...come.*

37. *true*] om. Pope.

38. *To his most*] Q_1Q_2. *To his* $Q_3Q_4FfQ_5$. *unto his* Pope ending the lines *knees...allegiance...person.*

hither come] om. Pope.

39. *to lay*] *I lay* Pope.

44. *slaughter'd*] FfQ$_5$. *slaughtered* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.

45. *Bolingbroke*] *Bulling.* Q_1.

46. *bedrench*] *be drench* Q_3. *be drencht* Q_4.

51. [Nor. bows; and approaches the Castle; with a Trumpet, &c. Capell.

52. *this*] *the* Capell. See note (XX).

tatter'd] FfQ$_5$. *tottered* Q_1Q_2. *tattered* Q_3Q_4.

56. *shock*] *shocke* Q_1. *smoke* Q_2. *smoake* $Q_3Q_4F_1F_2Q_5$. *smoak* F_3F_4.

58—60. *Be he...him.*] Put in the margin by Pope.

59. *whilst*] *while* FfQ$_5$.

rain] *raigne.* Q_1Q_2. *raigne* Q_3Q_4.

60. *waters; on*] Rowe (ed. 2). *water's on* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *waters on* FfQ$_5$.

Parle without, and answer within. Then a flourish. Enter on the walls, KING RICHARD, *the* BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE, SCROOP, *and* SALISBURY.

See, see, King Richard doth himself appear,
As doth the blushing discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the east,
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory and to stain the track
Of his bright passage to the occident.
York. Yet looks he like a king: behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty: alack, alack, for woe,
That any harm should stain so fair a show!
K. Rich. We are amazed; and thus long have we stood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee, [*To North.*
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king:
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence?
If we be not, show us the hand of God
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.
And though you think that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls by turning them from us,
And we are barren and bereft of friends;
Yet know, my master, God omnipotent,

61. Parle.....] Parle.....Richard, Carlile... FfQ$_5$. The trumpets sound. Richard appeareth on the walls. Q$_1$ Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$ (trumpet Q$_3$Q$_4$).
62. SCENE VI. Pope.
See...] FfQ$_5$. Bull. *See...* Q$_1$ Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$. York. *See...* Hanmer (Warburton), continuing the speech of York to *show!* line 71. Percy. *See...* Dyce conj.
66. *track*] *tract* FfQ$_5$.
70. *alack, alack*] *alacke* Q$_3$Q$_4$.
71. *harm*] *storm* Singer (Collier MS.).
73. *fearful*] *faithful* Collier MS.
[To North.] Rowe.
74. *thy*] *the* Q$_3$Q$_4$.
75. *And if*] *An if* S. Walker and Delius conj.
76. *their*] *the* F$_2$Q$_5$F$_3$F$_4$.
to our] *of our* Q$_5$.
85. *master*] *masters* Capell conj.

Is mustering in his clouds on our behalf
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke—for yond methinks he stands—
That every stride he makes upon my land
Is dangerous treason: he is come to open
The purple testament of bleeding war;
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face,
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation and bedew
Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

North. The king of heaven forbid our lord the king
Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice noble cousin
Harry Bolingbroke doth humbly kiss thy hand;
And by the honourable tomb he swears,
That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones,
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
Currents that spring from one most gracious head,
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,
And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn or said,
His coming hither hath no further scope
Than for his lineal royalties and to beg

91. *yond*] FfQ$_5$. *yon* Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$. *he stands*] *he is* FfQ$_5$. *is he* Capell conj.

92. *my*] *the* Rowe.

93. *open*] *ope* FfQ$_5$.

95. *live in*] *light in* Warburton. *give him* Anon. conj. apud Halliwell conj.

peace,] *peace.* F$_2$.

97. *ill become the flower of*] *ill become the floor of* Theobald conj. *mis-become the flow'ry* Hanmer.

face] *race* Heath conj.

97, 98. *face...peace*] *peace...face* Malone conj.

98. *her*] om. Q$_4$.

100. *pastures'*] Capell. *pasture's* Theobald. *pastors* QqFf. *pastor's* Pope.

103. *Thy*] *no, thy* Pope. *This thy* S. Walker conj.

104. *Bolingbroke*] *of Bolingbroke* Pope.

humbly] om. Pope.

109. *buried...warlike*] *warlike... buried* Warburton.

Enfranchisement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your majesty.
This swears he, as he is a prince, is just;
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. Northumberland, say thus the king returns:
His noble cousin is right welcome hither;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction:
With all the gracious utterance thou hast
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.
We do debase ourselves, cousin, do we not, [*To Aumerle.*
To look so poorly and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?

Aum. No, good my lord; let's fight with gentle words
Till time lend friends and friends their helpful swords.

K. Rich. O God, O God! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yon proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth! O that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been,
Or not remember what I must be now!
Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to beat,
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

119. *a prince, is just*] FfQ$_5$. *princesse just* Q$_1$Q$_2$. *a prince just* Q$_3$Q$_4$. *a prince, as just* Seymour conj.

120. *I am*] om. Collier MS. *gentleman*] *gentlem* Q$_3$.

121. *thus*] Q$_2$. *thus*, Q$_1$. *thus:* Q$_3$Q$_4$FfQ$_5$.

124, 125. *contradiction:...hast,*] Ff Q$_5$. *contradiction,...hast,* Q$_1$Q$_2$. *contradiction,...hast;* Q$_3$Q$_4$.

125. *thou*] *that thou* Capell conj.

126. [Northumberland retires to Bolingbroke. Collier.

127. *We do*] King. *We do* Q$_1$Q$_2$. *ourselves*] *our selves* Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$. *our selfe* F$_1$F$_2$Q$_5$. *our self* F$_3$F$_4$. *us* Capell.

cousin] *coz* S. Walker conj. [To Aumerle.] Rowe.

131. *lord;*] *lo:* Q$_1$.

132. *helpful*] *hopeful* F$_2$Q$_5$F$_3$F$_4$.

135. *yon*] Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$. *you* Q$_4$. *yond* FfQ$_5$.

K. Rich. What must the king do now? must he submit?
The king shall do it: must he be deposed?
The king shall be contented: must he lose
The name of king? o' God's name, let it go:
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,
My gay apparel for an almsman's gown,
My figured goblets for a dish of wood,
My sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff,
My subjects for a pair of carved saints
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave;
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;
For on my heart they tread now whilst I live;
And buried once, why not upon my head?
Aumerle, thou weep'st, my tender-hearted cousin!
We'll make foul weather with despised tears;
Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
As thus, to drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and, therein laid,—there lies
Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping eyes.
Would not this ill do well? Well, well, I see
I talk but idly, and you laugh at me.

146. *king*] *a king* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
o'] FfQ5. *a* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
149. *almsman's*] *almshouse* Johnson (1771).
156. *trade*] *tread* Theobald (Warburton).
158, 159. *For...head!*] Put in the margin by Pope.
160. *weep'st*] *weepest* Q_3Q_4.
165. *shedding*] *sheading* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
166. *As*] *And* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
thus,] *thus:* FfQ5. *thus* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
168—171. *Within...at me*] Put in the margin, as spurious, by Pope.
168. *there*] *their* $Q_3Q_4F_2$.
lies] *lie* Roberts MS. apud Halliwell.
171. *laugh*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *mock* Ff Q5.

Most mighty prince, my Lord Northumberland,
What says King Bolingbroke? will his majesty
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says ay.

North. My lord, in the base court he doth attend
To speak with you; may it please you to come down.

K. Rich. Down, down I come; like glistering Phaeton,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.
In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base,
To come at traitors' calls and do them grace.
In the base court? Come down? Down, court! down, king!
For night-owls shriek where mounting larks should sing.
[*Exeunt from above.*

Boling. What says his majesty?

North. Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man:
Yet he is come.

Enter KING RICHARD *and his attendants below.*

Boling. Stand all apart,
And show fair duty to his majesty. [*He kneels down.*
My gracious lord,—

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee
To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
Me rather had my heart might feel your love
Than my unpleased eye see your courtesy.
Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,

177. *may it*] *may't* Pope.

179. [North. retires again to Boling. Collier.

180—183. *In...sing.*] Put in the margin by Pope.

180. *court?*] FfQ$_5$. *court,* Q$_1$Q$_2$ Q$_3$Q$_4$.

182. *court?...down?*] Capell. *court ...downe:* QqFf.

183. *shriek*] *shreeke* Q$_1$ Q$_3$ Q$_4$. *shreek* Q$_2$F$_4$. *shrike* F$_1$F$_2$Q$_5$F$_3$. [Exeunt...] Capell.

184. *his majesty*] *he now* Seymour conj. *and grief*] om. Pope.

186—189. *Yet...lord*] S. Walker reads as two lines, ending *show... lord;* Pope has three, the first ending *show.*

186. *come*] *come, my lord* Capell. Enter...] Capell.

188. [He kneels down.] Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$ Q$_4$. om. FfQ$_5$.

190. *Fair...knee*] As in Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$ Q$_4$; as two lines in FfQ$_5$.

194, 195. *Up...low*] Put in the margin by Pope.

194. [raising him. Capell.

Thus high at least, although your knee be low.
Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.
K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.
Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.
K. Rich. Well you deserve: they well deserve to have,
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.
Uncle, give me your hands: nay, dry your eyes;
Tears show their love, but want their remedies.
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;
For do we must what force will have us do.
Set on towards London, cousin, is it so?
Boling. Yea, my good lord.
K. Rich. Then I must not say no.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Langley. The* DUKE OF YORK'S *garden.*

Enter the QUEEN *and two* Ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?
Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.
Queen. 'Twill make me think the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs against the bias.

195. [touching his own head. Steevens.

200. *you deserve*] *you deserv'd* Ff Q_5 (reading line 200 as two lines ending *deserv'd...have*).

202. *hands*] Q_3Q_4. *handes* Q_1Q_2. *hand* FfQ_5.

205. *my*] om. $Q_2Q_3Q_4$.

208. *Set...so*] Printed as two lines in FfQ_5.

on] *one* F_2.

209. [Flourish. Exeunt.] FfQ_5. om. Q_1Q_2. Exeunt. Q_3Q_4.

SCENE IV.] Scæna Quarta. F_1. Scæna Quinta. $F_2Q_5F_3F_4$. SCENE VII. Pope.

Langley...garden.] Capell. A garden. Pope. A garden in the Queen's Court. Theobald.

Enter...] FfQ_5. Enter the Queene with her Attendants. $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$ (Quenne Q_4).

3. Lady.] 1 L. Capell (and passim).

Lady. Madam, we'll dance.
Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:
Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.
Lady. Madam, we'll tell tales.
Queen. Of sorrow or of joy?
Lady. Of either, madam.
Queen. Of neither, girl:
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:
For what I have I need not to repeat;
And what I want it boots not to complain.
Lady. Madam, I'll sing.
Queen. 'Tis well that thou hast cause;
But thou shouldst please me better, wouldst thou weep.
Lady. I could weep, madam, would it do you good.
Queen. And I could sing, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.

Enter a Gardener, *and two* Servants.

But stay, here come the gardeners:
Let's step into the shadow of these trees.
My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
They'll talk of state; for every one doth so

10, 11. *we'll...sorrow...of joy*] *we will...joy...grief* Capell, reading as one line *Madam...grief.*
11. *joy*] Rowe (ed. 2). *griefe* Qq Ff.
12. *Of neither*] *No, of neither* Capell.
15. *had*] *sadd* Q_4.
18. *what*] *of what* Hanmer.
22, 23. *And...sing...thee.*] *An... sing...thee?* Jackson conj.
22. *sing...weeping*] QqFf. *weep .....weeping* Pope. *sing.....singing* Staunton conj. See note (XXI).
23. Enter...] FfQ_5. Enter Gardeners. Q_1. Enter Gardiners. Q_2Q_3 Q_4. Pope (after line 26).
24. *But stay...gardeners*] Placed by Pope after line 26.
stay] *stay, girl* Keightley conj.
come] $Q_1F_2Q_5$. *commeth* Q_2 Q_3Q_4. *comes* $F_1F_3F_4$.
gardeners] *gardiners of this place* Capell.
26. *unto...pins*] *suits with a row of pines* Pope.
pins,] *pinnes,* F_1 F_2 Q_5 F_3. *pines,* $Q_1Q_2F_4$. *pines.* Q_3Q_4.

Against a change; woe is forerun with woe.

[*Queen and Ladies retire.*

Gard. Go, bind thou up yon dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight:
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.
Go thou, and like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:
All must be even in our government.
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, which without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

Serv. Why should we in the compass of a pale
Keep law and form and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate,
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers choked up,
Her fruit-trees all unpruned, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots disorder'd and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?

Gard. Hold thy peace:
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:
The weeds which his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,
That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,
Are pluck'd up root and all by Bolingbroke,
I mean the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

28. *change; woe*] FfQ$_5$. *change woe* Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$.
with woe] *with mocks* Warburton.
[Queen...] Pope.
29. *yon*] Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$. *yond* FfQ$_5$. *yong* Q$_1$.
apricocks] *aphricokes* Q$_1$. *aphricockes* Q$_2$. *apricots* Johnson.
34. *too*] FfQ$_5$. *two* Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$.
38. *which*] Q$_1$. The rest *that*.
40. Serv.] Ser. FfQ$_5$. Man. Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$ (and passim).
42. *as*] om. Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$.
estate] *state* F$_2$Q$_5$F$_3$F$_4$.
our firm estate] *a firm state* Warburton.
46, 48. *disorder'd*] FfQ$_5$. *disordered* Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$.
48. *suffer'd*] FfQ$_5$. *suffered* Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$. *suffred* Q$_4$.
50. *which*] Q$_1$. The rest *that*.
52. *pluck'd*] *pluckt* Q$_1$Q$_2$. *puld* Q$_3$Q$_4$. *pull'd* FfQ$_5$.

Serv. What, are they dead?
Gard. They are; and Bolingbroke
Hath seized the wasteful king. O, what pity is it
That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land
As we this garden! We at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees,
Lest, being over-proud in sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself:
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have lived to bear and he to taste
Their fruits of duty: superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.
Serv. What, think you then the king shall be deposed?
Gard. Depress'd he is already, and deposed
'Tis doubt he will be: letters came last night
To a dear friend of the good Duke of York's,
That tell black tidings.

54—57. *They are.....year*] Arranged as by Capell; in QqFf the lines end *are...king...trimm'd...year.*

55. *seized*] *ceasde* Q_1Q_2.
O,] om. $F_2Q_5F_3F_4$.
is it] *it is* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *is't* Theobald.

56. *had*] *hath* Q_5.
so] om. $F_2Q_5F_3F_4$.

57, 58. *garden! We at time of year Do wound*] Capell. *garden at time of yeare Do wound* Q_1Q_2. *garden, at time of yeare Do wound* Q_3Q_4. *garden, at time of yeare; And wound* $F_1F_2Q_5$. *garden at time of year; And wound* F_3F_4. *garden dress, And wound* Pope. *garden, who at times of year Do wound* Steevens (1773). *garden! who at time of year Do wound* Id. (1785). *garden at the time of yeare We wound* Collier MS. *garden do at time of year And wound* Delius conj. *garden. At due time of year We wound* Grant White conj.

57. *in*] Q_1. The rest *with*.

63. *duty:*] *duety:* Q_1. *dutie:* Q_2. *duetie:* Q_3Q_4. *dutie.* F_1. *dutie. All* F_2. *duty. All* $Q_5F_3F_4$. *duty. The* S. Walker conj.

64. *live*] *line* Q_4.

66. *of...hath*] *and...hath* FfQ_5. *and...have* Pope.

67. *then*] Pope. om. QqFf. *that* Long MS.

69, 70. *'Tis... York's*] *'Tis doubted he will be. Letters last night Came to a dear friend of the duke of York* Pope.

69. *doubt*] *doubted* FfQ_5.

70. *good*] Q_1Q_2. The rest omit.
York's] *Yorkes* $Q_1Q_4F_1$. *Yorks* Q_2Q_3. *Yorke* F_2Q_5. *York* F_3F_4.

71—74. Malone arranges as four lines, ending *death...likeness...dares... news?*

Queen. O, I am press'd to death through want of speaking! [*Coming forward.*
Thou, old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,
How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this unpleasing news?
What Eve, what serpent, hath suggested thee
To make a second fall of cursed man?
Why dost thou say King Richard is deposed?
Darest thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfal? Say, where, when, and how,
Camest thou by this ill tidings? speak, thou wretch.
Gard. Pardon me, madam: little joy have I
To breathe this news; yet what I say is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke: their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs King Richard down.
Post you to London, and you will find it so;
I speak no more than every one doth know.
Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,
Doth not thy embassage belong to me,
And am I last that knows it? O, thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast. Come, ladies, go,
To meet at London London's king in woe.
What, was I born to this, that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?

72. [Coming forward.] Starting from her concealment. Capell.
73. *old*] om. Pope.
set] *set here* Steevens conj.
dress this garden] *dress out this garden. Say,* Malone conj.
74. *harsh rude*] *harsh* $F_2Q_5F_3F_4$. om. Pope. *harsh-rude* Steevens (1793).
this] *these* Dyce.
80. *this*] *these* Pope.
82. *this*] Q_1. The rest *these.*
85. *lord's*] *Lo.* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
90. *you will*] *you'l* FfQ_5.
94. *knows*] *know* Q_5.
think'st] FfQ_5. *thinkest* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
96. *Thy*] *The* Hanmer.

Gardener, for telling me these news of woe,
Pray God the plants thou graft'st may never grow.
[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*

Gard. Poor queen! so that thy state might be no worse,
I would my skill were subject to thy curse.
Here did she fall a tear; here in this place
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Westminster Hall.*

Enter as to the Parliament, BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, FITZWATER, SURREY, *the* BISHOP of CARLISLE, *the* ABBOT of WESTMINSTER, *and another* Lord, Herald, Officers, *and* BAGOT.

Boling. Call forth Bagot.
Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind;
What thou dost know of noble Gloucester's death;
Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeless end.

Bagot. Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle.

Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

100. *these*] *this* FfQ$_5$.
101. *Pray God*] *I would* FfQ$_5$.
[Exeunt...] Pope. Exit. Qq Ff.
104. *fall*] Q$_1$. The rest *drop*.
105. *rue, sour*] *rewsowre* Q$_4$.
107. *the*] om. Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$.
[Exeunt.] Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$. Exit. FfQ$_5$.
Westminster Hall.] Malone. London. Pope.
Enter...] FfQ$_5$. Enter Bullingbroke with the Lords to Parliament. Q$_1$. Enter Bull.... Q$_2$ (in margin). Enter B., Aumerle, and others. Q$_3$Q$_4$.
the Bishop of Carlisle] Carlile FfQ$_5$.
and another Lord] Omitted in FfQ$_5$.
1. [Enter Bagot. Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$. Officers set him to the Bar. Capell.
forth Bagot] *Bagot forth* Pope (reading as one line *Call...mind*).
2. *Now, Bagot, freely...mind*] *now freely speak thy mind.* Pope. *Now Bagot freely speak,* Capell.

Bagot. My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue
Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.
In that dead time when Gloucester's death was plotted,
I heard you say, 'Is not my arm of length,
That reacheth from the restful English court
As far as Calais, to mine uncle's head?'
Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns
Than Bolingbroke's return to England;
Adding withal, how blest this land would be
In this your cousin's death.

Aum. Princes and noble lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,
On equal terms to give him chastisement?
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd
With the attainder of his slanderous lips.
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
That marks thee out for hell: I say, thou liest,
And will maintain what thou hast said is false
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear; thou shalt not take it up.

9. *once it hath*] *it hath once* FfQ$_5$.
deliver'd FfQ$_5$. *delivered* Q$_1$ Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$.

13. *Calais*] *Callice* Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$. *Callis* FfQ$_5$.
mine] *my* FfQ$_5$.

15. *that you had rather*] *you rather had* Pope. *too, you had rather* Capell.

17. *Than*] *Than to see* or *Than see proud* Keightley conj.
Than...England] *Than Bolingbroke to England should return* Seymour conj.
Bolingbroke's] *Bullingbrooke* F$_2$F$_3$. *Bullingbrook* F$_4$. *to have Bolingbroke* Capell.

17—19. *Than...death.*] Arranged as by Capell; as two lines in QqFf, ending *withal...death;* Hanmer ends the lines *adding...in this...death.*

18. *withal*] om. Pope, who reads 17—19 as two lines, ending *adding... death.*

19. *Princes and*] *My* Seymour conj.

21. *stars*] *stem* Warburton conj.

22. *him*] *them* Q$_1$. *my* Q$_2$.

23. *soil'd*] *spoyld* F$_2$. *spoyl'd* Q$_5$. *spoild* F$_3$. *spoil'd* F$_4$.

24. *attainder*] *attainture* Capell conj.

26. *I say*] Q$_1$. The rest omit.
liest] *liest, Bagot* Hanmer.

27. *will*] *I'll* Rowe (ed. 2).

28. *heart*] *hearts* Q$_5$.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence that hath moved me so.
Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathy,
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine:
By that fair sun which shows me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spakest it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloucester's death.
If thou deny'st it twenty times, thou liest;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.
Aum. Thou darest not, coward, live to see that day.
Fitz. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.
Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.
Percy. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true
In this appeal as thou art all unjust;
And that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to the extremest point
Of mortal breathing: seize it, if thou darest.
Aum. An if I do not, may my hands rot off
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!
Another Lord. I task the earth to the like, forsworn Aumerle;
And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be holloa'd in thy treacherous ear
From sun to sun: there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou darest.
Aum. Who sets me else? by heaven, I'll throw at all:

33. *sympathy*] *sympathize* F_1. *sympathies* $F_2Q_5F_3F_4$.
35. *which*] Q_1. The rest *that*.
38. *it twenty times,*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *it, twenty times* FfQ_5.
41. *live to see that*] Q_1. *live I to see the* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *live to see the* Ff Q_5.
43. *Fitzwater*] *Fitzwaters* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
49. *An if*] Edd. (Capell conj.). *And if* QqFf.
52—59. Another Lord. *I task... as you*] Omitted in FfQ_5. See note (XXII).
52. *task the earth*] *taske the earth* Q_1. *take the earth* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *task thee* Capell. *take thy oath* Johnson conj. *task thy heart* Steevens conj. *take oath* S. Walker conj.
54. *As*] Capell. *As it* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
holloa'd] *hollowed* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
55. *sun to sun*] Capell. *sinne to sinne* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.

I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.
Surrey. My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.
Fitz. 'Tis very true: you were in presence then;
And you can witness with me this is true.
Surrey. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.
Fitz. Surrey, thou liest.
Surrey. Dishonourable boy!
That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge
Till thou the lie-giver and that lie do lie
In earth as quiet as thy father's skull:
In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou darest.
Fitz. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,
And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction.
As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say,
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Calais.
Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,
That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd, to try his honour.

60, 61. *My lord...talk*] As three lines in FfQ$_5$, ending *Fitzwater...time ...talk.*
60. *do*] om. Pope.
61. *Aumerle*] (*Aumerle*) Q$_1$.
62. *'Tis very true*] *My Lord, 'Tis very true* FfQ$_5$. *My Lord, 'tis true* Pope.
64. *As...true*] As two lines, the first ending *heaven*, in FfQ$_5$.
65. *Surrey*] *Suerrie* Q$_3$.
65, 66. *Dishonourable.....sword,*] As one line in Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$.
68. *do lie*] *rest* Pope.
70. *my*] Q$_1$Q$_3$Q$_4$. *mine* Q$_2$FfQ$_5$.
73. *live,*] *live,*— Capell.
76. *my*] om. Q$_1$. *the* Q$_2$.
78. *As I intend*] *A I intended* F$_2$ F$_3$. *As I intended* Q$_5$F$_4$.
80. *heard*] *heare* Q$_4$.
85. Throws down his hood. Grant White (from Holinshed).

Boling. These differences shall all rest under gage
Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be,
And, though mine enemy, restored again
To all his lands and signories: when he's return'd,
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.
Car. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field,
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens;
And toil'd with works of war, retired himself
To Italy; and there at Venice gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.
Boling. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?
Car. As surely as I live, my lord.
Boling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom
Of good old Abraham! Lords appellants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter YORK, *attended.*

York. Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with willing soul

89. *all*] om. Seymour conj.
lands and] om. Pope.
he's] *he is* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
91. *ne'er*] F_4. *ne're* $F_1F_2Q_5F_3$. *never* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
93. *Jesu*] *Jesus* Q_3Q_4.
96. *And*] *Then* Pope.
98. *that*] *a* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
101. *Why, bishop*] *Why B.* Q_1Q_2. om. Capell.
102. *As surely*] Q_1. *As sure* $Q_2Q_3Q_4FfQ_5$. *Sure* Pope.
103. *sweet soul*] *soul* Pope.
103—105. In FfQ_5 the lines end *soul...Abraham...gage.*
104. *good old*] *good* Pope, ending the lines *soul...appealants.*
Abraham] *father Abraham* Keightley conj.
Lords] *My lords* Capell.
appellants] $Q_1Q_2Q_4$. *appealants* Q_3. *appealants* FfQ_5.
106. *you to*] *to you* Collier MS.
Enter.... ..attended.] Capell. Enter Yorke. QqFf.
107. SCENE II. Pope.

Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand:
Ascend his throne, descending now from him;
And long live Henry, fourth of that name!
Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.
Car. Marry, God forbid!
Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth.
Would God that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard! then true noblesse would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject?
Thieves are not judged but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them;
And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy, elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judged by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present? O, forfend it, God,
That in a Christian climate souls refined
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirr'd up by God, thus boldly for his king.
My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king:
And if you crown him, let me prophesy;

109. *thee*] *the* Q_1.
112. *fourth of that name*] *of that name the fourth* FfQ_5.
114. *Marry*] F_3F_4. *Mary* QqF_1F_2.
114, 133. *God*] *Heaven* FfQ_5.
115. *may I*] *I may* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
speak,] *speak?* Hanmer.
116. *beseeming me*] *beseems it me* Johnson conj.
117. *that*] om. $Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
119. *noblesse*] Q_1. The rest *nobleness*.
122. *here*] *not here* Q_2Q_3.
126. *deputy, elect*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *deputy elect* FfQ_5.
127. *crowned, planted*] *crown'd, planted* F_1. *crown'd and planted* $F_2Q_5F_3F_4$.
128. *subject*] *subjects* Q_5.
breath] *breaths* S. Walker conj.
129. *O, forfend*] *O, forbid* FfQ_5. *forbid* Seymour conj.
God] om. Pope.

The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act;
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound;
Disorder, horror, fear and mutiny
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.
O, if you raise this house against this house,
It will the woefullest division prove
That ever fell upon this cursed earth.
Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest child, child's children, cry against you 'woe!'

North. Well have you argued, sir; and, for your pains,
Of capital treason we arrest you here.
My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial.
May it please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit.

Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may surrender; so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.

York. I will be his conduct. [*Exit.*

Boling. Lords, you that here are under our arrest,
Procure your sureties for your days of answer.
Little are we beholding to your love,
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

138. *this*] Q_1. *his* $Q_2Q_3Q_4FfQ_5$.
145. *you*] *yon* Q_1.
raise] *reare* FfQ_5.
against this] *against his* Q_3Q_4.
148. *Prevent it*] QqFf. *Prevent* Pope.
let] *and let* $Q_2Q_3Q_4F_1$.
149. *child, child's*] *children's* Pope.
154—317. *May it please you...true king's fall.*] Omitted in Q_1Q_2.
154. *commons'*] *common* Q_3Q_4.
155—157. *Fetch...suspicion*] Continued to Northumberland, and printed as two lines, the first ending *view*, in Q_3Q_4.
157. [Exit.] om. Q_3Q_4.
158. *here are*] $F_1F_2Q_5$. *are here, are* Q_3Q_4. *are here* F_3F_4.
160. [To Carl. Hanmer.
beholding] *beholden* Pope.
161. *little look'd for*] *look for little* Collier MS.
look'd] *looke* Q_3Q_4.

Re-enter YORK, *with* RICHARD, *and* Officers *bearing the regalia.*

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my limbs:
Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours of these men: were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, 'all hail!' to me?
So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.
God save the king! Will no man say amen?
Am I both priest and clerk? well then, amen.
God save the king! although I be not he;
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.
To do what service am I sent for hither?

York. To do that office of thine own good will
Which tired majesty did make thee offer,
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. Give me the crown. Here, cousin, seize the crown;
Here cousin;
On this side my hand, and on that side yours.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well

Re-enter...] Capell. Enter king Richard. Q_3Q_4. Enter Richard and Yorke. FfQ_5.

162. SCENE III. Pope.

165. *limbs*] *limbes* Q_3Q_4. *knee* FfQ_5.

166—170. *Give sorrow.....twelve*] As four lines in Q_3Q_4, ending *submission...men...hail...twelve.*

166. *tutor*] Q_3Q_4. *tuture* F_1. *returne* F_2Q_5. *return* F_3F_4.

167. *well*] *will* $F_2Q_5F_3F_4$.

169. *sometime*] *sometimes* Q_3Q_4.

172—175. *God save...me*] Put in the margin by Pope.

180. *To Henry Bolingbroke*] Omitted by Pope.

Henry] *Harry* Q_3Q_4.

181. *Give.....cousin*] Omitted in Q_3Q_4.

seize the crown] Seizes the crown. Singer (as a stage direction).

182, 183. *Here...yours*] As one line in $Q_3Q_4FfQ_5$.

182. *Here cousin*] *Here* Pope (reading *Here, on...thine* as one line). om. Malone (1821).

183. *and on...yours*] Q_3Q_4. *on... thine* FfQ_5.

184—202. *Now is...to thee*] Put in the margin by Pope.

That owes two buckets, filling one another,
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen and full of water:
That bucket down and full of tears am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.
Boling. I thought you had been willing to resign.
K. Rich. My crown I am; but still my griefs are mine:
You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs; still am I king of those.
Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.
K. Rich. Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down.
My care is loss of care, by old care done;
Your care is gain of care, by new care won:
The cares I give, I have, though given away;
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.
Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown?
K. Rich. Ay, no; no, ay; for I must nothing be;
Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.
Now mark me, how I will undo myself:
I give this heavy weight from off my head
And this unwieldly sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duty's rites:
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
My manors, rents, revenues I forego;
My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny:
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!

189. *griefs*] *griefe* Q_3Q_4.
199. *tend*] *'tend* F_1.
201. *Ay, no; no, ay;*] *I, no no I;* Q_3Q_4. *I, no; no, I:* $F_1F_2Q_5$. *I no; no, I* F_3. *I no; no I,* F_4.
202. *no no,*] Q_3Q_4. *no, no,* FfQ_5.
207. *balm*] *balme* $Q_3Q_4F_1$. *blame* $F_2Q_5F_3F_4$.
210. *duty's rites*] *duties rites* Q_3Q_4. *dutious oathes* $F_1F_2Q_5$. *dutious oaths* F_3F_4. *duties, rites* Collier. *duteous rites* Id. conj. *duties, rights* Id. conj. apud Delius.
212. *manors*] F_1F_2. *manners* Q_3. *mannors* $Q_4Q_5F_4$.

God keep all vows unbroke that swear to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing grieved,
And thou with all pleased, that hast all achieved!
Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!
God save King Harry, unking'd Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days!
What more remains?

North. No more, but that you read
These accusations and these grievous crimes
Committed by your person and your followers
Against the state and profit of this land;
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily deposed.

K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel out
My weaved-up folly? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop
To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldst,
There shouldst thou find one heinous article,
Containing the deposing of a king
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven:
Nay, all of you that stand and look upon,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,
Though some of you with Pilate wash your hands
Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

North. My lord, dispatch; read o'er these articles.

215. *that swear*] Q_3Q_4. *are made* FfQ_5.
218—221. *Long...days*] Put in the margin by Pope.
219. *earthy*] *earthly* Q_4.
220. *Harry*] Q_3Q_4. *Henry* FfQ_5.
221. *sunshine*] *sun-shines* Q_4.
222. [Offering a paper. Capell.
229. *folly*] Q_3Q_4. *follyes* $F_1F_2Q_5$. *follies* F_3F_4.
Gentle] *Oh* Pope.
232. *them?*] FfQ_5. *them*, Q_3Q_4.
237. *all*] FfQ_5. om. Q_3Q_4.
upon] Q_3Q_4. *upon me* Ff Q_5.
238. *bait*] *bate* Q_3Q_4.
240. *you*] *yon* F_3.
241. *deliver'd*] *deliver* Q_3. *delivered* Q_4F_4.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see:
And yet salt water blinds them not so much
But they can see a sort of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest;
For I have given here my soul's consent
To undeck the pompous body of a king;
Made glory base and sovereignty a slave,
Proud majesty a subject, state a peasant.

North. My lord,—

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught insulting man,
Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title,
No, not that name was given me at the font,
But 'tis usurp'd: alack the heavy day,
That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myself!
O that I were a mockery king of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water-drops!
Good king, great king, and yet not greatly good,
An if my word be sterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither straight,
That it may show me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Boling. Go some of you and fetch a looking-glass.
[*Exit an attendant.*

North. Read o'er this paper while the glass doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend, thou torment'st me ere I come to hell!

Boling. Urge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.

250. *To*] Q_3Q_4. *T'* FfQ_5.
251. *Made*] *Make* Capell.
and sovereignty] Q_3Q_4. *a soveraigntie* F_1. *a soveraigne* F_2Q_5. *a soveraign* F_3F_4.
254. *thou haught*] om. Pope.
haught insulting] *haught-insulting* FfQ_5.
255. *Nor*] Q_3Q_4. *No, nor* FfQ_5.
260. *mockery king*] Q_3Q_4. *mockerie, king* FfQ_5.
263. *Good...good*] Put in the margin by Pope.
264. *An if*] Theobald. *And if* $Q_3Q_4FfQ_5$. *Ah if* Pope.
word] FfQ_5. *name* Q_3Q_4.
sterling] *starling*, Q_3Q_4.
265. *hither*] *hether* Q_3.
267. *his*] *it's* Capell conj.
268. [Exit...] Capell.
270. *torment'st*] Rowe. *torments* $Q_3Q_4FfQ_5$.

North. The commons will not then be satisfied.
K. Rich. They shall be satisfied: I'll read enough,
When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ, and that's myself.

Re-enter Attendant, *with a glass.*

Give me the glass, and therein will I read.
No deeper wrinkles yet? hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds? O flattering glass,
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men? was this the face
That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?
Was this the face that faced so many follies,
And was at last out-faced by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face:
As brittle as the glory is the face;
[*Dashes the glass against the ground.*
For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.
Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your face.
K. Rich. Say that again.
The shadow of my sorrow! ha! let's see:

275. Re-enter...] Capell. Enter one with a Glasse. FfQ$_5$. om. Q$_3$Q$_4$.

276—280. *Give me.....prosperity*] As four lines in Q$_3$Q$_4$, ending *yet?... this...woundes?...prosperitie.*

276. *the*] *that* FfQ$_5$.

and...read] Omitted in Q$_3$ Q$_4$.

281. *Thou...me*] Omitted in Q$_3$Q$_4$.

281—285. *Was this...follies,*] As three lines in Q$_3$Q$_4$, ending *his... men?...follies?* See note (XXIII).

281. *this face*] *this* Q$_3$Q$_4$.

283. *keep*] *feed* Capell.

283, 284. *was.. wink?*] Omitted in Q$_3$Q$_4$.

285. *Was....that*] Q$_3$Q$_4$. *Is.... which* FfQ$_5$.

285—290. *Was this...sport*] Put in the margin by Pope.

286. *And*] Q$_3$Q$_4$. *That* FfQ$_5$.

288. [Dashes...] Theobald.

289. *a hundred*] Q$_3$Q$_4$. *an hundred* FfQ$_5$.

290. *sport*] *spor* Q$_3$Q$_4$.

293—298. *Say...soul*] As five lines in Q$_3$Q$_4$, ending *sorrow:...griefe... manners...unseene,...soule.*

'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And these external manners of laments
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
That swells with silence in the tortured soul;
There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only givest
Me cause to wail but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair cousin.

K. Rich. 'Fair cousin'? I am greater than a king:
For when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet ask.

K. Rich. And shall I have?

Boling. You shall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither?

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

Boling. Go, some of you convey him to the Tower.

K. Rich. O, good! convey? conveyers are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.

[*Exeunt King Richard, some Lords, and a Guard.*

Boling. On Wednesday next we solemnly set down

296. *manners*] *manner* F_1.
laments] *lament* Capell.

299. *There...substance*] Omitted in Q_3Q_4.

300. *For...bounty*] Omitted in Q_3 Q_4, reading as one line *And I... g.vest.*

304. *Shall...it?*] Omitted in Q_3Q_4.
fair] *my fair* Hanmer.

305. *cousin?*] *coose, why?* Q_3Q_4. *cousin? why* Steevens.

306—309. *For...beg*] In Q_3Q_4 the lines end *subiects...heere...beg.*

311. *have?*] *have it?* Q_3Q_4.

312. *You*] *Ay, you* Seymour conj.

313. *Then*] *Why then* Q_3Q_4. *Why, pr'ythee* Seymour conj.
go] *go then* Seymour conj.

315. *sights*] *sight* Pope.

317, 318. *O, good...fall*] Put in the margin by Pope.

317. *good!*] *good:* FfQ_5. *good* Q_3Q_4.
convey?] Capell. *convey,* Q_3. *convay* Q_4. *convey:* FfQ_5.

318. [Exeunt...] Capell.

319, 320. *On...yourselves.*] *Let it be so, and loe on Wednesday next, We*

Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.
[*Exeunt all except the Bishop of Carlisle, the Abbot of Westminster, and Aumerle.*

Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

Car. The woe's to come; the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

Abbot. My lord,
Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament
To bury mine intents, but also to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise.
I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow and your eyes of tears:
Come home with me to supper; and I'll lay
A plot shall show us all a merry day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *London. A street leading to the Tower.*

Enter QUEEN *and* Ladies.

Queen. This way the king will come; this is the way
To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower,

solemnly proclaime our coronation, Lords, be ready all. Q_1Q_2.

320. After this line Johnson inserts *Let it be so, and lo be ready all.*

Exeunt...] Exeunt. Manent West. Caleil, Aumerle. Q_1. Exeunt. Manet West Carleil, Aumerle. Q_2. Exeunt. Manet West., Carleill, Aumerle. Q_3Q_4. Exeunt. FfQ_5.

321. SCENE IV. Pope.

322. *woe's*] *woes* F_1.

326. *My lord,*] *My Lo:* Q_1Q_2. om. $Q_3Q_4FfQ_5$.

329. *intents*] *intent* Q_4.

also] om. Pope.

332. *hearts*] *harts* Q_1. *hart* Q_2. *heart* $Q_3Q_4FfQ_5$.

333, 334. *and I'll lay A plot shall ...day*] Pope. *Ile lay a plot, Shall... day* QqFf (*I'le* F_4. *plot* FfQ_5). *I will lay A plot shall...day* Malone.

ACT V. SCENE I.] FfQ_5. ACT IV. SCENE II. Capell.

London...Tower.] Capell. Continues in London. Pope.

Enter...Ladies] FfQ_5. Enter the Queene with her attendants $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$ (Enter Queene Q_3Q_4).

To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke:
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

Enter RICHARD *and* Guard.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither: yet look up, behold,
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.
Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand,
Thou map of honour, thou King Richard's tomb,
And not King Richard; thou most beauteous inn,
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodged in thee,
When triumph is become an alehouse guest?

K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream;
From which awaked, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this: I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim Necessity, and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France
And cloister thee in some religious house:
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

Queen. What, is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transform'd and weaken'd? hath Bolingbroke deposed
Thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The lion dying thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,

6. Enter...Guard.] FfQ$_5$. Enter Ric. Q$_1$Q$_2$. Enter Richard. Q$_3$Q$_4$.

11. *Ah, thou*] *Thou* Rowe (ed. 2). *O thou* Pope.

[To K. Rich. Rowe.

model] *modle* Q$_1$Q$_2$.

20. *brother, sweet*] (*brother sweet*) Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$.

22. *Hie*] *High* FfQ$_5$.

25. *stricken* FfQ$_5$. *thrown* Q$_1$Q$_2$ Q$_3$Q$_4$.

26. *What*] *How* Pope.

27. *weaken'd*] *weak* Pope, ending the line at *depos'd*. QqFf end the line at *Bullingbrooke*.

Bolingbroke] *proud Bolingbroke* Capell. *this Bolingbroke* Collier MS. (ending the line as QqFf).

Take thy correction mildly, kiss the rod,
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion and a king of beasts?

K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed; if aught but beasts,
I had been still a happy king of men.
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France:
Think I am dead, and that even here thou takest,
As from my death-bed, thy last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire
With good old folks and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages long ago betid;
And ere thou bid good night, to quit their griefs,
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me
And send the hearers weeping to their beds:
For why, the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue
And in compassion weep the fire out;
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND *and* others.

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is changed;
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you;
With all swift speed you must away to France.

32. *thy*] *the* Q_1.
correction mildly,] FfQ5. *correction, mildly* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
34. *a king*] *the king* Q_1.
beasts] *beast* Q_5.
35. *but beasts*] *but beast* Q_3Q_4.
37. *sometime queen,*] (*sometimes queene*) Q_1Q_2. (*sometime Queene*) $Q_3Q_4F_1F_2Q_5$. (*sometime*) *queen* F_3F_4.
39. *thy*] Q_1. The rest *my*.
41. *thee*] *the* Q_1.
42. *betid*] Hanmer. *betidde* Q_1. *betide* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$FfQ5.
43. *night*] om. Q_4.
quit] FfQ5. *quite* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *quiet* Anon. conj.
griefs] *griefes* Q_1. *griefe* $Q_2Q_3Q_4F_1F_2Q_5$. *grief* F_3F_4.
44. *tale*] *fall* FfQ5.
46—50. *For...king*] Put in the margin by Pope.
46. *For why,*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *For why?* FfQ5.
sympathize] *simpathie* Q_2. *simpathy* Q_3Q_4.
47. *The heavy*] *With the heavy* Keightley conj.
thy] *my* $F_2Q_5F_3F_4$.
50. and others] Capell.
51. SCENE II. Pope.

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul sin gathering head
Shall break into corruption: thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all;
And he shall think that thou, which know'st the way
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urged, another way
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.
The love of wicked men converts to fear;
That fear to hate, and hate turns one or both
To worthy danger and deserved death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
Take leave and part; for you must part forthwith.

K. Rich. Doubly divorced! Bad men, you violate
A twofold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me,
And then betwixt me and my married wife.
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;
And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.
Part us, Northumberland; I towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime;
My wife to France: from whence, set forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas or short'st of day.

Queen. And must we be divided? must we part?

K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.

59. *corruption*] *convulsion* Collier conj.
62. *And he*] Rowe. *He* QqFf. *know'st*] *knowest* Q_1.
63. *wilt*] *will* Q_3Q_4.
64. *urged,*] *urg'd,* $F_2Q_5F_3F_4$. *urg'd* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4F_1$.
66. *men*] *friends* FfQ$_5$.
69. North.] om. Q_2. *there*] *there's* F_4.
71. *you*] *ye* FfQ$_5$.
72. *marriage; 'twixt*] FfQ$_5$. *marriage twixt* Q_1. *marriage, betwixt* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
74. *'twixt*] *betwixt* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$. [To the Queen. Rowe.
78. *wife*] *Queene* FfQ$_5$. *set*] *sent* Anon. conj.
80. *Hallowmas*] Malone. *Hollowmas* QqFf. *short'st of day*] *shortest day* Rowe.
82. *Ay...heart*] Omitted by Pope.

Queen. Banish us both and send the king with me.
North. That were some love but little policy.
Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.
K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make one woe.
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;
Better far off than near, be ne'er the near.
Go, count thy way with sighs; I mine with groans.
Queen. So longest way shall have the longest moans.
K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short,
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief:
One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part;
Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.
Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part
To take on me to keep and kill thy heart.
So, now I have mine own again, be gone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.
K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say. [*Exeunt.*

84. North.] FfQ5. King. Q_1Q_2 Q_3Q_4.

85—95. *Then...part*] Put in the margin by Pope.

87. *thou*] om. $Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
for] *for for* Q_5.

88. *off...the near*] *off than neere be nere the neare* Q_1. *off then neere be nere the neere* Q_2. *off then neere be neare the neere* Q_3Q_4. *off, then neere, be ne're the neere* $F_1F_2Q_5$ (*than* F_2Q_5) and so, substantially, F_3F_4. *off, than —near, be ne'er the near'* Capell. *off than near, being ne'er the near* Collier (Collier MS.). See note (XXIV).

95. *dumbly*] $Q_1F_3F_4$. *dumbely* F_1 F_2. *doubly* $Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$.

96. [They kiss. Rowe.

97. *mine*] *my* Q_3Q_4.

98. [Kiss again. Rowe.

SCENE II. *The* DUKE OF YORK'S *palace.*

Enter YORK *and his* DUCHESS.

Duch. My lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off
Of our two cousins coming into London.
York. Where did I leave?
Duch. At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgovern'd hands from windows' tops
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.
York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,
With slow but stately pace kept on his course,
Whilst all tongues cried 'God save thee, Bolingbroke!'
You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage, and that all the walls
With painted imagery had said at once
'Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!'
Whilst he, from the one side to the other turning,
Bareheaded, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespake them thus; 'I thank you, countrymen:'
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.
Duch. Alack, poor Richard! where rode he the whilst?
York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,

SCENE II.] SCENE III. Pope. ACT V. SCENE I. Capell.

The.....palace.] Pope. The same (i. e. London). A room in York's house. Capell.

Enter...] FfQ$_5$. Enter the Duke of Yorke and the Dutchesse. Q$_1$Q$_2$ Q$_3$Q$_4$.

2. *off*] *of* Q$_1$. om. Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$.

5. *windows'*] *window* Pope.

11. *Whilst*] Q$_1$. *While* Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$ FfQ$_5$.

thee,] F$_4$. *thee* F$_1$F$_2$Q$_5$F$_3$. *the* Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$.

17. *thee!*] *thee,* FfQ$_5$. *the* Q$_1$Q$_2$ Q$_3$Q$_4$.

18. *the one*] *one* FfQ$_5$.

20. *Bespake*] *Bespeak* F$_4$. *Bespoke* Rowe.

22. *Alack*] *Alac* Q$_1$. *Alacke* Q$_2$ Q$_3$Q$_4$. *Alas* FfQ$_5$.

rode] Q$_1$. *rides* Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$Ff Q$_5$.

whilst] *while* Pope.

After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious;
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on gentle Richard; no man cried 'God save him!'
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted
And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in these events,
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

Duch. Here comes my son Aumerle.

York. Aumerle that was;
But that is lost for being Richard's friend,
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now:
I am in parliament pledge for his truth
And lasting fealty to the new made king.

Enter AUMERLE.

Duch. Welcome, my son: who are the violets now
That strew the green lap of the new come spring?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not:
God knows I had as lief be none as one.

York. Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,
Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.

28. *gentle Richard*] $Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *gentle Ric.* Q_1. *Richard* FfQ_5. See note (XXV).
38. *bound*] *bind* Capell.
39. *subjects*] *subiect* Q_3Q_4.
40. *for*] *for for* F_2.
41. SCENE IV. Pope.
45. *to*] *in* $F_2F_3F_4$.
Enter Aumerle.] Ff (after line 40). Enter Aum. Q_3Q_4 (at line 41). om. Q_1Q_2.
46. *are*] *art* Q_3Q_4.
47. *spring?*] FfQ_5. *spring* Q_1Q_2 Q_3Q_4.
48. *nor...not*] *nor do greatly care* Hanmer.
care not] *care* Rowe.

What news from Oxford? hold those justs and triumphs?
Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.
York. You will be there, I know.
Aum. If God prevent not, I purpose so.
York. What seal is that, that hangs without thy bosom?
Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.
Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.
York. No matter, then, who see it:
I will be satisfied; let me see the writing.
Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me:
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.
York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.
I fear, I fear,—
Duch. What should you fear?
'Tis nothing but some band, that he is enter'd into
For gay apparel 'gainst the triumph day.
York. Bound to himself! what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.
Boy, let me see the writing.
Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me; I may not show it.
York. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say.
[*He plucks it out of his bosom and reads it.*

52. *hold those...*] FfQ$_5$. *do these ...hold* Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$.
53. *my lord*] om. Pope.
they do] om. Capell.
54. *I know*] om. Pope.
55. *prevent*] *prevent me* Rowe. *prevent it* Capell.
purpose] *do purpose* Grant White conj.
57. *Yea...let me*] *Yea...come, let me* Hanmer. *Yea...boy, let me* Malone conj. *Boy...come, let me* Rann conj.
pale?] *pale, sir?* Capell.
writing] *writing, sir* Keightley conj. See note (XXVI).
58. *see*] *sees* FfQ$_5$.
64. *I fear,—*] *I fear me—* Seymour conj.
What] *You fear? IWhat* Capell.
fear?] *fear, my lord?* Pope.
65. *band*] *bond* FfQ$_5$.
that he is] *he's* Pope.
66. *gay*] *gay and fit* Seymour conj.
'gainst....day.] *gainst.....day.* Q$_1$. *against the triumph.* Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$Ff Q$_5$. *now against the triumph.* Hanmer.
68. *bound to?*] Q$_4$FfQ$_5$. *bound to.* Q$_1$Q$_2$. *bound to:* Q$_3$.
[pushing her away. Capell.
70. *I do beseech*] *'Beseech* Capell. *I beseech* Seymour conj.
pardon me] *To pardon me, my lord* Seymour conj.
71. *see it*] *see't* Q$_5$.
[He.....reads it.] Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$. Snatches it. FfQ$_5$.

Treason! foul treason! Villain! traitor! slave!
Duch. What is the matter, my lord?
York. Ho! who is within there?

Enter a Servant.

Saddle my horse.
God for his mercy, what treachery is here!
Duch. Why, what is it, my lord?
York. Give me my boots, I say; saddle my horse.
[*Exit Servant.*
Now, by mine honour, by my life, by my troth,
I will appeach the villain.
Duch. What is the matter?
York. Peace, foolish woman.
Duch. I will not peace. What is the matter, Aumerle?
Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.
Duch. Thy life answer!
York. Bring me my boots: I will unto the king.

Re-enter Servant *with boots.*

Duch. Strike him, Aumerle. Poor boy, thou art amazed.
Hence, villain! never more come in my sight.
York. Give me my boots, I say.
Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?
Have we more sons? or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?

73. *What is*] *What's* FfQ$_5$.
74. *who is*] *who's* FfQ$_5$.
Enter a Servant.] Servant appears. Capell. om. QqFf.
Saddle] *Saddle me* Hanmer.
75. *God*] *Heaven* FfQ$_5$.
here!] Capell. *here?* QqFf.
76. *is it*] *is't* FfQ$_5$.
77. [Exit Servant.] Capell.
78. *mine*] *my* FfQ$_5$.
by my...by my] Q$_1$. *my...my* Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$FfQ$_5$. *by my...my* Pope.
79. *What is*] *What's* Capell.
80. *woman*] *woman, peace* Seymour conj.
81. *Aumerle*] *sonne* F$_1$F$_2$Q$_5$. *son* F$_3$F$_4$.
84. SCENE V. Pope.
me] om. F$_2$Q$_5$F$_3$F$_4$.
Re-enter....] Enter.... FfQ$_5$ (after line 84). His man enters with his bootes. Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$.
86. [Speaking to the Servant. Pope.
87. *I say*] om. Pope.
89. *thou not*] *not thou* Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$.

And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?
York. Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,
And interchangeably set down their hands,
To kill the king at Oxford.
Duch. He shall be none;
We'll keep him here: then what is that to him?
York. Away, fond woman! were he twenty times my son,
I would appeach him.
Duch. Hadst thou groan'd for him
As I have done, thou wouldst be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy son:
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, or any of my kin,
And yet I love him.
York. Make way, unruly woman! [*Exit.*
Duch. After, Aumerle! mount thee upon his horse;
Spur post, and get before him to the king,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York:
And never will I rise up from the ground
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee. Away, be gone!
[*Exeunt.*

95. *mad*] *and mad* Q_5.
98. *set down*] *set* F_3F_4. *have set* Rowe.
their] *there* Q_1.
99, 100. *He...here*] As one line in $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
101, 102. *Away...him*] As in Q_1 $Q_2Q_3Q_4$; as prose in FfQ_5; as two lines in Rowe (ed. 2), the first ending *times*.
101. *were*] *where* F_2.
102, 103. *Hadst...done*] Arranged as in Rowe (ed. 2); as one line in Qq Ff.
103. *thou wouldst*] *thou wouldest* $F_1F_2Q_5$. *thou'dst* Rowe (ed. 2).
109. *Not*] *Nor* Rowe (ed. 2).
to] om. $Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
or] Q_1. The rest *nor*.
112. *Spur post*] *Spur, post* Capell.
117. *be gone*] om. Pope.
[Exeunt.] Exit. Ff. Ex. Q_5.

SCENE III. *A royal Palace.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE, PERCY, *and other* Lords.

Boling. Can no man tell me of my unthrifty son?
'Tis full three months since I did see him last:
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.
I would to God, my lords, he might be found:
Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose companions,
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;
Which he, young wanton and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour to support
So dissolute a crew.

Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw the prince,
And told him of those triumphs held at Oxford.

Boling. And what said the gallant?

Percy. His answer was, he would unto the stews,
And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favour; and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

Boling. As dissolute as desperate; yet through both
I see some sparks of better hope, which elder years
May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

SCENE III.] SCENE VI. Pope. SCENE II. Capell.

A royal Palace.] Oxford. Pope. The court at Windsor-Castle. Theobald.

Enter...] FfQ$_5$. Enter the King with his nobles. Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$.

1. *tell me*] *tell* FfQ$_5$.

4. *God*] *heaven* FfQ$_5$.

9. *beat...rob*] *rob ..beat* FfQ$_5$.

10. *Which*] *While* Pope. *Whilst* Capell.

young wanton] *yong wanton* Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$. *yong wanton,* F$_1$F$_2$. *young wanton,* Q$_5$F$_3$F$_4$. *young, wanton* Rowe.

11, 12. *Takes...crew*] As in FfQ$_5$; as one line in Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$.

12. *So...crew*] See note (XXVII).

14. *those*] *these* FfQ$_5$. *the* Hanmer.

16. *unto*] *to* Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$.

17. *common'st*] FfQ$_5$. *commonest* Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$.

20—22. See note (XXVIII).

21. *sparks*] *sparkles* Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$.

sparks of better] *sparks of* Pope. *sparkles of a better* Capell (reading as one line *which...forth*).

years] *dayes* FfQ$_5$.

Enter AUMERLE.

Aum. Where is the king?

Boling. What means our cousin, that he stares and looks
So wildly?

Aum. God save your grace! I do beseech your majesty,
To have some conference with your grace alone.

Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.
[*Exeunt Percy and Lords.*
What is the matter with our cousin now?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth,
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon ere I rise or speak.

Boling. Intended or committed was this fault?
If on the first, how heinous e'er it be,
To win thy after-love I pardon thee.

Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.

Boling. Have thy desire.

York. [*Within*] My liege, beware; look to thyself;
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe. [*Drawing.*

Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand; thou hast no cause to fear.

York. [*Within*] Open the door, secure, foolhardy king:

22. Enter A.] FfQ$_5$. Enter Aumerle amazed. Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$.

24, 25. *What...wildly?*] Arranged as by Collier; as one line in Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$; as two lines in FfQ$_5$, the first ending *stares;* as two lines in Capell, the first ending *means.*

24. *our*] *my* Q$_5$.

28. Exeunt.....] Exeunt Lords. Hanmer.

30. [Kneels. Rowe.

34. *on*] *but* Pope. *of* Collier (ed. 2). *only* Anon. conj.

36. *I may*] *May* Q$_1$.

37. *my tale be*] *my tale me* F$_1$. *the tale be* F$_2$Q$_5$F$_3$F$_4$.

38. [Aumerle rises, and locks the door. Capell.

39. [The Duke of Yorke knocks at the doore and cryeth. Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$ (knokes Q$_1$). Yorke within. Ff (at line 38).

beware...thyself] *look to thyself; beware;* Anon. conj.

thyself] *thyself, my liege* Capell.

40. [Drawing.] In act to stab. Capell.

41, 42. *Villain....hand*] As one line in Capell.

42. *Stay.....fear*] As in Qq; as prose in Ff.

43. [Within] Capell.

secure, foolhardy] *secure foole, hardie* Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$ (*hardy* Q$_3$Q$_4$).

Shall I for love speak treason to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

Enter YORK.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? speak;
Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.
York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The treason that my haste forbids me show.
Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise pass'd:
I do repent me; read not my name there;
My heart is not confederate with my hand.
York. It was, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king;
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence:
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.
Boling. O heinous, strong and bold conspiracy!
O loyal father of a treacherous son!
Thou sheer, immaculate and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy passages
Hath held his current and defiled himself!
Thy overflow of good converts to bad,
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.
York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd;
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.

46. SCENE VII. Pope.
[Opens and shuts again. Capell.
46, 47. *What...danger*] As in Capell; as two lines in QqFf, the first ending *breath*.
46. *speak; Recover*] *speak, take* Pope. *Recover* Capell.
50. *treason*] *reason* FfQ$_5$.
54. *It was, villain...did set*] *Villain, it was...set* Pope.
55. *it*] om. Q$_2$.
56. *not*] *nos* Q$_4$.
58. *the*] *thee* Q$_4$.
61. *sheer*] *clear* Pope.
63. *held*] Q$_1$Q$_2$. *hald* Q$_3$Q$_4$. *had* FfQ$_5$.
64. *converts to bad*] *converts the bad* Warburton (Theobald conj.). *covers the bad* Long MS.
65. *thy*] *thine* F$_2$Q$_5$F$_3$F$_4$.
abundant] *abundant* Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$.
66. See note (XXIX).

Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
Or my shamed life in his dishonour lies:
Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

Duch. [*Within*] What ho, my liege! for God's sake, let me in.

Boling. What shrill-voiced suppliant makes this eager cry?

Duch. A woman, and thy aunt, great king; 'tis I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the door:
A beggar begs that never begg'd before.

Boling. Our scene is alter'd from a serious thing,
And now changed to 'The Beggar and the King.'
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in:
I know she is come to pray for your foul sin.

York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins for this forgiveness prosper may.
This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rest sound;
This let alone will all the rest confound.

Enter DUCHESS.

Duch. O king, believe not this hard-hearted man!
Love loving not itself none other can.

York. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

Duch. Sweet York, be patient. Hear me, gentle liege. [*Kneels.*

Boling. Rise up, good aunt.

74. [Within] om. $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. Dutchesse within Ff (after line 72).
God's] *heavens* FfQ_5.
75. *shrill-voiced*] *shril voice* Q_1Q_2.
76. *thy*] *thine* FfQ_5.
79, 80. *Our...King*] Put in the margin by Pope.
79, 80. *alter'd from...thing, And now*] *alter'd; from...thing, 'Tis now* Capell.
82. *she is*] *she's* FfQ_5.
[Aumerle unlocks the door. Dyce.
84. *this*] *his* Pope.
85. *fester'd*] *fetter'd* Capell (corrected in Notes).
rest rest] *rest rests* FfQ_5. *rest is* Pope.
87. SCENE VIII. Pope.
hard-hearted] *heard-hearted* F_2.
89. *make*] *do* Rowe (ed. 2).

Duch. Not yet, I thee beseech:
For ever will I walk upon my knees,
And never see day that the happy sees,
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.
Aum. Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee.
York. Against them both my true joints bended be.
Ill mayst thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!
Duch. Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face;
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast:
He prays but faintly and would be denied;
We pray with heart and soul and all beside:
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;
Ours of true zeal and deep integrity.
Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have
That mercy which true prayer ought to have.
Boling. Good aunt, stand up.
Duch. Nay, do not say, 'stand up;'
Say 'pardon' first, and afterwards 'stand up.'
An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
'Pardon' should be the first word of thy speech.
I never long'd to hear a word till now;
Say 'pardon,' king; let pity teach thee how:
The word is short, but not so short as sweet;

93. *walk*] *kneele* $F_1F_2Q_5$. *kneel* F_3F_4.
95. *give joy*] *give light* Anon. conj.
99. *Ill...grace*] Omitted in FfQ_5.
101. *do*] om. Pope.
in] om. Capell.
102. *come*] *do come* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
106. *shall*] FfQ_5. *still* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
ground] *earth* Capell (corrected in Notes).
109. *them*] *him* Q_5.
have] *crave* Pope.
110. *prayer*] *prayers* FfQ_5.
have] *crave* S. Walker conj.
111. Boling.] Bul. FfQ_5. Yorke Q_1. King. $Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
112. *Say...and*] *But...and* FfQ_5. *But...say* Pope.
113. *An if*] Theobald. *And if* QqFf.
116. *thee*] *the* Q_4.
117—128. *The word.....rehearse*] Put in the margin by Pope. Placed by Theobald after *strong*, line 134.

No word like 'pardon' for kings' mouths so meet.
York. Speak it in French, king; say, 'pardonne moi.'
Duch. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?
Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,
That set'st the word itself against the word!
Speak 'pardon' as 'tis current in our land;
The chopping French we do not understand.
Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there:
Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear;
That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee 'pardon' to rehearse.
Boling. Good aunt, stand up.
Duch. I do not sue to stand;
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.
Boling. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.
Duch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again;
Twice saying 'pardon' doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon strong.
Boling. With all my heart
I pardon him.
Duch. A god on earth thou art.
Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law, and the abbot,
With all the rest of that consorted crew,
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.
Good uncle, help to order several powers
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are:
They shall not live within this world, I swear,

118. *mouths*] F_3F_4. *mouthes* Q_1 $Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *mouth's* $F_1F_2Q_5$.
119. *say*] *sayd* F_2.
pardonne moi] *pardonne moy* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *pardon'ne moy* FfQ_5. *pardonnez moy* Rowe. *pardon,—a moi!* Bubier conj.
120. *pardon pardon to destroy?*] *pardon? pardon to destroy:* Q_3Q_4.
122. *set'st*] $Q_5F_2F_3F_4$. *sets* Q_1Q_2 Q_3Q_4. *set's* F_1.
128. Boling.] Yorke. Q_1.
131, 146. *God*] *heaven* FfQ_5.
135, 136. *With.....him*] Pope. *I pardon him with all my heart* Qq Ff (*al* Q_1Q_2; *hart* F_1).
137. *and the*] *the* FfQ_5. *—the* Theobald. See note (XXX).
141. *where'er...are*] *where else...be* Collier MS.
142—146. *They...new*] Put in the margin by Pope.

But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewell: and, cousin too, adieu:
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.
Duch. Come, my old son: I pray God make thee new.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same.*

Enter EXTON *and* Servant.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake,
'Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?'
Was it not so?
Ser. These were his very words.
Exton. 'Have I no friend?' quoth he: he spake it twice,
And urged it twice together, did he not?
Serv. He did.
Exton. And speaking it, he wistly look'd on me;
As who should say, 'I would thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart;'
Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go:
I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe. [*Exeunt.*

143. *if I once know*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4F_1$. *once know* $F_2F_3F_4$. *if I once knew* Q_5. *so I once know* Collier MS.

144. *too*] Q_5. om. $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$Ff. *mine* Collier (Collier MS.). See note (XXXI).

146. [Exeunt.] Exeunt. Manet sir Pierce Exton, &c. $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$ (Pirce Q_1). Exit. FfQ$_5$.

SCENE IV.] Steevens. SCENE IX. Pope. SCENE III. Capell. SCENE continued in FfQ$_5$.

Enter...] FfQ$_5$ (Servants. F_1).

1. *king*] *K.* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.

words] *works* Q_3.

3, 6. Ser.] FfQ$_5$. Man. $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.

3. *These*] *Those* FfQ$_5$.

very] om. Q_5.

4. *friend*] *friends* F_2.

7. *speaking it, he wistly*] *speaking't wistly*, Seymour conj.

wistly] *wishtly* Q_1Q_2. *wistfully* Reed (1803).

8. *should*] *shall* $F_2F_3F_4$.

11. [Exeunt.] Q_3Q_4. Exit. FfQ$_5$. om. Q_1Q_2.

SCENE V. *Pomfret castle.*

Enter KING RICHARD.

K. Rich. I have been studying how I may compare
This prison where I live unto the world:
And for because the world is populous
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it; yet I'll hammer it out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,
My soul the father; and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world,
In humours like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort,
As thoughts of things divine, are intermix'd
With scruples and do set the word itself
Against the word:
As thus, 'Come, little ones,' and then again,
'It is as hard to come as for a camel
To thread the postern of a small needle's eye.'
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders; how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls,
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves

SCENE V.] Steevens. Scæna Quarta. FfQ$_5$. SCENE X. Pope. SCENE IV. Capell.

Pomfret castle.] A prison at Pomfret castle. Pope.

Enter...] Enter R. alone. Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$. Enter R. FfQ$_5$.

1. *I may*] Q$_1$. *to* Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$FfQ$_5$.

5. *hammer it*] Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$. *hammer't* FfQ$_5$.

it out] *on't* Pope.

6. *I'll prove*] *shall prove* Hanmer. *will prove* Keightley conj.

11. *contented*] *content* Hanmer.

13, 14. *word...word*] *faith...faith* FfQ$_5$.

14, 15. *Against.....again*] As in Capell; as one line in QqFf.

14. *the*] *thy* Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$.

17. *postern*] *small posterne* Q$_3$Q$_4$. *small*] om. FfQ$_5$.

20. *through*] FfQ$_5$. *thorow* Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$.

That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars
Who sitting in the stocks refuge their shame,
That many have and others must sit there;
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortunes on the back
Of such as have before endured the like.
Thus play I in one person many people,
And none contented: sometimes am I king;
Then treasons make me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am: then crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king;
Then am I king'd again: and by and by
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing: but whate'er I be,
Nor I nor any man that but man is
With nothing shall be pleased, till he be eased
With being nothing. Music do I hear? [*Music.*
Ha, ha! keep time: how sour sweet music is,
When time is broke and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives.
And here have I the daintiness of ear
To check time broke in a disorder'd string;
But for the concord of my state and time
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me;
For now hath time made me his numbering clock:

25. *Nor*] *And* Pope.
silly] FfQ$_5$. *seely* Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$.
26. *refuge*] *refuuge* Q$_4$.
refuge their] *refuse that* Q$_5$.
27. *sit*] *set* Q$_1$Q$_2$.
29. *misfortunes*] *misfortune* FfQ$_5$.
31. *person*] Q$_1$. The rest *prison*.
32. *king*] *a king* Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$.
33. *treasons make*] *treason makes* FfQ$_5$.
36. *king'd*] *king* Q$_2$. *a king* Q$_3$ Q$_4$.
38. *be*] *am* FfQ$_5$.
40. *With nothing*] *With anything* Keightley conj.
41. *hear?*] *heare*, Q$_1$Q$_2$. *heare;* Q$_3$Q$_4$.
[Music.] musike plaies. Q$_1$Q$_2$. Musicke playes. Q$_3$. Musicks plaies. Q$_4$. Musick. FfQ$_5$ (after line 38).
45. *ear*] *care* Q$_4$.
46. *check*] *heare* F$_1$F$_2$Q$_5$. *hear* F$_3$ F$_4$.
a] om. Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$.
disorder'd] FfQ$_5$. *disordered* Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$.
50. *me*] om. Q$_3$Q$_4$.

My thoughts are minutes; and with sighs they jar
Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch,
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
Now sir, the sound that tells what hour it is
Are clamorous groans, which strike upon my heart,
Which is the bell: so sighs and tears and groans
Show minutes, times, and hours: but my time
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock.
This music mads me; let it sound no more;
For though it have holp madmen to their wits,
In me it seems it will make wise men mad.
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

Enter a Groom of the Stable.

Groom. Hail, royal prince!

K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer;
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
What art thou? and how comest thou hither,
Where no man never comes, but that sad dog

51. *jar*] Hanmer. *jar*, F_4. *jarre*, F_3. *iarre*, QqF_1F_2.

52. *Their*] *There* Q_4Q_5.
watches on] *watch is on* Jackson conj. *motions* Keightley conj.
on unto mine] *to mine* $F_2Q_5F_3F_4$. *on; mine* Johnson conj. *on mine* Anon. conj.

55. *sir*] *for* Collier (Collier conj.).
sound.....tells] *sounds.....tell* Pope.

56. *which*] *that* FfQ_5.

57. *Which...groans*] Repeated in Q_2.

58. *times, and hours*] *houres, and times* FfQ_5.
but] *O, but* $F_2Q_5F_3F_4$.

60. *o' the*] *o' th'* FfQ_5. *of the* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.

62. *have*] *hath* Q_4.
holp] *help'd* Pope.

63. *wise men*] *wise-men* FfQ_5.

66. *brooch*] *broach* Hunter conj. *gift* Anon. MS. apud Halliwell.
all-hating] *fall-hating* Hanmer (Warburton conj.).
Enter.....stable.] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. Enter Groome. FfQ_5.

67. SCENE XI. Pope.

67, 68. *Thanks...dear.*] Put in the margin by Pope.

68. *groats*] *gortes* Q_2.

69. *art thou? and how*] *art? how* Pope.
hither] *hither, man* Capell. *in hither* Keightley conj.

70. *never*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *ever* Q_4FfQ_5.
dog] $Q_1Q_2F_4$. *dogge* $Q_3Q_4F_1F_2Q_5F_3$. *drudge* Theobald (Warburton). *Doeg* Becket conj.

That brings me food to make misfortune live?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York,
With much ado at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometimes royal master's face.
O, how it yearn'd my heart when I beheld
In London streets, that coronation-day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary,
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid,
That horse that I so carefully have dress'd!

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?

Groom. So proudly as if he disdain'd the ground.

K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? would he not fall down,
Since pride must have a fall, and break the neck
Of that proud man that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be awed by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;
And yet I bear a burthen like an ass,
Spurr'd, gall'd and tired by jauncing Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper, *with a dish.*

Keep. Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. [*Exit.*

75. *sometimes royal*] (*sometimes royall*) FfQ$_5$. *sometime* Pope. *sometimes* Steevens.

76. *yearn'd*] F$_4$. *ernd* Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$ Q$_4$. *yern'd* F$_1$F$_2$F$_3$Q$_5$.

79. *bestrid*] *bestride* Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$.

83. *proudly as if he*] *proudly as if he had* FfQ$_5$. *proudly as he had* Pope. *proud as if he had* Collier (Collier MS.).

94. *Spurr'd, gall'd*] *Spurrde, galld* Q$_1$Q$_2$. *Spurde, galde* Q$_3$Q$_4$. *Spur-gall'd* FfQ$_5$. See note (XXXII).

jauncing] *jaunting* Pope.

Enter...] FfQ$_5$. Enter one to Richard with meate. Q$_1$ Q$_2$ Q$_3$ Q$_4$ (Richa. Q$_2$). (Q$_3$Q$_4$ after line 97).

95. SCENE XII. Pope.

97. [Exit.] FfQ$_5$. Exit Groome. Q$_1$Q$_3$Q$_4$. Exit Groom. Q$_2$ (in margin opposite line 101).

Keep. My lord, will't please you to fall to?

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

Keep. My lord, I dare not: sir Pierce of Exton, who lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster and thee! Patience is stale, and I am weary of it. [*Beats the Keeper.*

Keep. Help, help, help!

Enter EXTON *and* Servants, *armed.*

K. Rich. How now! what means death in this rude assault?
Villain, thy own hand yields thy death's instrument.
[*Snatching an axe from a Servant and killing him.*
Go thou, and fill another room in hell.
[*He kills another. Then Exton strikes him down.*
That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire
That staggers thus my person. Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.
Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die. [*Dies.*

Exton. As full of valour as of royal blood:

98. *My lord*] *The meat, my lord* Capell.

will't] *wil't* F_4. The rest *wilt.*

99. *art*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *wert* Q_4. *wer't* FfQ_5. *were* Theobald.

100, 101. As two lines, the first ending *Exton*, in QqFf; as prose first in Collier. Malone makes the first line end at *who.*

100. *not: sir*] *not; for sir* Pope.

Pierce] *Piercie* Q_2.

101. *lately*] *late* Pope.

102. *Henry of*] *Harry* Capell conj.

103. [Beats...] Rowe. om. QqFf.

104. Enter.....Servants, armed.] Enter...servants. FfQ_5. The murderers rush in. $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.

Exton] Exton with an Halberd Long MS.

105. *what means death...assault?*] *what? mean'st death...assault?* Staunton conj. *what means? Death...assault!* Bubier conj.

106. *Villain*] *Wretch* Pope.

thy] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *thine* Q_4FfQ_5.

instrument.] *instrument,* Qq Ff.

[Snatching...] Snatching an axe and killing him. Capell. om. Qq Ff. Snatching a sword. Pope. wrests the halberd from him and strikes at him. Long MS.

107. [He kills another.] Pope. om. QqFf.

Then Exton...] Here Exton... $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. Exton... FfQ_5.

109. *Exton*] om. Pope.

112. [Dies.] Rowe. om. QqFf.

Both have I spill'd; O would the deed were good!
For now the devil, that told me I did well,
Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead king to the living king I'll bear:
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Windsor castle.*

Flourish. Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, *with other* Lords, *and* Attendants.

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear
Is that the rebels have consumed with fire
Our town of Cicester in Gloucestershire;
But whether they be ta'en or slain we hear not.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome, my lord: what is the news?
North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.
The next news is, I have to London sent
The heads of Oxford, Salisbury, Blunt, and Kent:
The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursed in this paper here.
Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains;
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

114. *spill'd*] *spilld* Q_1Q_2. *spild* Q_3Q_4. *spilt* FfQ_5.

118. [Exeunt.] Exit. FfQ_5. om. $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.

SCENE VI.] Steevens. SCÆNA QUINTA. FfQ_5. SCENE XIII. Pope. SCENE V. Capell.

Windsor castle.] The Court at Windsor. Theobald. Scene changes. Pope.

Flourish. Enter...] FfQ_5. Enter Bullingbrooke, with the Duke of Yorke. $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$ (Bullbrooke Q_2).

1. Boling.] King. $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$ (and throughout the scene).

Kind] om. $F_2Q_5F_3F_4$.

3. *of*] om. Q_4.

Cicester] Rowe. *Ciceter* QqFf.

4. Enter N.] Enter N. Q_3Q_4 (after line 5).

5, 6. *Welcome.....First, to*] S. Walker reads as one line.

5. *news?*] *news with you?* Collier (Collier MS.).

8. *Oxford, Salisbury, Blunt*] Q_1. *Oxford, Salisbury* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *Salsbury, Spencer, Blunt* FfQ_5 (*Salsbury* F_1).

Enter FITZWATER.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London
The heads of Brocas and Sir Bennet Seely,
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter PERCY, *and the* BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

Percy. The grand conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,
With clog of conscience and sour melancholy
Hath yielded up his body to the grave;
But here is Carlisle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom and sentence of his pride.

Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom:
Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life;
So as thou livest in peace, die free from strife:
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter EXTON, *with persons bearing a coffin.*

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present
Thy buried fear: herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought

Fitzwater.] Q_5. Lord Fitzwaters. $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. Fitz-waters. FfQ_5.

14. *Brocas*] Capell. *Broccas* Qq Ff.

17. *Fitzwater*] Q_5. *Fitz.* Q_1Q_2. *Fitz:* Q_3Q_4. *Fitzwaters* Ff.

18. Enter...] Rowe. Enter Percy and Carlile. FfQ_5 (Piercy. F_3). Enter H. Percie. Q_1Q_2. Enter Henrie Percie. Q_3Q_4.

22. *living, to*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *living to* FfQ_5.

24. *Carlisle, this is*] *Bishop of Carlisle, this shall be* Collier MS.

25. *reverend*] *reverent* Q_1Q_2.

26. *than*] $Q_1F_2Q_5F_3F_4$. *then* $Q_2Q_3Q_4F_1$.

life] *selfe* F_2Q_5. *self* F_3F_4.

29. Enter...] Capell. Enter Exton with the Coffin. $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. Enter ...a coffin. FfQ_5.

32. *greatest*] *mighty* Capell conj.

33. *Bordeaux*] *Burdeaux* QqFf.

A deed of slander, with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head and all this famous land.
Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.
Boling. They love not poison that do poison need,
Nor do I thee: though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word nor princely favour:
With Cain go wander thorough shades of night,
And never show thy head by day nor light.
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow:
Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,
And put on sullen black incontinent:
I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand:
March sadly after; grace my mournings here;
In weeping after this untimely bier. [*Exeunt.*

35. *slander*] *slaunder* Q_1. The rest *slaughter.*
37. *lord*] *Lo.* $Q_1Q_3Q_4$.
43. *thorough shades*] *through shades* Q_1. *through the shade* $Q_2Q_3Q_4FfQ_5$. *through the shades* Rowe (ed. 1).
44. *nor*] *or* Pope.
46. *to make*] *and make* $F_2Q_5F_3F_4$. Q_3Q_4.
47. *that*] *what* Pope.
48. *black incontinent:*] *black. Incontinent* Collier MS.
49. *Holy*] *Holly* Q_1.
51. *mournings*] *mourning* FfQ_5.
52. *after*] *over* Pope.
[Exeunt.] FfQ_5. om. Q_1Q_2

NOTES.

NOTE I.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. We have made some slight changes in the titles and order of the *dramatis personæ* in accordance with the suggestion of Mr George Russell French, who writes to us: "Why should Edmund Langley be placed before his elder brother John of Gaunt? The title of 'Berkely' should be simply 'Lord,' as that family were not made Earls till the time of Charles II. Shakspeare only calls him 'Lorde Barkley.' I would recommend that the name of 'Sir Pierce Exton' should be placed after that of 'Sir Stephen Scroop,' as the latter was actually a baron of Parliament. The 'Duchess of York' should have precedence over the 'Duchess of Gloucester,' whose husband was the youngest son of Edward III."

NOTE II.

I. 1. 2. *Band* is given by Minsheu with the sense of 'obligation' (*Guide into Tongues*, 1617). Both words *band* and *bond* were concurrently in use with the same sense. In this play, v. 2. 65, the first four Quartos read *band*, the Folios and the fifth Quarto *bond*, while in the 67th line both Quartos and Folios agree in *bond*.

NOTE III.

I. 1. 149. In this place and in several others Capell in his *Various Readings* has attributed the reading of the fourth Quarto to the third. The same error is found 34. 5, *Brittaine;* 46. 22, *two;* 46. 31, *profession;* 47. 11, *impresse;* 48. 21, *from my;* 49. 26, *can cannot;* 78. 17, *night;* 88. 30, *the how;* 92. 18, *have holp*.

NOTE IV.

SCENE II. As usual, there is no division into Acts and Scenes in the Quartos. We follow generally the Folios in their arrangement, carefully noting the exceptions.

NOTE V.

I. 2. 1. We retain here the reading of the Quartos which is doubtless what Shakespeare wrote. Probably it was altered for the stage, because 'Thomas of Woodstock' was better known to the audience by his title 'Duke of Gloucester.'

NOTE VI.

I. 2. 70. Notwithstanding the paramount authority of the first Quarto we conceive that the antithesis between *there see*, line 67, and *hear there*, is too marked to admit of a doubt that the reading of the second is to be preferred in this place.

NOTE VII.

I. 3. 7. The stage direction in the text is made up of those given in the Quartos and Folios. The first Quarto has: *The trumpets sound and the King enters with his nobles; when they are set, enter the Duke of Norfolke in armes defendant.*

The first Folio has: *Flourish. Enter King, Gaunt, Bushy, Bagot, Greene, and others: Then Mowbray in Armor, and Harrold.*

At I. 3. 25, the first Quarto gives as the stage direction, *The trumpets sound. Enter Duke of Hereford appellant in armour.* The first Folio has simply, *Tucket. Enter Hereford, and Harold.*

NOTE VIII.

I. 3. 20. Notwithstanding that the emendation of the Folios yields an easier sense, we follow the reading of the Quartos, which may be explained, inasmuch as the Duke of Norfolk's 'succeeding issue' would be involved in the forfeiture incurred by disloyalty to his king. It may also be noted that King Richard had never any issue.

NOTE IX.

I. 3. 127. Capell's copy of the first Quarto has *cruell.* Another copy is said, in the Variorum edition of 1821, to have the reading *civil* (or *civill*), but we have been unable to trace it. Mr George Daniel, who possesses the only known copy besides Capell's, informs us that it has *cruell.*

NOTE X.

I. 3. 129—133. Pope first restored to the text the five lines omitted in the Folios and the fifth Quarto. He found them in the Quarto of 1598, which he took to be 'the first edition.' Warburton 'put them,' as he says, 'into hooks, not as spurious, but as rejected on the author's revise.' Capell omitted the five lines next following. ''Tis probable,' he says, 'that the lines now omitted were left negligently in the MS. from which the Quarto was printed; that a mark was set on them when the Folio came out, but mistook by the printer of it, who changed the sound for the unsound.'

NOTE XI.

I. 3. 150. Some commentators have quoted the second Folio as reading 'slye slow.' In Capell's copy and in Long's it is certainly 'flye slow.' Mr Collier in a letter to *Notes and Queries* mentions that he has found 'flye slow' in other copies.

NOTE XII.

I. 3. 239—242. Pope introduced the two last of the lines he omitted in this place at the end of Gaunt's speech after line 245. Theobald restored lines 239, 240 to their original place, but left lines 241, 242 as he found them in Pope.

NOTE XIII.

II. 1. 40—55. *This royal throne...stubborn Jewry.* This passage, with the exception of line 50, is quoted in *England's Parnassus*, p. 348 (1600), and is there attributed to *M. Dr.*, i.e. Michael Drayton, whose *England's Heroical Epistles* had been published two years before. The three lines I. 1. 177—179 are also quoted at p. 113 of the same collection.

NOTE XIV.

II. I. 254. The Folios omitted *noble,* in order to correct the redundant line. But Alexandrines occur too frequently in this play to admit of the supposition that they are all due to printers' or transcribers' errors. The author probably found the occasional recurrence of a six foot line no stumbling-block in the even road of his blank verse.

NOTE XV.

II. I. 277, 278. Pope makes a bold emendation here:

'Then thus, my friends. I have from Port le Blanc,
A bay in Bretagne, had intelligence, &c.'

The first Quarto reads thus:

'Then thus, I have from le Port Blan
A Bay in Brittaine receiude intelligence, &c.'

And, excepting that Q_3 reads '*Brittanie,*' the rest are substantially the same.

The first Folio has 'Port *le Blan*' and '*Britaine.*'

The arrangement of the lines in the text agrees with Capell's.

NOTE XVI.

II. I. 279 sqq. This passage stands thus in the first Quarto:

'That Harry duke of Herford, Rainold L. Cobham
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter
His brother, archbishop late of Canterburie,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, sir John Ramston
Sir Iohn Norbery, sir Robert Waterton and Francis Coines:'

and the three following are almost the same to a letter.

For 'Ramston' and 'Coines' the first Folio has 'Rainston' and 'Quoint.'

According to Holinshed it was not Lord Cobham but 'Thomas Arundell' who escaped from the Duke of Exeter's house, where he was kept.

In order to make Shakespeare and the Chronicler agree, Capell reads:

'That *Harry Hereford, Reignold* lord *Cobham;*
The archbishop late of *Canterbury;* his nephew
That late broke from the duke of Exeter; &c.'

Malone introduces within brackets the following line:

'[The son of Richard earl of Arundel].'

His view that a line is lost seems to us more probable than Capell's transpositions, omission, and insertion. And as Shakespeare evidently wrote with Holinshed before him, it is not probable that he would have made such an error as we find in the printed text.

Ritson proposed to fill up the gap with

'[The son and heir of the late earl of Arundel],'

which is taken almost verbatim from Holinshed.

NOTE XVII.

II. 2. 109. The Quarto of 1597 reads the lines thus:

'Gentlemen, will you go muster men?
If I know how or which way to order these affayres
Thus, &c.'

The other editions have the same arrangement (the Folios omitting 'go' in the first line).

Pope reads:

'Gentlemen, will you go and muster men?
If I know how to order these affairs,
Disorderly thrust, &c.'

Capell reads:

'Gentlemen, will you muster men? if I know
How, or which way, to order these affairs
Thus most disorderly thrust, &c.'

Mr Dyce has:

'Gentlemen, will you go muster men? if I know
How, or which way, &c.'

Mr Staunton says in a note: The redundant *or which way* I have always suspected to be an interlineation of the poet's, who had not decided whether to read '*how* to order these affairs,' or '*which way* to order.'

Perhaps the author in expressing York's agitation and perplexity, instinctively broke into irregular rhythm, and the rest of the speech might be printed as prose.

NOTE XVIII.

II. 3. 5. The fact that *Drawes* (not *Draws*) is the reading of the first Quarto tends to show that the singular is not a misprint for the plural. The construction is not unfrequent in Shakespeare nor in colloquial language even at the present time. It is as if the author had said, 'Travelling over these high wild hills, &c. Draws...'

NOTE XIX.

III. 2. 70. Theobald in a letter to Warburton, Nichols' *Illustrations*, Vol. II. p. 398, suggests that in lines 70, 76, 85, we should read 'forty thousand,' because Holinshed says that Lord Salisbury raised forty thousand men in Wales for the King.

But the proposed reading would not suit the metre in line 70; and it is difficult to see how the mistake should have arisen in two places if the poet had written 'forty' originally in all three.

NOTE XX.

III. 3. 52. Capell seems to have printed '*the* castle's' by mistake for '*this* castle's'—the reading of all the old copies. The mistake was copied in several subsequent editions.

NOTE XXI.

III. 4. 22. 'And I could sing, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.'

Although most editors have acquiesced in Pope's conjecture '*weep*' for '*sing*,' we retain '*sing*,' which all the Quartos and Folios agree in. The mistake is not one which a transcriber or printer would be likely to make, and the original reading yields a very good sense. The Queen speaks with an emphasis on 'sing:' 'And I could even sing for joy if my troubles were only such as weeping could alleviate, and then I would not ask you to weep for me.'

NOTE XXII.

IV. 1. 52. Pope added to Aumerle's speech three lines he found in the Quarto, beginning 'Who sets me else...?' without intimating that

it contained other five lines, 'I task thee...thou dar'st,' which he omitted. The omission escaped the notice of Theobald and Warburton. Johnson was the first to supply it. He added in a note: 'This speech I have restored from the first edition in humble imitation of former editors, though, I believe, against the mind of the authour. For *the earth* I suppose we ought to read, *thy oath*.'

NOTE XXIII.

IV. 1. 280 sqq. The third and fourth Quartos (the earliest editions which contain this scene) read here:

'...prosperitie.
Was this the face that euery day vnder his
Houshold roofe did keepe ten thousand men?
Was this the face that faast so many follies,
And was...'

The first Folio has:

'... prosperitie,
Thou do'st beguile me. Was this Face, the Face
That every day, vnder his House-hold Roofe,
Did keepe ten thousand men? Was this the Face,
That like the Sunne, did make beholders winke?
Is this the Face, which fac'd so many follyes,
That was...'

NOTE XXIV.

V. 1. 88. Sidney Walker (*Criticisms*, Vol. I. p. 189—193) has collected instances of 'near' and 'far' used in the sense of 'nearer' and 'farther.' For an instance of the latter, see *Winter's Tale*, IV. 4. 420, 'Far than Deucalion off.'

NOTE XXV.

V. 2. 28. Possibly 'God save him' should be printed in a line by itself.

NOTE XXVI.

V. 2. 57. Malone says of this passage: 'Perhaps like many other speeches in this scene it was not intended for verse.'

NOTE XXVII.

V. 3. 12. Mr Staunton thinks that the words 'So dissolute a crew' were part of a line which was intended to be cancelled, or to supply the place of 'even such they say,' line 8.

NOTE XXVIII.

v. 3. 21—24. Capell's arrangement is as follows:

'As dissolute as desperate: yet through both,
I see some *sparkles of a* better hope,
Which elder years may happily bring forth.
But who comes here?'

XXIX.

v. 3. 66. Steevens, in his edition of 1778, says, 'The modern editors read:—*transgressing*.' The only edition in which we have found this reading is that of Johnson and Steevens, 1773.

NOTE XXX.

v. 3. 137. Theobald reads:

'But for our trusty brother-in-law,—the Abbot,—'

and adds in a note: 'Without these marks of disjunction,...the abbot here mention'd and Bolingbroke's brother-in-law seem to be one and the same person: but this was not the case....The brother-in-law, meant, was John Duke of Exeter and Earl of Huntingdon, (own brother to King Richard II.) and who had married with the lady Elizabeth sister to Henry of Bolingbroke.'

NOTE XXXI.

v. 3. 144. 'Cousin too, adieu,' which is generally attributed to Theobald, is really the reading of the Quarto of 1634 (Q_5).

Perhaps the line may be amended thus:

'Uncle, farewell; farewell, aunt; cousin, adieu.'

Many as harsh-sounding lines may be found, and it seems only consonant with good manners that the king should take leave of his aunt as well as of the others. There is a propriety too in his using a colder form of leave-taking to his guilty cousin than to his uncle and aunt.

NOTE XXXII.

v. 4. 94. Mr Staunton says that Q_1 reads 'Spurn'd, gall'd.' Our copy has 'Spurrde, galld.' Though 'Spur-gall'd' is an extremely probable correction, we adhere to our rule of following the higher authority whenever it seems to yield a reasonable sense.

THE FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ[1].

KING HENRY the Fourth.
HENRY, Prince of Wales, } sons to the King.
JOHN of Lancaster, }
EARL OF WESTMORELAND.
SIR WALTER BLUNT.
THOMAS PERCY, Earl of Worcester.
HENRY PERCY, Earl of Northumberland.
HENRY PERCY, surnamed HOTSPUR, his son.
EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March.
RICHARD SCROOP, Archbishop of York.
ARCHIBALD, Earl of DOUGLAS.
OWEN GLENDOWER.
SIR RICHARD VERNON.
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
SIR MICHAEL, a friend to the Archbishop of York.
POINS.
GADSHILL.
PETO.
BARDOLPH.

LADY PERCY, wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer.
LADY MORTIMER, daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer.
MISTRESS QUICKLY, hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE: *England.*

[1] DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. First given by Rowe. See note (1).

THE FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY IV.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *London. The palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, LORD JOHN of LANCASTER, the EARL of WESTMORELAND, SIR WALTER BLUNT, *and others.*

King. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenced in stronds afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowerets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,

Sc. I. London...] London. Pope. The court in London. Theobald.

Earl of Westmoreland] om. Capell.

Sir Walter Blunt] Capell and Dering MS. om. QqFf. See note (XXI).

1. *wan*] *worn* Collier MS.

4. *stronds*] *strands* Capell.

5. *thirsty entrance*] *thrifty earers* Anon. conj.

entrance] *entrails* F_4. *entrants* Steevens conj. *Erinnys* Steevens, 1793 (Mason conj.). *bosom* Dering MS. Johnson supposes a line or two to be lost.

6. *daub*] *dawbe* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_7Q_8$. *daube* $Q_5Q_6F_1$. *dambe* F_2F_3. *damb* F_4. *damp* Theobald. *trempe* Warburton.

her lips] *his lips* Q_8.

8. *flowerets*] *flowers* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.

8, 9. *hoofs...paces*] *pace...hoofs* Seymour conj.

9. *eyes*] *arms* Hanmer. *files* Warburton.

Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery
Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way and be no more opposed
Against acquaintance, kindred and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
We are impressed and engaged to fight,
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy;
Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb
To chase these pagans in those holy fields
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose now is twelve month old,
And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go:
Therefore we meet not now. Then let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree
In forwarding this dear expedience.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set down
But yesternight: when all athwart there came
A post from Wales loaden with heavy news;
Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight

14. *mutual*] *naturall* Q_8.
16. *allies*] *all eyes* Q_4.
20. *soldier*] *souldiers* Q_8.
22. *Forthwith a*] *Forth with a* Q_3. *Forthwith.—A* Jackson conj.
levy] *leavy* Q_1. *lead* Capell.
23. *mothers'*] *mother's* F_4.
womb] *wombs* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
24. *these*] *the* Long MS.
in those] *from those* Heath conj. and Dering MS.
28. *now is twelve month*] Q_1Q_2. *is twelve month* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *is a twelvemonth* Ff. *is but twelvemonths* Q_7Q_8. *now is twelve months* Staunton. See note (11).
33. *this*] *his* Q_7Q_8.
39. *Herefordshire*] *Herdfordshire* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$.

Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
A thousand of his people butchered;
Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,
Such beastly shameless transformation,
By those Welshwomen done, as may not be
Without much shame retold or spoken of.

King. It seems then that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

West. This match'd with other did, my gracious lord;
For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the north and thus it did import:
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon met,
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour;
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.

King. Here is a dear, a true industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each soil

41. *hands*] *bands* Anon. conj.

42. *A thousand*] Qq. *And a thousand* Ff. *And a full thousand* Capell.

43. *corpse*] *corps* QqF$_3$F$_4$. *corpes* F$_1$F$_2$. *corpse'* Dyce (S. Walker conj.). *corses* Staunton conj.

44. *beastly shameless*] *beastly-shameless* S. Walker conj.

46. *retold*] Qq. *re-told* Ff. *be told* Rowe (ed. 2).

49. *other did*] Q$_1$Q$_2$. The rest *other like.*

50. *For more*] *Far more* Q$_5$Q$_6$Q$_7$Q$_8$F$_3$F$_4$. *Farre more* F$_1$F$_2$. *Farther* Hanmer.

51. *import*] *report* Q$_5$Q$_6$FfQ$_7$Q$_8$.

55, 56. Arranged as in Capell. The first line ends at *spend* in QqFf. *At Holmedon spent a sad and bloody hour* Pope.

55. *met*] *met in arms with all their powers* Keightley conj.

58. *the*] om. Q$_8$.

59. *them*] *it* Pope.

61. *a dear, a true*] Q$_3$Q$_4$. *deere, a true* Q$_1$. *deare, a true* Q$_2$. *a deare and true* Q$_5$Q$_6$Q$_7$FfQ$_8$. See note (III).

64. *Stain'd*] *Strain'd* F$_1$ and Dering MS.

variation] *variations* Q$_7$Q$_8$.

Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
The Earl of Douglas is discomfited:
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,
Balk'd in their own blood did Sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains. Of prisoners, Hotspur took
Mordake the Earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas; and the Earl of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith:
And is not this an honourable spoil?
A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?
West. In faith,
It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.
King. Yea, there thou makest me sad and makest me sin
In envy that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father to so blest a son,
A son who is the theme of honour's tongue;
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant;
Who is sweet Fortune's minion and her pride:
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O that it could be proved
That some night-tripping fairy had exchanged
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,

65. *that*] *tha* F_2. *the* F_3F_4.
66. *welcome*] *welcomes* F_1.
68. *two*] *three* Theobald.
69. *Balk'd*] *Bak'd* Grey conj. *Bath'd* Heath conj. *Balk'd*, Warton conj. *Bask'd* Jackson conj. *Bark'd* Grant White conj.
blood did] *bloud. Did* Q_1Q_2 Q_3Q_4.
70. *Holmedon's*] *Holmedon* S. Walker conj.
71. *the*] Pope. om. QqFf.
and] *and th'* Anon. conj.
72. *To*] *The* Theobald conj. (supposing a line lost after *son*). *Unto the* Hanmer.
Earl] F_4. *Earle* $QqF_1F_2F_3$. *Earls* Pope.
72, 73. Arranged as in QqFf. *Unto the beaten...earls Of Athol, Murray...* Hanmer. *To...and with him the earls Of Athol, Murray...* Capell. See note (IV).
73. *Murray*] *Murrey* Qq. *Murry* F_1. *Marry* $F_2F_3F_4$.
Angus] *and of Angus* Keightley conj.
and] *and the bold* Collier MS.
75—77. See note (V).
80. *to*] *of* $Q_5Q_6FfQ_7Q_8$.
86. *that it could*] *could it* Pope.
88. *lay*] *say* Q_2.

And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet!
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts. What think you, coz,
Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surprised,
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife.

West. This is his uncle's teaching: this is Worcester,
Malevolent to you in all aspects;
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

King. But I have sent for him to answer this;
And for this cause awhile we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor; so inform the lords:
But come yourself with speed to us again;
For more is to be said and to be done
Than out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my liege. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *London. An apartment of the Prince's.*

Enter the PRINCE OF WALES *and* FALSTAFF.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

Prince. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack and unbuttoning thee after supper and sleeping upon

89. *call'd*] *call* Warburton (a misprint).
91. *coz*] *cousin* Pope.
98. *prune*] *plume* Hanmer.
103, 104. Arranged as in Pope. The first line ends at *hold* in QqFf. *On...hold At Windsor, cousin; so...* Capell conj.
104. *so*] *and so* F_1.
inform] *informer* Q_5.
106. *said...done*] *done said* Anon. conj.
An.....Prince's.] Theobald. The same: another Room. Capell. An apartment in a tavern. Staunton.
Enter...] Enter Prince of Wales and sir John Falstaffe. Qq (Falstalffe Q_2). Enter Henry Prince of Wales, Sir John Falstaffe and Pointz. Ff.
2. *of*] om. Pope.

benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? Unless hours were cups of sack and minutes capons and clocks the tongues of bawds and dials the signs of leaping-houses and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-coloured taffeta, I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal; for we that take purses go by the moon and the seven stars, and not by Phœbus, he, 'that wandering knight so fair.' And, I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art king, as, God save thy grace,—majesty I should say, for grace thou wilt have none,—

Prince. What, none?

Fal. No, by my troth, not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

Prince. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty: let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon; and let men say we be men of good government, being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal.

Prince. Thou sayest well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed, as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing 'Lay by' and spent with crying 'Bring in;' now in as low an ebb as the foot of

4. *after noon*] Qq. *in the afternoone* Ff.
10. *so*] Q_1Ff. om. $Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
12. *come*] *came* $F_2F_3F_4$.
13. *the seven*] *seven* Q_5Q_6FfQ$_7Q_8$.
15. *prithee*] *pray thee* $F_2F_3F_4$. *king*] *a king* Q_1.
19. *by my troth*] Qq. Omitted in Ff.
24. *beauty*] *booty* Theobald.
28. *we steal*] *we—steal* Pope.
32. *proof, now: a*] Rowe. *proofe. Now a* QqFf (*proofe:* Q_7Q_8).
34. *'Lay by'*] *Layd by* $F_2F_3F_4$. *lug out* Hanmer.

the ladder and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou sayest true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

Prince. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag! what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

Prince. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

Prince. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

Prince. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not, I have used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so used it that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent—But, I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of old father antic the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

Prince. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

Prince. Thou judgest false already: I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves and so become a rare hangman.

36. *ridge*] *ride* $F_2F_3F_4$. *tide* Rowe (ed. 2).
38. *By the Lord*] Qq. Omitted in Ff.
39. *my*] *mine* Pope.
40. *As the*] Qq. *As is the* Ff. *of Hybla*] Qq. Omitted in Ff.
48. *called her*] *been called by her* Bubier conj.
55. *were it not*] Qq. *were it* Ff. *it is* Collier MS.
56. *apparent—But*] Rowe. *apparant. But* QqFf.
58. *fobbed*] *fobb'd* Ff. *fubd* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *snubd* Q_7. *snub'd* Q_8.
60. *king*] $Q_1Q_2Q_7Q_8$. *a king* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6$Ff. See note (VI).
62. *By the Lord*] Omitted in Ff.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

Prince. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat or a lugged bear.

Prince. Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

Prince. What sayest thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes and art indeed the most comparative, rascalliest, sweet young prince. But, Hal, I prithee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir, but I marked him not; and yet he talked very wisely, but I regarded him not; and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

Prince. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration and art indeed able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal; God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over: by the Lord, an

71. *'Sblood*] Omitted in Ff.
72. *gib cat*] *glib'd cat* Tollet conj.
74. *Lincolnshire*] *Linconshirs* Q_4.
77. *similes*] $Q_5F_2F_3F_4$. The rest *smiles*.
78. *comparative*] *incomparative* Hanmer.
rascalliest] Q_1Q_2. The rest *rascallest*.
80. *to God*] Omitted in Ff.
82, 83. *you, sir*] *you* Capell conj.
84. *but...talked wisely,*] Omitted by Rowe (ed. 2).
85. *and in*] *in* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
86, 87. *wisdom...and*] Omitted in Ff.
87. *streets*] Qq. *street* Pope.
88. *iteration*] *attraction* Hanmer. *irritation* Heath conj.
89. *upon*] Q_1. The rest *unto*.
91. *am I*] *I am* Ff.
93. *over: by the Lord,*] Qq. *over by the lord;* Pope.
by the Lord] Omitted in Ff.
an] Pope. *and* QqFf.

I do not, I am a villain: I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

Prince. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. 'Zounds, where thou wilt, lad; I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain and baffle me.

Prince. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying to purse-taking.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.

Enter POINS.

Poins! Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match. O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried 'Stand' to a true man.

Prince. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says Monsieur Remorse? what says Sir John Sack and Sugar? Jack! how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg?

Prince. Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs: he will give the devil his due.

Poins. Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

Prince. Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill! there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to Lon-

97. *'Zounds*] Omitted in Ff.
an] Q_1Q_2. The rest *and*.
102. Enter P.] Qq. om. Ff. Enter P. at a distance. Capell (after line 93).
103. SCENE III. Pope.
Poins!] Poynes Q_1. Poynes, Q_2. See note (VII).
103. *match*] Qq. *watch* Ff.
109, 110. *Sugar? Jack!*] Rowe. *Sugar Iacke?* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *Sugar, Iacke?* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *Sugar: Iacke?* F_1. *Sugar. Iacke?* F_2. *Sugar, Jack?* F_3F_4.
110. *agrees.....thee*] *agree.....thou* Pope.
114. *yet*] om. $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
115. *he...due*] Printed in italics in Ff.
118. *been*] om. F_1.
121. *early*] *be you early* Capell conj.

don with fat purses: I have vizards for you all; you have horses for yourselves: Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester: I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap: we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hanged.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

Prince. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.

Prince. Well then, once in my days I'll be a madcap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

Prince. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

Prince. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I prithee, leave the prince and me alone: I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure that he shall go.

Fal. Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may, for recreation sake, prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap.

Prince. Farewell, thou latter spring! farewell, All-hallown summer! [*Exit Falstaff.*

125. *to-morrow night*] Qq. *to morrow* Ff.
127. *your*] *you* F_2.
129. *ye*] *me* Steevens (1793).
133. *Who,*] *Who I*, Anon. conj. *by my faith*] Omitted in Ff.
135. *nor*] om. Pope.
136. *stand*] *cry, stand*, Pope.
140. *By the Lord*] Omitted in Ff.
143. *prithee*] *pray thee* F_2F_3.
146, 147. *God give thee...and him*] Qq. *maist thou have...and he* Ff.
148. *true*] om. $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
152. *Farewell, thou*] Pope. *Farewell the* QqFf. *Farewell*, Capell. *Fare thee well*, or *Farewell to thee*, Anon. conj. *Allhallown*] *Allhollowne* Q_3 Q_4Q_5. *Allhollown* Q_6Ff.
153. Exit Fal.] $F_2F_3F_4$. om. QqF_1.

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow: I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto and Gadshill shall rob those men that we have already waylaid; yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head off from my shoulders.

Prince. How shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail, and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves; which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

Prince. Yea, but 'tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see; I'll tie them in the wood; our vizards we will change after we leave them: and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

Prince. Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

Prince. Well, I'll go with thee: provide us all things

156. *Bardolph, Peto*] Theobald. *Harvey, Rossill* QqFf. See note (VIII).
159. *off from*] Q_1Q_2. The rest *from*.
160. *How*] Qq. *But how* Ff.
165. *shall*] om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
167. *Yea*] Qq. *I* Ff.
171. *vizards*] *vizard* Q_6.
172. *them:*] *then:* F_2.
174. *Yea, but*] Qq. *But* Ff.
175. *know them to*] *know to* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
179. *same*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. om. $Q_5Q_6FfQ_7Q_8$.
180. *wards*] *words* Rowe.
181. *extremities*] *extermities* Q_4.
182. *lies*] *lives* Q_1.

necessary and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap; there I'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord. [*Exit.*

Prince. I know you all, and will awhile uphold
The unyoked humour of your idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wish'd for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
And like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;
Redeeming time when men think least I will. [*Exit.*

184. *me to-morrow*] *me. To morrow* Knight.
to-morrow night] *to-night* Capell. See note (IX).
203. *hopes*] *fears* Warburton.
207. *foil*] *foile* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *soile* Q_4 Q_5Q_6. *soyle* $F_1Q_7F_2$. *soyl* $Q_8F_3F_4$.
209. [Exit.] Qq. om. Ff.

SCENE III. *London. The palace.*

Enter the KING, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, SIR WALTER BLUNT, *with others.*

King. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me; for accordingly
You tread upon my patience: but be sure
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty and to be fear'd, than my condition;
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be used on it;
And that same greatness too which our own hands
Have holp to make so portly.

North. My lord,—

King. Worcester, get thee gone; for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye:
O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us: when we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you. [*Exit Wor.*

SCENE III.] SCENE IV. Pope.

The palace.] Changes to an apartment in the palace. Theobald.

...with others.] Qq. ...and others. Ff.

3. *me; for*] *me so* Keightley conj.

4. *tread*] *trade* Anon. conj.

6. *than*] *in* Hanmer. *than as* Keightley conj.

7. *young*] *dove's* Grey conj.

8. *that*] *the* $F_2F_3F_4$.

9. *soul*] om. $F_2F_3F_4$.

ne'er] *never* Long MS.

13. *holp*] *hope* Q_7Q_8. *help'd* Pope.

14. *My lord*] *My good lord* Pope. *Good, my lord* Seymour conj.

15. *Worcester*] *Hence, Worcester* Hanmer. *Lord Worcester* Collier MS.

I do see] *I see* Steevens (ed. 1793), ending lines 15, 16 at *danger... sir.*

17. *bold and peremptory*] *bold-peremptory* Anon. conj.

19. *frontier*] *frontlet* Warburton. *fronting* Bubier conj.

servant] *servants* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.

21. [Exit Wor.] Qq. om. Ff.

You were about to speak. [*To North.*
North. Yea, my good lord.
Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
As is deliver'd to your majesty:
Either envy, therefore, or misprision
Is guilty of this fault and not my son.
Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin new reap'd
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home;
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose and took 't away again;
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff; and still he smiled and talk'd,
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me; amongst the rest, demanded
My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.

22. [To North.] Rowe.
Yea] *Yes* Rowe (ed. 2).
23. *name*] om. Ff.
24. *Holmedon*] *Holmsdon* Q_8.
25. *Were*] *Where* Q_6Q_7.
26. *is*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *he* $Q_5Q_6Q_7$ Q_8. *was* Ff.
27. *Either envy, therefore*] Qq. *Who either through envy* Ff. *Who ever through envy* Rowe (ed. 2). *Or envy therefore* Pope.
28. *Is*] Qq. *Was* Ff.
and not] *'twas not* Rowe(ed.2).
33. *and trimly*] *trimly* Pope. *and trim* Capell.
39—41. *and took't...snuff*] Put in the margin by Pope.
41. *Took it*] *Tookt it* Q_5.
snuff] *suff* Q_2.
42. *bore*] Qq. *bare* Ff.
46. *terms*] *tearme* F_1.
47. *amongst*] Q_1Q_2. The rest *among*.

I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answer'd neglectingly I know not what,
He should, or he should not; for he made me mad
To see him shine so brisk and smell so sweet
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
Of guns and drums and wounds,—God save the mark!—
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villanous salt-petre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said;
And I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
Whate'er Lord Harry Percy then had said
To such a person and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,
May reasonably die and never rise
To do him wrong or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

King. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,

49. *I then,*] QqFf. *I, then* Pope. *I then* Rowe (ed. 2).
wounds being cold] *wounds; being gal'd* Warburton.
50, 51. Capell (Edwards conj.) transposes these lines: *Out.....impatience, To...popinjay.*
50. *popinjay*] Q_7Q_8. The rest *popingay.*
53. *or he*] Qq. *or* Ff. *he* Capell.
57. *sovereign'st*] *soveraignest* Q_1 $Q_2Q_5Q_6$.
60. *This*] Qq. *That* Ff.
64. *himself have been*] *have been himselfe* $Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
66. *I answer'd*] *I answered* Qq. *Made me to answer* Ff.
67. *his*] Q_1. The rest *this.*
71. *Whate'er Lord*] *What ere* Q_1. *What e're* $Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *What ever* Ff.
76. *so he unsay*] *see, he unsays* Warburton.
77. *he*] om. F_1.

But with proviso and exception,
That we at our own charge shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against that great magician, damn'd Glendower,
Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then,
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war: to prove that true
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
Three times they breathed and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
Bloodstained with these valiant combatants.

81. *on*] Q_1Q_2. The rest *in*.
83. *that*] Q_1Q_2. The rest *the*.
84. *the*] *that* Q_1.
87. *indent*] *in debt* Jackson conj. *with fears*] *with foes* Hanmer. *with peers* Johnson conj. *for foes* Mason conj. *with feres* Knight.
89. *mountains*] *mountaines* Q_1. The rest *mountaine* or *mountain*.
94, 95. *liege, But...war: to*] *liege. But...war— To* Upton conj.
95. *by*] *'bides* Warburton conj. *bore* Hanmer.
96. *tongue for*] *tongue, for* Rowe. *tongue: for* Qq. *tongue. For* Ff.
98. *sedgy*] *sedgie* F_4. *siedgie* or *siedgy* $QqF_1F_2F_3$.
106. *crisp head*] *crispe-head* QqF_1. *crisped-head* $F_2F_3F_4$.

Never did base and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then let not him be slander'd with revolt.

King. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him;
He never did encounter with Glendower:
I tell thee,
He durst as well have met the devil alone
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you. My Lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son.
Send us your prisoners, or you will hear of it.

[*Exeunt King Henry, Blunt, and train.*

Hot. An if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them: I will after straight
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler? stay and pause awhile:
Here comes your uncle.

108. *base and*] Ff. *bare and* Qq. *barren* Jackson conj.

110. *never*] *ever* Rowe.

112. *not him*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *him not* $Q_6FfQ_7Q_8$.

113. *Percy, thou dost belie*] *Percy, thou beliest* Pope.

115. *I tell thee*] Omitted by Pope; placed in a separate line by Steevens.

118. *Art.....ashamed?*] *Art not asham'd?* Pope. *Art not asham'd to say't?* Capell.

sirrah, henceforth] *sirrah, from this hour* Pope. *from this hour, sir* Hanmer. *sirrah, from henceforth* Keightley conj.

122. *you*] Qq. *ye* Ff.

124. *you will*] Qq. *you'l* F_1F_2. *you'll* F_3F_4.

[Exeunt.....] Capell. Exit King. QqFf.

125. *An if*] Capell. *And if* QqFf.

128. *Albeit I make a*] Qq. *Although it be with* Ff. *Albeit it be with* Singer.

Re-enter WORCESTER.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer!
'Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
Yea, on his part I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop in the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high in the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.

Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
And when I urged the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him: was not he proclaim'd
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?

North. He was; I heard the proclamation:
And then it was when the unhappy king,—
Whose wrongs in us God pardon!—did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he intercepted did return
To be deposed and shortly murdered.

Wor. And for whose death we in the world's wide mouth
Live scandalized and foully spoken of.

Hot. But, soft, I pray you; did King Richard then
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer

130. Re-enter W.] Enter Worcester. Ff. Enter Wor. $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. The rest omit.

131. *'Zounds*] Qq. *Yes* Ff.

133. *Yea, on his part*] Qq. *In his behalf* Ff.
these] *those* $F_2F_3F_4$.

134. *in the*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *i'th* $Q_5Q_6F_1Q_7F_2Q_8F_3$. *i'th'* F_4. *in* Pope.

135. *down-trod*] Qq. *downfall* $F_1F_2F_3$. *downfaln* F_4.

136. *in the*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *in'th* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *i'th* $F_1F_2F_3$. *i'th'* F_4.

145. *not he*] Qq. *he not* Ff.

146. *dead is*] *is dead* S. Walker conj.

154. *Live*] *Live so* $F_2F_3F_4$.

156. *Proclaim.....Mortimer*] *Proclaim my brother Mortimer as lawful* Hanmer.
brother] *cousin* Anon. apud Rann. conj.
Edmund] Q_1. The rest omit.

Heir to the crown?

North. He did; myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starve.
But shall it be, that you, that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man
And for his sake wear the detested blot
Of murderous subornation, shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo,
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?
O, pardon me that I descend so low,
To show the line and the predicament
Wherein you range under this subtle king;
Shall it for shame be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,
As both of you—God pardon it!—have done,
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded and shook off
By him for whom these shames ye underwent?
No; yet time serves wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd honours and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again,
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud king, who studies day and night
To answer all the debt he owes to you
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths:
Therefore, I say,—

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more:

159. *starve*] Qq. *starv'd* Ff.
161. *wear*] Qq. *wore* Ff.
163. *subornation*] *subornations* $F_2F_3F_4$. *subordinations* Rowe (ed. 2).
166. *hangman*] *hangmen* Hanmer.
167. *me*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *if* Q_5Q_6Ff Q_7Q_8.
173. *Did gage*] *Ingag'd* Pope.
181. *banish'd*] *tarnish'd* Collier MS.
185. *to you*] Qq. *unto you* Ff.
186. *payment*] *payments* $F_2F_3F_4$. *deaths*] *heads* Capell conj.

And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
As full of peril and adventurous spirit
As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.
Hot. If he fall in, good night! or sink or swim:
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple: O, the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare!
North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.
Hot. By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
Without corrival all her dignities:
But out upon this half-faced fellowship!
Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.
Hot. I cry you mercy.
Wor. Those same noble Scots

188. *And now*] *For now* Capell.
189. *quick-conceiving*] *quick conveying* Rowe.
discontents]*discontent* S. Walker conj.
190. *you*] *your* $Q_5Q_6Q_7$.
192. *current*] *torrent* Keightley conj.
193. *unsteadfast*] *unsteadfull* Q_7 Q_8.
footing] *foording* Theobald conj.
194. *he*] *we* Hanmer (Theobald conj.).
swim] *swime* Q_4. *swimd* Q_5Q_6.
196. *it*] *in* $F_2F_3F_4$.
197. *O*] om. $Q_5Q_6FfQ_7Q_8$.
201. Hot.] om. $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. Continuing the speech 201—208 to Northumberland.
an] *no* Becket conj.
207. *corrival*] *corrivall* Qq. *corivall* $F_1F_2F_3$. *co-rival* F_4.
all] *of* Capell (corrected in Notes).
210. *attend*] *attend to* Keightley conj.
211. After this line Ff insert *And list to me.*
212, 213. *Those...prisoners*] As in Ff; as one line in Qq.

That are your prisoners,—
Hot. I'll keep them all;
By God, he shall not have a Scot of them;
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:
I'll keep them, by this hand.
Wor. You start away
And lend no ear unto my purposes.
Those prisoners you shall keep.
Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:
He said he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla 'Mortimer!'
Nay,
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but 'Mortimer,' and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.
Wor. Hear you, cousin; a word.
Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales,
But that I think his father loves him not
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I would have him poison'd with a pot of ale.
Wor. Farewell, kinsman: I'll talk to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.
North. Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool
Art thou to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

214. *God*] Qq. *heaven* Ff.
218. *Nay*] om. Pope.
222. *holla*] Ff. *hollow* Q_1Q_2. *hollo* Q_3Q_4. *hallow* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
223, 224. *Nay, I'll...speak*] As in Reed (1803); as one line in QqFf.
224. *I'll*] *I will* Pope.
shall be] om. Pope.
227. *Hear*] *Heere* Q_4.
233. *I would*] *I'd* Pope.
him poison'd] Qq. *poison'd him* Ff.
234. *Farewell, kinsman: I'll*] *Farewel, my kinsman; I will* Pope. *Fare you well, kinsman, I will* Capell.
236. *wasp-stung*] Q_1. *waspe-tongue* $Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *wasp-tongue* Q_7Q_8. *waspe-tongu'd* F_1F_2. *wasp-tongu'd* F_3F_4.
238. *Tying*] *Turning* Keightley conj.

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourged with rods,
Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.
In Richard's time,—what do you call the place?—
A plague upon it, it is in Gloucestershire;
'Twas where the madcap duke his uncle kept,
His uncle York; where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,—
'Sblood!—
When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh.
North. At Berkley-castle.
Hot. You say true:
Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look, 'when his infant fortune came to age,'
And 'gentle Harry Percy,' and 'kind cousin;'
O, the devil take such cozeners! God forgive me!
Good uncle, tell your tale; I have done.
Wor. Nay, if you have not, to it again;
We will stay your leisure.
Hot. I have done, i' faith.
Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean
For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assured,
Will easily be granted. You, my lord, [*To Northumberland.*

242. *doyou*] Qq. *de'ye* Ff. *doye* Pope.
243. *upon it*] Qq. *upon't* Ff.
246. *this king*] *the king* F_3F_4.
247. *'Sblood*] om. Ff. Capell puts it at the end of line 246.
251. *candy deal of*] *caudie deale of* F_1F_2. *gaudie deal of* F_3. *gaudy deal of* F_4. *deal of candied* Pope. *candied deal of* Collier MS.
252. *greyhound*] *spaniel* Grey conj.
253. *his*] *this* Q_3Q_4.
255. *O*] om. Pope.
256—258. *Good...leisure*] As two lines, ending *if...leisure*. Keightley conj.
256. *I have*] Qq. *for I have* Ff.
257, 258. *Nay...stay*] As one line in Hanmer.
257. *not*] *not, sir* Capell.
to it] Qq. *too't* F_1F_2. *to't* F_3F_4.
258. *We will*] Qq. *Wee'l* F_1F_2. *We'l* F_3F_4.
i' faith] Qq. *insooth* Ff.
261. *the Douglas'*] *the regent's* Rann (Capell conj.). See note (IV).
264. *granted. You, my lord,*] Theo

Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well beloved,
The archbishop.
Hot. Of York, is it not?
Wor. True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop.
I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted and set down,
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.
Hot. I smell it: upon my life, it will do well.
North. Before the game is a-foot, thou still let'st slip.
Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot:
And then the power of Scotland and of York,
To join with Mortimer, ha?
Wor. And so they shall.
Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.
Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head;
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt,
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home:
And see already how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.
Hot. He does, he does: we'll be revenged on him.
Wor. Cousin, farewell: no further go in this

bald (Thirlby conj.). *granted you my lord.* Q_1Q_4. *granted you: my lord.* Q_8. The rest *granted you, my lord.*
266. *into*] *in* $F_2F_3F_4$.
269. *Of*] om. Pope.
is it] Qq. *is't* Ff.
271. *Bristol*] Pope. *Bristow* Qq Ff.
277. Hot.] om. Johnson (1771), continuing the speech to Wor.
upon] *on* Pope.
well] Qq. *wond'rous well* Ff, reading *Upon...well* as one line.
278. *game is*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. The rest *game's* (*gam's* F_2).
279. *Why*] om. Pope.
cannot] *can't* Anon. conj.
281. *And*] om. Pope.
287. *we think*] *we deem* Pope.
288. *he*] *he he* F_2.
289. *he*] *it* Q_8.

Than I by letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly,
I'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer;
Where you and Douglas and our powers at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewell, good brother: we shall thrive, I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu: O, let the hours be short
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Rochester. An inn yard.*

Enter a Carrier *with a lantern in his hand.*

First Car. Heigh-ho! an it be not four by the day, I'll be hanged: Charles' wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed. What, ostler!

Ost. [*Within*] Anon, anon.

First Car. I prithee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point; poor jade, is wrung in the withers out of all cess.

Enter another Carrier.

Sec. Car. Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this house is turned upside down since Robin Ostler died.

293, 294. *course. When...suddenly*] *course; When...suddenly*, F_4. *course when...suddenly*, Q_1. *course when... suddenly:* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6F_1Q_7F_2Q_8F_3$ (*sodainly* F_1. *sodainely* F_2).

295. *Lord*] *Lo:* Q_1. *loe*, $Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6F_1Q_7F_2$. *to* Q_8. *lo*, F_3F_4.

Mortimer] After this Keightley supposes a line to be lost.

301. *the*] om. $F_2F_3F_4$.

302. *groans*] *groues* Q_7. *groves* Q_8.

[Exeunt.] Qq. Exit. Ff.

Rochester.....yard.] Capell. An Inne. Pope. An Inn at Rochester. Theobald.

Enter...] QqFf.

1. *an it*] Qq. *an't* Ff.

4. [Within] Theobald.

6. *poor*] Qq. *the poor* Ff. See note (x).

7. *cess*] *case* Hanmer.

Enter...] QqFf.

8. *dog*] *bog* Becket conj. *dock* Barry conj.

9. *that*] Qq. *this* Ff.

10. *Ostler*] Qq. *the Ostler* Ff.

First Car. Poor fellow, never joyed since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

Sec. Car. I think this be the most villanous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.

First Car. Like a tench! by the mass, there is ne'er a king christen could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

Sec. Car. Why, they will allow us ne'er a jordan, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.

First Car. What, ostler! come away and be hanged! come away.

Sec. Car. I have a gammon of bacon and two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-cross.

First Car. God's body! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved. What, ostler! A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 'twere not as good deed as drink, to break the pate on thee, I am a very villain. Come, and be hanged! hast no faith in thee?

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

First Car. I think it be two o'clock.

Gads. I prithee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

First Car. Nay, by God, soft; I know a trick worth two of that, i' faith.

Gads. I pray thee, lend me thine.

11. *never*] *he never* Collier MS.
13. *be*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *to be* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *is* Ff.
14, 15. *tench...tench*] *trout...trout* Farmer conj.
15. *by the mass*] Omitted in Ff.
16. *christen*] Qq. *in Christendom* Ff.
18. *they*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *thou* Q_4. *you* $Q_5Q_6FfQ_7Q_8$.
19. *your*] *the* Hanmer.
23. *rases*] QqFf. *races* Dyce.
25. *God's body*] Qq. om. Ff. *'Odsbody* Pope.
pannier] *panniers* $F_2F_3F_4$.
27. *An*] Pope. *And* QqFf.
28. *deed*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. The rest *a deed.*
on] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. The rest *of.*
29. Enter...] QqFf.
34. *by God, soft*] Qq. *soft I pray ye* Ff.
35. *i' faith*] Qq. om. Ff.
36. *pray thee*] Q_1Q_2. The rest *prethee.*

Sec. Car. Ay, when? canst tell? Lend me thy lantern, quoth he? marry, I'll see thee hanged first.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

Sec. Car. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen: they will along with company, for they have great charge. [*Exeunt Carriers.*

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cham. [*Within*] At hand, quoth pick-purse.

Gads. That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for thou variest no more from picking of purses than giving direction doth from labouring; thou layest the plot how.

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It holds current that I told you yesternight: there's a franklin in the wild of Kent hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter: they will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks, I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it: I pray thee, keep that for the hangman; for I know thou worshippest Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gads. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows; for if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and thou knowest he is no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which for sport sake are content to do the pro-

38. *quoth he*] Qq. *quoth-a* Ff.
44. [Exeunt Carriers.] Exeunt Qq Ff.
45. SCENE II. Pope.
46. [Within] Capell.
47. *quoth*] *qd.* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
50. Enter...] QqFf (after line 44).
60. *pray thee*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. The rest *prethee.*
65. *knowest*] *knowes* Q_5Q_6.
he is] Qq. *hee's* F_1F_2. *he's* F_3F_4.

fession some grace; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot-land rakers, no long-staff sixpenny strikers, none of these mad mustachio purple-hued malt-worms; but with nobility and tranquillity, burgomasters and great oneyers, such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: and yet, 'zounds, I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or rather, not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride up and down on her and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquored her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night than to fern-seed for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

69. *own*] om. $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.

70. *foot-land rakers*] *footlande rakers* Q_1. *footland rakers* Q_2. *foote-land rakers* Q_3. *foot land rakers* $Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *foot-land-rakers* Ff. *foot land-rakers* Theobald.

71. *these*] *those* Rowe.

72. *tranquillity*] *sanguinity* Collier conj. *gentility* Keightley conj.

72, 73. *oneyers*] *oneyres* Q_1. *one-eyers* Pope. *oneraires* Id. conj. *moneyers* Theobald (Hardinge conj.). *seignors* Theobald conj. *owners* Hanmer. *one-ers* Johnson conj. *mynheers* Capell. *onyers* Malone conj. *ones, yes* Collier MS. *wan-dyers* Jackson conj. See note (XI).

73, 74. *strike...speak, and speak... drink, and drink*] *strike...drink, and drink...speak, and speak* Seymour conj.

74. *drink...drink*] *think.. think* Hanmer (Warburton). *swink...swink* Becket conj.

75. *'zounds*] Qq. om. Ff.
to] Qq. *unto* Ff.

76. *pray*] Qq. *to pray* Ff.

76, 77. *pray...prey*] $Q_5Q_6F_1Q_7Q_8$ F_3F_4. *pray...pray* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *prey ...pray* F_2.

77, 78. *and make*] *or make* Hanmer.

84. *by my faith*] Qq. om. Ff.
I think] Qq. *I think rather* Ff.
beholding] *beholden* Pope.

85. *to fern-seed*] Qq. *to the fern seed* F_1. *the fern seed* F_2. *the fern-seed* F_3F_4.

87. *purchase*] Qq. *purpose* Ff, reading lines 86, 87 as three lines, ending *hand...purpose...man.*

Gads. Go to; 'homo' is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The highway, near Gadshill.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY *and* POINS.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter: I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

Prince. Stand close.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

Prince. Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal! what a brawling dost thou keep!

Fal. Where's Poins, Hal?

Prince. He is walked up to the top of the hill: I'll go seek him.

Fal. I am accursed to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squier further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty years, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's

91. *my*] Qq. *the* Ff.
92. *you*] Q_1. The rest *ye*.
[Exeunt.] Ff. om. Qq.
SCENE II.] SCENE III. Pope.
The highway...] The highway. Pope. Gadshill. The road down it. Capell.
Enter...] Capell. Enter Prince, Poines, and Peto, &c. Qq. Enter Prince, Poynes, and Peto. Ff.
3. [Putting himself before him. Capell.
5. *brawling*] *bawling* Rowe.
7. *Where's*] Q_1. The rest *What*.
9. [Feigning to go. Capell.
10. *thief's*] *theefe* F_1.
the] Qq. *that* Ff.
11. *him*] *them* Q_6.
12. *squier*] *squaire* Q_8. *square* F_3 F_4. The rest *squire*.
15, 16. *two and twenty*] Ff. xxii. $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. 22. $Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
16. *years*] *yeares* Q_1. The rest *yeare*, *year*, or *yeer*.

company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines. Poins! Hal! a plague upon you both! Bardolph! Peto! I'll starve ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: a plague upon it when thieves cannot be true one to another! [*They whistle.*] Whew! A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged!

Prince. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

Prince. Thou liest; thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I prithee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

Prince. Out, ye rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: when a jest is so forward, and afoot too! I hate it.

19. *upon*] *on* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
20. *Bardolph*] Ff. *Bardoll* Qq.
I'll rob] *I rob* Ff.
rob] *rub* Johnson conj.
21. *An*] Pope. *And* QqFf.
as drink] Qq. *as to drinke* Ff.
22. *to leave*] *leave* Reed (1813).
these] *those* F_2.
25. *upon it*] Qq. *upon't* Ff.
26. [They whistle.] QqFf.
27. *plague*] Qq. *plague light* Ff.
Give me] *Give* F_1F_2.
30. *canst*] Q_1. The rest *can*.
33. *'Sblood*] om. Ff.
40. *ye*] Q_1. The rest *you*.
41. *Go*] om. Q_1Q_2.
thine] *thy* F_4.
42, 92. *An*] Pope. *And* QqFf.
43. *on you all*] Q_1Q_2. The rest *on all*.
44. *a jest*] Q_1Ff. *jest* $Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$ $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.

Enter GADSHILL, BARDOLPH *and* PETO *with him.*

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our setter: I know his voice. Bardolph, what news?

Bard. Case ye, case ye; on with your vizards: there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, ye rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hanged.

Prince. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight or ten.

Fal. 'Zounds, will they not rob us?

Prince. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

Prince. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge: when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

Prince. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by: stand close.

[*Exeunt Prince and Poins.*

Enter...him.] Capell. Enter Gadshill. QqFf. Enter Gadshill and Bardolph. Rowe.

47, 48. *Bardolph, what news?*] Bard. *What news?* Johnson. See note (XII).

49. Bard.] Gadsh. Johnson conj.

52. *ye rogue*] Q_1Q_2. The rest *you rogue.*

53. *all.*] *all:* Q_1Q_2.

55. *Sirs*] Q_1Q_2. The rest omit.

56. *Poins*] Qq. om. Ff.

58. *How...there*] Q_1. *How...they* Q_2. *But how...they* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *But how many be* Ff.

60. *'Zounds*] om. Ff.

62. *your*] *our* $Q_5Q_6Q_7$.

64. *Well, we*] Q_1Q_2. *Well, weele* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *Wee'l* F_1F_2. *We'll* F_3F_4.

66. *thou shalt*] *shalt thou* $F_2F_3F_4$.

70. Exeunt...] Malone. Retiring, to put them on. Capell. om. Qq Ff.

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I: every man to his business.

Enter the Travellers.

First Trav. Come, neighbour: the boy shall lead our horses down the hill; we'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand!

Travellers. Jesus bless us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: ah! whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

Travellers. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever!

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs; I would your store were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves! young men must live. You are grandjurors, are ye? we'll jure ye, 'faith.

[*Here they rob them and bind them. Exeunt.*

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY *and* POINS.

Prince. The thieves have bound the true men. Now could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close; I hear them coming.

71. *I*] om. $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
73. Enter the...] Qq. Enter... Ff.
73. SCENE IV. Pope.
First Trav.] 1. T. Capell. Travel., Travai. or Tra. Qq Ff (and in lines 77, 81).
73—85. Printed as verse by Capell.
76. *Stand*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *Stay* $Q_5Q_6FfQ_7Q_8$.
77. *Jesus*] Qq. *Jesu* Ff.
79. *ah!*] Rowe. *a* QqFf.
82. *are ye*] Qq. *are you* Ff.
84. *knaves!*] *knaves!—on, I say;* Capell.
85. *are ye*] om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
ye, 'faith] *ye faith* Q_1Q_2. *yee yfaith* $Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *ye yfaith* Q_6. *you, yfayth* Q_7. *you, yfaith* Q_8. *ye ifaith* $F_1F_2F_3$. *ye i'faith* F_4.
Here...them.] QqFf.
Exeunt.] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. The rest omit.
Here...Exeunt.] Exeunt, driving them out. Capell.
Re-enter.....disguised.] Enter the Prince and Poynes. QqFf. om. Capell.
86. [looking out. Capell.
90. [retire again. Capell.

Enter the Thieves again.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Poins than in a wild-duck.

Prince. Your money!

Poins. Villains!

[*As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them; they all run away; and Falstaff, after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.*]

Prince. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:
The thieves are all scatter'd and possess'd with fear
So strongly that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.
Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:
Were 't not for laughing, I should pity him,

Poins. How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Warkworth Castle.*

Enter HOTSPUR *solus, reading a letter.*

Hot. 'But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.' He could be contented: why is he not, then? In respect of

Enter the Thieves again.] Qq. Enter Theeves again. Ff.

93. *arrant*] *arrand* Q_3Ff.
more] *moe* Ff. om. Q_8.

96. As...them] Qq.
and Falstaff...too] omitted in Ff.

98—103. *The thieves...him.*] Printed as prose in QqFf. First as verse by Pope.

98. *all*] Q_1. The rest omit.

100. *takes*] *take* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.

101. *Falstaff*] *Now Falstaff* Pope. *Fat Falstaff* Capell.
sweats] *sweares* Q_3 Q_4 Q_5. *sweare* Q_6

SCENE III.] SCENE V. Pope.
Warkworth Castle.] Warkworth. A room in the Castle. Capell. Lord Percy's house. Pope.

2. *bear*] *boar* Q_8.

3. *contented*] *contented to be there* Pope.
In respect] Q_6FfQ$_7$Q$_8$. *In the respect* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$.

the love he bears our house: he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. 'The purpose you undertake is dangerous;'—why, that's certain: 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. 'The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.' Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. 'Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? is there not besides the Douglas? have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not some of them set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skim milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king: we are prepared. I will set forward tonight.

9. *we*] *we'll* Collier MS.
pluck] *pluckt* Q_7Q_8.
10. *have*] om. Q_7Q_8.
14. *By the Lord*] Qq. *I protest* Ff.
15. *a good*] Qq. *as good a* Ff.
our friends] $Q_1Q_2Q_3F_3F_4$. *our friend* $Q_4Q_6F_1Q_7F_2Q_8$. *our frind* Q_5.
19. *'Zounds*] Qq. *By this hand* Ff.
an] Capell. *and* Qq. *if* Ff.
25. *are thcy*] *are there* $F_2F_3F_4$.
26. *an*] Q_1. *An* Ff. *and* $Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7$. *&* Q_8.
30. *skim*] Qq. *skim'd* Ff.
31. *king: we*] *king. We* Pope. *King, we* Qq. *King we* Ff.
forward] Qq. *forwards* Ff.

Enter LADY PERCY.

How now, Kate! I must leave you within these two hours.
Lady. O, my good Lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I this fortnight been
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is 't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,
And start so often when thou sit'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks;
And given my treasures and my rights of thee
To thick-eyed musing and cursed melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
Cry 'Courage! to the field!' And thou hast talk'd
Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,
Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets,
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,
Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
And all the currents of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war
And thus hath so bestirred thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream;

Enter Lady Percy.] Enter his Lady. QqFf.

33. SCENE VI. Pope.
these] *this* Q_8.

39. *thine*] *thy* F_3F_4.
upon] *unto* Q_8.

44. *thy faint*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. The rest *my faint*. *my feign'd* Anon. conj.
have] om. $Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.

45. *thee murmur*] *the murmur*, Q_1.

48. *of trenches*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. The rest *trenches*.
tents] *and tents* Q_8.

49. *frontiers*] *fortins* Hanmer. *rondeurs* Warburton conj.

51. *prisoners' ransom*] *prisoners ransom'd* Capell conj.

52. *currents*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *current*, $Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *current* FfQ$_7$Q$_8$. *'currents* Capell. *occurrents* Collier MS.

53. *spirit*] *spirt* F_2.

54. *thus hath*] *thou hast* Capell conj. *this hath* Anon conj.
thus...bestirr'd] *thought...disturb'd* Johnson conj.

55. *beads*] Q_1. The rest *beds*.
have] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_7Q_8$. *hath* $Q_4Q_5Q_6$Ff.

56. *in*] *on* Long MS.

And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden hest. O, what portents are these?
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho!

Enter Servant.

Is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.
Well, I will back him straight: O esperance!
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park. [*Exit Servant.*

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!
A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen
As you are toss'd with. In faith,

59. *sudden*] om. Steevens conj.
hest] Q_1. *haste* $Q_2Q_3Q_7Q_8F_3F_4$. *hast* $Q_4Q_5Q_6F_1F_2$.

62. Enter Servant.] Rowe, after the line. Enter a Servant. Dering MS., before the line. om. QqFf.

63. *an hour*] *above an hour* Steevens conj.
ago] *agone* Ff.

64. *brought*] *bought* F_2. *hath brought* Keightley conj.
sheriff] *sheriffes* Q_7Q_8.

65. *even now*] *but even now* Capell.

66. *a roan*] *roane* Q_1Q_2.

66, 67. *is it not?* Serv. *It is*] *is 't not?* Serv. *'Tis* S. Walker conj., reading *What horse...lord* as one line.

67—69. *That.....park*] Printed as prose in QqFf. First as verse by Pope.

68. *O*] om. $Q_5Q_6FfQ_7Q_8$.

69. [Exit Servant.] Hanmer and Dering MS. om. QqFf.

73. *Why*] om. Steevens, reading 72, 73, 74 as two lines.

74—80. *Out...go*] As in Malone. Printed as prose in QqFf. Pope ends the lines, *not...with ... will* (omitting *Harry* in line 77). Hanmer ends *hath ...with...will.* Johnson ends *ape... spleen...with...will,* (omitting *Harry*).

76. *In faith*] Qq. *In sooth* Ff. *Now, in sooth, in sooth* Capell.

I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.
I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir
About his title, and hath sent for you
To line his enterprize: but if you go,—
Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.
Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
Directly unto this question that I ask:
In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.
Hot. Away,
Away, you trifler! Love! I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world
To play with mammets and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too. God's me, my horse!
What say'st thou, Kate? what would'st thou have with me?
Lady. Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?
Well, do not then; for since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no.
Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am o' horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout:
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,

81—85. *Come...true*] First as verse by Pope. As prose in QqFf.
83. *unto*] *to* Pope.
that I ask] *I shall ask* Pope.
ask] Q_1. The rest *shall ask*.
84. *In faith*] Qq. *Indeede* Ff. om. Pope.
85. *An if*] Capell. *And if* Qq. *if* Ff.
all things] Omitted in Ff.
86, 87. As one line in QqFf.
Away, Away] *Away* Hanmer.
Hot. *Away...not*] Hot. *Away, you trifler.* Lady. *Love!* Hot. *I...not.* Johnson conj.
87. *Love,*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$Ff. *Love;* The rest. *Love!* Rowe. *love?* Malone.
89. *mammets*] *mammels* Anon. (ap. *Gent. Mag.*) conj.
92. *what wouldst*] *would'st* F_2.
93. *you...you*] Qq. *ye...ye* F_1. *ye ...you* $F_2F_3F_4$.
96. *you speak*] Qq. *thou speak'st* Ff.
97. *Come*] *Come to the park, Kate* Collier MS.
98. *o'*] Theobald. *a* QqFf.
101, 102. *Whither*] QqF_2F_4. *Whether* F_1F_3.

This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wise, but yet no farther wise
Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are,
But yet a woman: and for secrecy,
No lady closer; for I well believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

Lady. How! so far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:
Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.
Will this content you, Kate?

Lady. It must of force. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Boar's-Head Tavern, Eastcheap.*

Enter the PRINCE, *and* POINS.

Prince. Ned, prithee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

Prince. With three or four loggerheads amongst three or fourscore hogsheads. I have sounded the very base-string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers; and can call them all by their christen names, as Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that though I be but Prince of Wales,

103. *you*] Qq. *thee* Ff.
104. *farther*] Qq. *further* Ff.
107. *well*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. The rest *will*.
109. *far will*] *farewill* Q_5. *farre. wilt* F_1.
110. *How! so far?*] *How, so far.* Q_1. *How, so far?* the other Quartos. *How so farre?* Ff. *So far?* Capell.
111. *further*] QqFf.
hark you] *hark you me* Hanmer.
113. *forth*] *forward* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
SCENE IV.] SCENE VII. Pope.
1. *fat*] *hot* Keightley conj.
4. *three*] 3. F_1F_2.
5. *sounded*] *founded* Q_6Q_7.
7. *all*] Qq. om. Ff.
christen] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *Christian* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. om. Ff.
9. *salvation*] Qq. *confidence* Ff. *conscience* Pope.
but] om. $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.

yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, by the Lord, so they call me, and when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dyeing scarlet; and when you breathe in your watering, they cry 'hem!' and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now into my hand by an under-skinker, one that never spake other English in his life than 'Eight shillings and sixpence,' and 'You are welcome,' with this shrill addition, 'Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon,' or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I prithee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling 'Francis,' that his tale to me may be nothing but 'Anon.' Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent.

Poins. Francis!

Prince. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis! [*Exit Poins.*

10. *and tell*] Qq. *telling* Ff.
no] $Q_1Q_2Q_3F_1$. The rest *not*.

11. *Jack, like*] *like Jack* F_4. *Jack, like Jack* Pope.

12. *by...me*] Omitted in Ff.

15. *breathe*] *breake* F_2. *break* F_3F_4.
they] Qq. *then they* Ff.
hem] *pem* $F_2F_3F_4$.

18. *tell*] *will tell* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.

24. *welcome*] *welcome, Sir* Rowe.

25. *Anon, anon*] *Anon Sir, anon* F_3F_4.

26, 27. *the time*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. The rest *time*.

29. *thou*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. The rest omit.

31. *precedent*] Pope. *president* Ff. *present* Qq.
[P. retires. Theobald.

34. [Exit P.] Capell. om. QqFf.

Enter FRANCIS.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir. Look down into the Pomgarnet, Ralph.

Prince. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord?

Prince. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

Prince. Five year! by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture and show it a fair pair of heels and run from it?

Fran. O Lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart.

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir.

Prince. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see—about Michaelmas next I shall be—

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir. Pray stay a little, my lord.

Prince. Nay, but hark you, Francis: for the sugar thou gavest me, 'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O Lord, I would it had been two!

Prince. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

Prince. Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but to-morrow,

35. Enter Francis.] Enter Drawer. $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$Ff. om. $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
SCENE VIII.] Pope.
Pomgarnet] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$Ff. *Pomgranet* Q_6. *pomegranat* Q_7Q_8.
41, 49, 53, 60, 74. [Within] Capell.
43. *year*] *yeare* Q_1. *yeere* Q_2. The rest *yeares*, *yeeres*, or *years*.
by'r lady] Pope. *berlady* QqFf.
44. *clinking*] *chincking* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
46. *heels*] *heele* F_2.
47. *the books*] *bookes* Q_4Q_5.
48. *find*] *find it* Collier MS.
50. *Anon*] Qq. *Anon, anon* Ff.
54. *Pray*] Q_1. The rest *Pray you*.
56. *a*] *but a* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
57. *I*] Qq. *sir, I* Ff.

Francis; or Francis, o' Thursday; or indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis!

Fran. My lord?

Prince. Wilt thou rob this leathern jerkin, crystal-button, not-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

Fran. O lord, sir, who do you mean?

Prince. Why, then, your brown bastard is your only drink; for look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir?

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

Prince. Away, you rogue! dost thou not hear them call? [*Here they both call him; the drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What, standest thou still, and hearest such a calling? Look to the guests within. [*Exit Francis.*] My lord, old Sir John, with half-a-dozen more, are at the door: shall I let them in?

Prince. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [*Exit Vintner.*] Poins!

Re-enter POINS.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

Prince. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door: shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

63. *o'*] *a* Q_1Q_2. The rest *on*.
67. *not-pated*] QqFf. *knot-pated* Pope. *notty-patted* Keightley conj. *puke stocking*] *poke-stocking* Capell conj.
72. *Barbary*] *Barbican* Grey conj.
75. *not*] om. Ff.
76. Here...] QqFf.
78. [Exit F.] Exit Drawer. Capell. om. QqFf.
81. *them*] *then* Q_4.
82. [Exit Vintner.] Theobald. om. QqFf.
Re-enter P.] Enter P. QqFf.

Prince. I am now of all humours that have showed themselves humours since the old days of goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.

Re-enter FRANCIS.

What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon, sir. [*Exit.*

Prince. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is up-stairs and down-stairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife 'Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.' 'O my sweet Harry,' says she, 'how many hast thou killed today?' 'Give my roan horse a drench,' says he; and answers 'Some fourteen,' an hour after; 'a trifle, a trifle.' I prithee, call in Falstaff: I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. 'Rivo!' says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, *and* PETO; FRANCIS *following with wine.*

Poins. Welcome, Jack: where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen! Give me a cup of sack, boy. Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether stocks and mend them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant?

[*He drinks.*

Prince. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of

91. *clock*] *cloke* Q_6.
Re-enter F.] Re-enter Drawer with bottles. Capell. om. QqFf.
93. Fran.] Fran. [Within. Dering MS.
[Exit.] Delius. om. QqFf.
99. *at a*] *after* Anon. conj.
105. *Rivo*] *Ribi* Hanmer. *Bibo* Collier conj.
106. Enter...wine.] Edd. Enter ...Peto. Theobald. Enter Falstaffe. QqFf.
SCENE IX. Pope.
110. *stocks*] *socks* Rowe.
111. *and foot them*] Qq. Omitted in Ff.
112. [He drinks.] He drinketh. $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. The rest omit.
113, 114. *Titan...Titan*] *Titan, pitiful-hearted Titan, kiss a dish of butter* Jervis conj.

butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun's! if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it. A villanous coward! Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhanged in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

Prince. How now, wool-sack! what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild-geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

Prince. Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?

Fal. Are not you a coward? answer me to that: and Poins there?

Poins. 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, by the Lord, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough

114. *pitiful-hearted Titan*] *pitiful-hearted butter* Theobald. (*pitiful hearted Titan!*) Warburton. *pitiful-hearted Titaness* Anon. apud Fras. Mag. conj.

at the] *at that* or *at a* Anon. conj.

114, 115. *sweet tale of the sun's*] *sweet face of the sun* Hanmer. *sweet ale of the 'Sun'* Jackson conj.

115. *the sun's*] *the sonnes* Q_1Q_2. *the sunne* $Q_3Q_4Q_5F_1F_2$. *the sun* $Q_6Q_7Q_8F_3F_4$. *his son* Steevens conj. *the son* Malone. *thy son* Id. conj. *the sons* Boswell (1821).

didst] *didst never* Keightley conj.

then] *there* Mitford conj.

117. *villanous*] *a villanous* F_2.

118. *in it*] om. Ff.

125. *psalms or any thing*] Qq *all manner of songs* Ff. *psalms and all manner of songs* Pope.

131. *round man*] *round-man* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.

133. *not you*] Q_1. The rest *you not*.

135. Poins.] Prin. $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$Ff.
'Zounds] Qq. om. Ff.
fat] *fatch* F_1F_2.
an] Pope. *and* QqFf.

136. *by the Lord*] Qq. om. Ff.

in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. Give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

Prince. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkest last.

Fal. All's one for that. [*He drinks.*] A plague of all cowards, still say I.

Prince. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter! there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

Prince. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it! taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

Prince. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw—ecce signum! I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards! Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

Prince. Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen—

Fal. Sixteen at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

146. *All's*] *All is* Q_1Q_2.
[He drinks.] $Q_5Q_6FfQ_7Q_8$. He drinketh. $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
149. *there*] Q_1Q_2. The rest *here*. *here*] Q_1Q_2. The rest omit.
150. *day*] Q_1Q_2. The rest omit.
153. *of*] om. Malone.
155. *at*] *a* Q_6.
156. *'scaped*] *escaped* F_3F_4. The rest *scaped*.
164. Prince.] Ff. Gad. Qq.
165, 167, 171. Gads.] Gad. Ff. Ross. Qq. Bard. Collier.
165. *some*] *a* Q_7Q_8.
170. *an Ebrew*] *and Ebrew* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *an Hebrew* Q_7Q_8.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us—

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

Prince. What, fought you with them all?

Fal. All! I know not what you call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

Prince. Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me—

Prince. What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

Prince. Seven? why, there were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram?

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

Prince. Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

171. *six or seven*] 6. *or* 7. $Q_3Q_4Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
173. *come*] *came* $Q_8F_3F_4$.
174. *other*] *others* Capell conj.
175. *you*] Q_1. The rest *ye* or *ye*.
176. *you*] $Q_1Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *ye* $Q_2F_2F_3F_4$. *yee* $Q_3Q_4Q_5F_1$.
177. *of radish*] *radish* Q_6.
180. Prince.] Q_4. Prin. $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. Poines. Q_5. Poin. $Q_6FfQ_7Q_8$.
God] Qq. *Heaven* Ff.
186. *ward*] Q_3. *warde* $Q_1Q_2Q_4$. The rest *word*.
192. *me*] Q_1Q_2. The rest omit.
193. *points*] *point* Q_8.
195. Fal.] Continue to Prince. Malone conj.
buckram?] Capell (Whalley conj.). *buckrom*. QqFf (*buccorom*. Q_6).

Prince. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of—

Prince. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,—

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground: but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

Prince. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

Prince. These lies are like their father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-catch,—

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

Prince. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what sayest thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? 'Zounds, an I were at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

Prince. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this san-

206. *their*] Q_1. The rest *his.*

207. *followed me*] *followed 'em* Delius conj.

216. *their*] Q_1. The rest *the.*

218. *knotty-pated*] Qq Ff. *nott-pated* Dyce (Douce conj.).

219. *tallow-catch*] *tallow chest* Dering MS. (correction). *tallow-ketch* Hanmer. *tallow-keech* Steevens (Johnson conj.). *tallow-cask* Smyth conj. MS.

227. *'Zounds, an I were*] *Zoundes, and I were* Qq. *No: were I* Ff.

230. *plentiful*] Q_1. *plentie* Q_2F_1. The rest *plenty.*

guine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh,—

Fal. 'Sblood, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you bull's pizzle, you stock-fish! O for breath to utter what is like thee! you tailor's-yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing-tuck,—

Prince. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

Prince. We two saw you four set on four and bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house: and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy and still run and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear you, my masters: was it for me to kill the

233. *bed-presser*] *bed-pressen* Q_4.
horse-back-breaker] *horse'-back-breaker* Dyce (S. Walker conj.).

235. *'Sblood*] *Zbloud* or *Zblood* Qq. *Away* Ff.
elf-skin] *eel-skin* Hanmer. *elf-kin* Johnson conj. *elfin* Rann conj.

236. *tongue, you*] Q_1Q_2. The rest omit *you*.

237. *utter what...thee!*] *utter what ...thee*, Q_1. *utter, what...thee?* Q_2. *utter! what...thee?* $Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *utter what... thee?* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *utter. What...thee?* Ff.

239. *to it*] Qq. *to't* Ff.

240. *tired*] *tried* Q_5.

241. *this*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. The rest *thus*.

243. *four and*] QqFf. *four, you* Pope. *four, and you* Delius.
bound] *bind* Collier (ed. 2).

245. *a plain*] *plain a* Capell (corrected in his Notes). See note (XIII).

246. *your*] om. Q_8.

247. *here*] om. Ff.

249. *run*] Qq. *ran* Ff.

250. *roared*] *roard* Q_1. *roare* Q_2 $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *roar'd* Ff.

257, 265. *By the Lord*] Omitted in Ff.

258. *you*] Qq. *ye* Ff.
my] om. Q_7Q_8.

heir-apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was now a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors: watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

Prince. Content; and the argument shall be thy running away.

Fal. Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me!

Enter Hostess.

Host. O Jesu, my lord the prince!

Prince. How now, my lady the hostess! what sayest thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you: he says he comes from your father.

Prince. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? Shall I give him his answer?

Prince. Prithee, do, Jack.

Fal. 'Faith, and I'll send him packing. [*Exit.*

260. *beware*] *by mere* Long MS.
262. *now*] Q_1. The rest omit.
266. [to Hostess within. Dyce.
267. *titles of good*] Qq. *good titles of* Ff.
269. *extempore*] *extempory* $F_1F_2F_3$.
272. *Ah*] *A* QqFf.
an] Capell. *and* QqF_1F_2. *if* F_3F_4.
Enter Hostess.] QqFf. Capell puts it after *lads*, line 265.
273. SCENE X. Pope.
O Jesu] Omitted in Ff.
276. *lord*] *Lord* Ff. *Lo.* Q_1. The rest *L.*

Prince. Now, sirs: by'r lady, you fought fair; so did you, Peto; so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no, fie!

Bard. Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

Prince. Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger, and said he would swear truth out of England but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass to make them bleed, and then to beslubber our garments with it and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before, I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

Prince. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rannest away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

Prince. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

Prince. Hot livers and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

Prince. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now,

287. *by'r lady*] *birlady* Qq. om. Ff.
288. *did you*] *did yon* F_2.
lions too, you] *lions, to you* Q_1. *lions to, you* Q_2.
292. *Faith, tell*] *Tell* Ff.
297. Bard.] Ff. Bar. Q_1. The rest Car.
to tickle] *tickle* F_3F_4.
298. *to beslubber*] *beslubber* $F_2F_3F_4$.
300. *year*] *yeares* or *years* Q_4Q_5Ff Q_8.
blushed] *blush* Q_7Q_8.
301. *devices*] *devizes* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6$.
303. *with the manner*] *in the manner* Pope. *in the manour* Hanmer.
313. Re-enter F.] Enter F. Ff. Enter F. Qq (after line 312).
314. *bare-bone*] *bare-bones* Q_8.
SCENE XI. Pope.

my sweet creature of bombast! How long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee! when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: a plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villanous news abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy, and he of Wales, that gave Amamon the bastinado and made Lucifer cuckold and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook—what a plague call you him?

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen, the same; and his son-in-law Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular,—

Prince. He that rides at high speed and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

Prince. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

Prince. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running!

Fal. O' horseback, ye cuckoo; but afoot he will not budge a foot.

Prince. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

315. *my*] om. Q_8.
bombast] *bumbast* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
318. *talon*] F_4. *tallon* Q_7Q_8. The rest *talent*.
319. *alderman's*] *alderma's* Q_4. *aldermas* Q_5Q_6.
321. *Bracy*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. The rest *Braby*.
322. *to*] *goo to* Q_5. *goe to* $Q_6F_1Q_7F_2Q_8$. *go to* F_3F_4.
That] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. The rest *The*.
324. *Amamon*] *Amaimon* Capell.
327. *O,*] *Owen* Dering MS.
328. *Owen, Owen*] *Owen Glendower* Q_7Q_8.
329. *that*] Q_1Q_2. The rest *the*.
sprightly] *sprightie* Q_3. *sprighly* $Q_4Q_5Q_6$.
330. *o'*] Capell. *a* QqFf.
332. *his*] Q_1Q_2. The rest *a*.
336. *hath*] *had* Warburton.
340. *O'*] Capell. *A* QqFf.
afoot] *on foot* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more: Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

Prince. Why, then, it is like, if there come a hot June and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is like we shall have good trading that way. But tell me, Hal, art not thou horrible afeard? thou being heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

Prince. Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

Prince. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content: this chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

Prince. Thy state is taken for a joined-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved. Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may be thought I have

345. *to-night*] *to night* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. The rest *by night*.
348. *Why*] Q_1Q_2. The rest omit. *it is*] Q_1Q_2. The rest *tis* or *'tis*.
349. *June*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *Sun* $Q_4F_3F_4$. The rest *Sunne*.
350. *hundreds*] *hundred* Rowe (ed. 2).
352. *art*] *are* F_2.
352, 353. *not thou*] *thou not* Capell.
353. *horrible*] *horribly* $Q_3Q_7Q_8$.
356. *thou not*] *not thou* $Q_3Q_4Q_5F_1$. *horribly*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_7Q_8$. The rest *horrible*.
357. *i' faith*] om. Ff.
358. *horribly*] $Q_2Q_3Q_7Q_8$. *horriblie* Q_1. *horrible* $Q_4Q_5Q_6$Ff.
359. *love*] Q_1Q_2. The rest *doe love*.
365. *stool*] *stole* Q_5.
368. Fal.] Prin. F_2. *an*] Pope. *and* QqFf.
370. *my*] Q_1Q_2. The rest *mine*.

wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein.

Prince. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech. Stand aside, nobility.

Host. O Jesu, this is excellent sport, i' faith!

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen; for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen; For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see!

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain. Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion, but chiefly a villanous trick of thine eye and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point; why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink but in tears, not in pleasure but in passion, not in words

373. *is my leg*] *it is, my liege* Long MS.
375. *O Jesu*] om. Ff.
376. As prose in Ff.
377. *how*] *how how* Q_3Q_4.
378. *tristful*] Rowe and Dering MS. *trustfull* QqFf.
380. *O Jesu*] Qq. *O rare* Ff. *these*] *those* Rowe (ed. 2).
385. *on*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. The rest omit. *yet*] *so* Q_1Q_2.
386. *That thou*] Q_1Q_2. The rest *Thou.*
388. *own*] Q_1Q_2. The rest omit.
389. *thy*] *the* Q_4.
390. *lies*] Q_1Q_2. The rest *lieth* or *lyeth.*
391. *sun*] *sunne* Q_1. The rest *sonne* (*son* F_4).

only, but in woes also: and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prince. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r lady, inclining to three score; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

Prince. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's hare.

Prince. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand: judge, my masters.

Prince. Now, Harry, whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

Prince. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false: nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

Prince. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of an old fat man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou

403. *an*] Pope. *and* QqFf.

404. *goodly*] *good* Malone.

408. *deceiveth*] Q_1Q_2. The rest *deceives.*

409, 410. *tree...fruit...fruit...tree*] *fruit...tree...tree...fruit* Hanmer.

412. *with*] *with thee* Keightley conj.

416. *me!*] Theobald. *me,* $Q_1Q_2Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *me;* Q_3Q_4. *me:* Ff.

417. *matter*] *manner* Capell conj.

418. *poulter's*] *poulterer's* Rowe.

424. *'Sblood*] *Yfaith* F_1F_2. *Ifaith* F_3. *I' faith* F_4.

425. *i' faith*] om. Ff.

428, 429. *an old fat*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. The rest *a fat old.*

converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your grace would take me with you: whom means your grace?

Prince. That villanous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

Prince. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it; but that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! if to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company: banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

Prince. I do, I will. [*A knocking heard.*

[*Exeunt Hostess, Francis, and Bardolph.*

430. *trunk*] *hulk* Collier MS.
433. *pudding*] QqF$_1$. *puddings* F$_2$F$_3$F$_4$.
434. *reverend*] Ff. *reverent* Qq.
443. *Falstaff*] *that Falstaff* Keightley conj.
448. *more*] *more's* F$_3$F$_4$.
450. *God*] Qq. *Heaven* Ff.
457. *banish...company,*] om. Pope.
460. [A knocking heard. Exeunt...] om. QqFf. A great knocking heard: Exeunt Hostess and Drawer; Bardolph follows. Capell, after *valiant Jack Falstaff*, line 455.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *running.*

Bard. O, my lord, my lord! the sheriff with a most monstrous watch is at the door.

Fal. Out, ye rogue! Play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter the Hostess.

Host. O Jesu, my lord, my lord!—

Prince. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddle-stick: what's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

Prince. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your major: if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

Prince. Go, hide thee behind the arras: the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

Prince. Call in the sheriff.

[*Exeunt all except the Prince and Peto.*

Enter Sheriff *and the* Carrier.

Now, master sheriff, what is your will with me?

Re-enter...] Enter... QqFf.
461. *sheriff*] *shriefe* $Q_5Q_7Q_8$.
462. *the door*] *thee door* F_2.
463. *ye*] Q_1. The rest *you*.
464. Re-enter...] Enter... QqFf.
465. *Jesu*] om. Ff.
466. Prince.] Q_2Q_3. Prin. Q_1. Poyn. Deryng MS. The rest give the speech to Falstaff.
470. *thou*] *if thou dost, thou* Capell.
471. *mad*] F_3F_4. The rest *made*.
472. *thou*] *thou art* Q_8.
478. *up*] om. Rowe.
good] *a good* Collier MS.
482. [Exeunt.....] Malone. Exit. Ff. om. Qq. See note (XIV).
Enter...] QqFf.
483. SCENE XII. Pope.

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry
Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.
Prince. What men?
Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord,
A gross fat man.
Car. As fat as butter.
Prince. The man, I do assure you, is not here;
For I myself at this time have employ'd him.
And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For any thing he shall be charged withal:
And so let me entreat you leave the house.
Sher. I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.
Prince. It may be so: if he have robb'd these men,
He shall be answerable; and so farewell.
Sher. Good night, my noble lord.
Prince. I think it is good morrow, is it not?
Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.
[*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.*
Prince. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go, call him forth.
Peto. Falstaff!—Fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.
Prince. Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets. [*He searcheth his pockets, and findeth certain papers.*] What hast thou found?
Peto. Nothing but papers, my lord.
Prince. Let's see what they be: read them.

484, 485, 487, 488. As verse first by Pope. As prose in QqFf.
487. *well*] *will* Q_7.
gracious] om. Steevens conj.
488. *butter*] *butter, sir* Capell.
491. *will*] om. Pope.
497. *three hundred*] Ff. 3000. Q_8. The rest 300.
502. *it be*] *it is* Q_7Q_8.
[Exeunt...] Hanmer. Exit. QqFf.
505, 510, 526. Peto.] QqFf. Poin. Steevens (Johnson conj.).
507. *fetches*] *fetches his* F_3F_4.
508. [He.....pockets.....] QqFf (pocket $Q_1Q_2Q_3$).
511. *they be*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. The rest *be they*.

Peto. [*reads*] Item, A capon, ... 2s. 2d.
Item, Sauce, ... 4d.
Item, Sack, two gallons, . . . 5s. 8d.
Item, Anchovies and sack after supper, 2s. 6d.
Item, Bread, ... ob.

Prince. O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack! What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning. We must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and I know his death will be a march of twelve-score. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so, good morrow, Peto. [*Exeunt.*

Peto. Good morrow, good my lord.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Bangor. The Archdeacon's house.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, *and* GLENDOWER.

Mort. These promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower,
Will you sit down?
And uncle Worcester: a plague upon it!
I have forgot the map.

512. Peto.] Ff. om. Qq. Poins. Steevens (Johnson conj.).
[reads] Capell.
515. *Anchovies*] Capell. *Anchawes* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. The rest *Anchoves*.
516. *ob.*] *a halfpenny* Rowe (ed. 2).
523. *march*] Q_1 Q_2 Q_3 Q_8 F_3 F_4. *match* $Q_4Q_5Q_6F_1Q_7F_2$.
525. *Peto*] QqFf. *Poins* Steevens (Johnson conj.).

Sc. I. Bangor...] The Archdeacon of Bangor's house in Wales. Theobald. Wales. Pope.
Mortimer, and Glendower.] Lord Mortimer, Owen Glendower. QqFf.
3—6. Arranged as in Ff. As two lines, ending *down?...map.* in Qq.
6—10. As in Pope. As prose in Qq. As five lines, ending *is...Hotspurre:...you,...sigh,...heaven* in Ff.

Glend. No, here it is.
Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur,
For by that name as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale and with
A rising sigh he wisheth you in heaven.

Hot. And you in hell, as oft as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: at my nativity
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; and at my birth
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shaked like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done at the same season, if your mother's cat had but kittened, though yourself had never been born.

Glend. I say the earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. And I say the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.
Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind

8. *oft*] *often* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.

9. *cheek looks*] Qq. *cheekes looke* Ff.

10. *sigh*] *sight* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$.

11, 12. *And...spoke of.*] As prose in QqFf. As two lines, the first ending *hears*, in Pope.

11. *oft*] QqFf. *often* Pope.

13. *cannot blame him*] *blame him not* Pope.

15—17. *Of....coward*] Keightley would read as two lines, the first ending *frame*.

15. *and*] *know that* Pope. *ay, and* Capell.

16. *huge*] Q_1. The rest omit. *the* Rowe (ed. 2).

17. *Shaked*] *Shook* Pope.

18—20. *Why...born.*] As prose in Qq Ff. As verse, the lines ending *done...cat...born*, in Pope.

18. *Why*] om. Pope.

19. *but*] om. Pope.

20. *never*] *ne'er* Pope.

22. *And I...earth*] *I...earth then* Pope.

25. As in Qq. As two lines, the first ending *shooke*, in Ff.

28. *oft*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *of* Q_4. *and* Q_5 $Q_6FfQ_7Q_8$.

Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldam earth and topples down
Steeples and moss-grown towers. At your birth
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again that at my birth
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields.
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;
And all the courses of my life do show
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living, clipp'd in with the sea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out that is but woman's son
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think there's no man speaks better Welsh. I'll to dinner.

Mort. Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man;
But will they come when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command
The devil.

32. *topples*] Qq (*toples* Q_5Q_6). *tombles* F_1F_2. *tumbles* F_3F_4.
33. *Steeples...towers*] *High tow'rs and moss-grown steeples* Pope.
34. *having*] *with* Pope.
36. *crossings*] *crossing* Q_3Q_4.
40. *to*] *in* Pope.
43. *common*] *commen* Q_1.
44. *he*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. The rest *the*.
45. *Scotland, Wales*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. The rest *Scotland and Wales*. *Wales, or Scotland* Pope.
47. *son*] *sonne* Q_7. *soone* F_2.
48. *ways*] *way* Q_7Q_8.
49. *And*] *Or* Pope.
50, 51. As verse, the first line ending *Welsh*, in QqFf.
50. *there's*] *there is* Pope.
51. *I'll*] *I will* Staunton.
52. *cousin*] *brother* Capell.
56. *you*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. The rest *thee*. *cousin*] om. Pope.
56, 57. *Why...devil*] As one line in Qq. As prose in Ff.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil
By telling truth: tell truth, and shame the devil.
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn I have power to shame him hence.
O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil!
Mort. Come, come, no more of this unprofitable chat.
Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Against my power; thrice from the banks of Wye
And sandy-bottom'd Severn have I sent him
Bootless home and weather-beaten back.
Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too!
How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?
Glend. Come, here's the map: shall we divide our right
According to our threefold order ta'en?
Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits very equally:
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
By south and east is to my part assign'd:
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower: and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite are drawn;
Which being sealed interchangeably,
A business that this night may execute,
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you and I

58. *coz*] *coose* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *coosen* Q_5Q_6. The rest *cousin*.

59. *tell...devil*] Printed in italics in Ff.

63. *Come...chat*] As one line in Qq. As prose in Ff. As two lines, the first *Come, come,* in Pope.

65. *banks*] *banke* Q_8.

66. *sent*] *hent* $Q_5F_1F_2$.

66, 67. *sent him Bootless*] *sent Him bootless* Pope.

67. *Bootless...back*] *Bootless, and weather-beaten, home.* Capell.

68. *Home...too*] As two lines, the first ending *boots,* in Ff.

69. *'scapes*] *'scaped* Collier (Collier MS.).

agues] *ague* S. Walker conj.

70. *Come...right*] As two lines, the first ending *map,* in Ff.

72. *divided it*] *divided it already* Hanmer. *divided it for us* Keightley conj.

78. *coz*] *brother* Capell.

80. *drawn*] *drawing* Theobald conj.

83. *cousin*] *brother* Capell.

And my good Lord of Worcester will set forth
To meet your father and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days.
Within that space you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.
Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords:
And in my conduct shall your ladies come;
From whom you now must steal and take no leave,
For there will be a world of water shed
Upon the parting of your wives and you.
Hot. Methinks my moiety, north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up;
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly;
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.
Glend. Not wind? it shall, it must; you see it doth.
Mort. Yea, but
Mark how he bears his course, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side;
Gelding the opposed continent as much
As on the other side it takes from you.
Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here
And on this north side win this cape of land;

89. [to Gle. Capell.
94. *For*] *Or* S. Walker conj.
96. *moiety*] *portion* Hanmer.
98. *cranking*] *crankling* Pope.
100. *monstrous*] *mostrous* Q_5. *monstorous* Q_8.
cantle] Ff. *scantle* Qq.
101. *damm'd*] *damnd* $Q_1Q_2Q_6$. *damd* $Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *damn'd* Ff. *dam'd* Q_7Q_8.
107—111. Arranged as in Capell. As prose in Qq. As four lines, ending *course,...side,...much,...you,* in Ff.
107, 108. *Yea, but Mark how he*] *But mark he* Pope. *Yea, But mark how he* Steevens. *Yea but mark How he* Malone.

And then he runs straight and even.

Hot. I'll have it so: a little charge will do it.

Glend. I'll not have it alter'd.

Hot. Will not you?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand you, then; speak it in Welsh.

Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as you;
For I was train'd up in the English court;
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty lovely well
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament,
A virtue that was never seen in you.

Hot. Marry,
And I am glad of it with all my heart:
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers;
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry:
'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.

Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

114. *And then*] *Then* Hanmer.
runs] *runs me* Staunton conj. *runs on* Keightley conj. *runneth* Anon. conj.
straight and even] *straightly and evenly* Capell. *all straight and evenly* Collier (Collier MS.).

116. *I'll*] *I will* Pope.

119, 120. *Let... Welsh*] As one line in Qq. As prose in Ff. As verse, the first line ending *then*, in Pope.

119. *you*] om. Steevens conj.

123. *but*] om. Pope.

127, 128. *Marry, And I am glad of it*] Dyce (S. Walker conj.). *Marry, and I am glad of it* QqFf. *Marry, I'm glad of it* Pope. *Marry and I'm glad of it* Theobald. *Marry, and I'm glad on't* Capell.

130. *metre*] *miter* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7$. *meeter* Ff. *meter* Q_8.
ballad-] Ff. *ballet* Q_1. The rest *ballet-*.

131. *canstick*] Qq. *candlestick* Ff.
turn'd] *tun'd* F_4.

133. *set my teeth nothing on*] Q_3Q_4. *set my teeth nothing an* $Q_1Q_2Q_5Q_6F_1Q_7Q_8$. *set my teeth on* $F_2F_3F_4$. *nothing set my teeth on* Pope.

Hot. I do not care: I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend;
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?
Glend. The moon shines fair; you may away by night:
I'll haste the writer, and withal
Break with your wives of your departure hence:
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [*Exit.*
Mort. Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!
Hot. I cannot choose: sometime he angers me
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,
And of a dragon and a finless fish,
A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulten raven,
A couching lion and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—
He held me last night at least nine hours
In reckoning up the several devils' names
That were his lackeys: I cried 'hum,' and 'well, go to,'
But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious

137, 138. *I do...friend;*] *I do not care: To any well-deserving friend I'll give Thrice so much land.* Capell conj.

138. *To any*] *As that to any* Hanmer. *To any worthy* S. Walker conj.

142. As two lines, the first ending *faire,* in Ff.

143. *I'll haste*] *I will go haste* Hanmer. *I'll in and haste* Rann (Steevens conj.).

I'll...writer] *I'll...writer forward* Capell.

143, 144. *withal Break with your*] *withal I'll break With your young* Collier MS.

147. SCENE II. Pope.

cousin] *brother* Capell.

148. *sometime*] *sometimes* Q_8.

149. *me*] om. Pope.

of] *of of* Q_4Q_5.

150. *the*] om. Pope.

152. *moulten*] *molten* Q_1. *moulting* Pope.

153. *lion*] *lewn* Q_1.

and] om. $F_2F_3F_4$.

156. *last*] *the last* Pope. *but last* Steevens (1793). *yester* Anon. conj.

least] *the least* Capell.

158. As two lines, the first ending *lacqueyes:* in Ff.

go to] om. Pope.

159. *he is*] *he's* Pope.

As a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house: I had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates and have him talk to me
In any summer-house in Christendom.
Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman,
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments, valiant as a lion
And wondrous affable and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?
He holds your temper in a high respect
And curbs himself even of his natural scope
When you come 'cross his humour; faith, he does:
I warrant you, that man is not alive
Might so have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof:
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.
Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame;
And since your coming hither have done enough
To put him quite beside his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,—
And that's the dearest grace it renders you,—
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion and disdain:

160. *As.....horse, a*] *As a tyred horse, a* QqFf. *As a tir'd horse, or as a* Pope. *As is a tired horse, a* Capell.

165. *he is*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. The rest *he was.*

a worthy] *an honest* F_3F_4.

166. *Exceedingly*] Q_1Q_2. The rest *Exceeding.*

167—170. As four lines, ending *concealments:...affable,...India...cousin,* in Ff.

168. *and as*] *as* Pope.

169. *cousin*] *brother* Capell.

171. *curbs*] *cubs* Q_7.

172. *come 'cross*] *come crosse* Qq. *doe crosse* F_1F_2. *do crosse* F_3. *do cross* F_4.

177. *my lord...wilful-blame*] *my wilful lord, you are to blame* Collier (Collier MS.).

too wilful-blame] Theobald. *too willful blame* QqFf. *too wilful-blunt* or *too wilful-bent* or *to blame, too wilful* Johnson conj. *to wilful-blame* Steevens conj. *too wilful-blameable* Keightley conj.

179. *beside*] Q_2. The rest *besides.*

181. *show*] *shews* Pope.

The least of which haunting a nobleman
Loseth men's hearts and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd: good manners be your speed! 190
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter GLENDOWER *with the* ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly spite that angers me;
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My daughter weeps: she will not part with you;
She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars. 195

Mort. Good father, tell her that she and my aunt Percy
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[*Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and she answers him in the same.*

Glend. She is desperate here; a peevish self-will'd harlotry, one that no persuasion can do good upon.

[*The lady speaks in Welsh.*

Mort. I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh 200
Which thou pour'st down from these swelling heavens
I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,

186. *nobleman*] *noble man* Q_1Q_2 $Q_3Q_4F_2$.
187. *Loseth*] *Looseth* Q_1.
188. *parts*] *his parts* Long MS.
besides] *beside* Capell conj.
190. *be*] *by* Q_7Q_8.
As two lines, the first ending *school'd*, in Ff.
191. *our*] $Q_1Q_2Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *your* Q_3 Q_4Q_5Ff.
leave] *leaves* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
Re-enter...] Enter... QqFf.
192. SCENE III. Pope.
194. *she will*] Pope. The rest *shee'le* or *sheele* or *she'll*.
196. *that*] om. Pope.
aunt] *sister* Capell.
197. [Glendower...] QqF_1.
her in] him in F_2. her F_3F_4.
198. *She is*] *She's* Pope, reading as verse.
198, 199. *She is...upon*] *She is... here* as one line; the rest as prose in Qq. As three lines, ending *heere:... harlotry...upon*, in Ff.
199. *one*] om. Pope. *and one* Collier (Collier MS.), reading 196, 197 as three lines, ending *here...one...upon*.
that] om. Steevens (1793).
201. *pour'st*] *powrest* Qq. *powr'st* Ff.
pour'st down] *pour'st down too* Capell. *down pourest* Edd. conj.
these] *those too* Pope.
swelling] *welling* Singer (Collier MS.).

In such a parley should I answer thee.
[*The lady speaks again in Welsh.*
I understand thy kisses and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation:
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division, to her lute.
Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.
[*The lady speaks again in Welsh.*
Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this!
Glend. She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you down
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness,
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep
As is the difference betwixt day and night
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.
Mort. With all my heart I'll sit and hear her sing:
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.
Glend. Do so;
And those musicians that shall play to you
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence,
And straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.

203. *should I*] *I* Q_7. *I could* Q_8.
speaks] om. QqFf.
205. *feeling*] *feeble* $F_2F_3F_4$.
208. *sweet*] *sweets* Q_5Q_6.
211. *Nay, if*] *Nay, an if* Hanmer. *Nay, nay, if* Keightley conj.
you] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. The rest *thou*.
then] *why, then* Steevens conj.
run] *e'en run* Collier MS.
mad] *quite mad* Capell.
213. *She...down*] As one line in Qq. As two, the first ending *bids you*, in Ff.
bids you on] *bids you All on* Pope. *bids you Upon* Steevens.
wanton] om. Capell.
218. *'twixt*] *twixt* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. The rest *betwixt*.
221. *Begins his*] *Begin their* Capell conj.
225. *And those*] *And tho' th'* Hanmer (Warburton). *An those* Rann conj.
226. *hence*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_8$. The rest *thence*.
227. *And straight*] *Yet straight* Rowe.
attend] *attent* Q_6.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down: come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady P. Go, ye giddy goose.

[*The music plays.*

Hot. Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh;
And 'tis no marvel he is so humorous.
By'r lady, he is a good musician.

Lady P. Then should you be nothing but musical, for you are altogether governed by humours. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear Lady, my brach, howl in Irish.

Lady P. Wouldst thou have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady P. Then be still.

Hot. Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.

Lady P. Now God help thee!

Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.

Lady P. What's that?

Hot. Peace! she sings.

[*Here the lady sings a Welsh song.*

Hot. Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth! Heart! you swear like a comfit-maker's wife. 'Not you, in good sooth,' and 'as true as I live,' and 'as God shall mend me,' and 'as sure as day,'

228, 229. As verse, the first line ending *downe:* in Qq Ff. First as prose by Pope.

230. [The music plays.] Qq Ff. Glendower mutters some Incantations in Welsh and a Musick plays. Capell.

231—236. As six lines, ending *Welsh,...humorous,...musition...musicall,...humors,...Welsh,* in Qq Ff. First as prose by Pope.

234. *should*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. The rest *would.*

235. *governed*] om. Q_7Q_8.

237. *hear Lady, my*] *heare lady my* Q_1. *heare, lady, my* $Q_2Q_3Q_7Q_8$. *heare Lady, my* $Q_4Q_5Q_6$ (*Lady* in italics). *heare* (*Lady*) *my* Ff.

brach] *breech* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.

238. *thou*] Q_1Q_2. The rest omit.

246. *Kate*] Q_1Q_2. The rest omit.

248, 251. *Not...day,'*] As prose in Qq. As four lines, ending *sooth?... wife:...live;...day:* in Ff. Pope prints as prose to *Finsbury* (253).

248. *Heart*] om. Ff.

249. *like*] *like to* Collier MS.

you] *yours* Collier (Collier MS).

250. *and 'as*] *as* Collier MS.

And givest such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,
As if thou never walk'st further than Finsbury.
Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leave 'in sooth,'
And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,
To velvet-guards and Sunday-citizens.
Come, sing.

Lady P. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be red-breast teacher. An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and so, come in when ye will. [*Exit.*

Glend. Come, come, Lord Mortimer; you are as slow
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.
By this our book is drawn; we'll but seal,
And then to horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *London. The palace.*

Enter the KING, PRINCE of WALES, *and others.*

King. Lords, give us leave; the Prince of Wales and I
Must have some private conference: but be near at hand,

253. *As if*] *As* Steevens conj. *walk'st*] *walk'dst* Pope. *further*] *fur'* S. Walker conj.
256. *protest*] *protests* Hanmer.
260. *red-breast*] *Robin-Red-Breast* Pope.
261. *An*] Capell. *and* QqFf. *if* Pope.
262. *ye*] *you* Q_8.
263. *Come, come*] *Come on* Collier MS. *as slow*] *slow* $Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
264. *hot Lord*] Ff. *Hot. Lord* Q_1 Q_2Q_3. *Hot, Lord* Q_4. *Hot Lord* Q_5 $Q_6Q_7Q_8$ (*Hot* in italics).
265, 266. *By...immediately*] As in QqFf. *book is*] *book's* Steevens. *we'll*] *we will* Rowe (ed. 2). *we'll...to*] *we'll seal and then To* Capell. *we'll but seal and then To* Malone. *we'll seal and part To* Collier (Collier MS.). *we'll but seal, then start* Keightley conj.

SCENE II.] SCENE IV. Pope. London.] Capell. Windsor. Pope. The palace.] A room in the Palace. Capell.

1, 2. *Lords,...hand*] As four lines in Ff.

2. *at hand*] om. Pope.

For we shall presently have need of you. [*Exeunt Lords.*
I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;
But thou dost in thy passages of life
Make me believe that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

Prince. So please your majesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse
As well as I am doubtless I can purge
Myself of many I am charged withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devised,
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,
By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

King. God pardon thee! yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supplied,
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood:

4. *God*] Qq. *Heaven* Ff.
8. *thy*] Q_1Ff. The rest *the*.
13. *bare*] *base* Rowe.
attempts] *attaints* Hanmer.
15. *to*] Qq. *too* Ff.
18. *would*] *wish* Pope.
23. *in*] *on* Johnson conj.
29. *God*] Qq. *Heaven* Ff.
God...Harry] As two lines in Ff.

The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the soul of every man
Prophetically do forethink thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir
But like a comet I was wonder'd at;
That men would tell their children 'This is he;'
Others would say 'Where, which is Bolingbroke?'
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dress'd myself in such humility
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at: and so my state,
Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a feast
And wan by rareness such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled and soon burnt; carded his state,
Mingled his royalty with capering fools,
Had his great name profaned with their scorns
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys and stand the push

38. *do*] *does* Rowe. *doth* Anon. conj.
46. *By*] *But* Warburton.
54. *the presence*] *presence* Q_2.
55. *did I*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. The rest *I did.*
59. *wan*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *wanne* Q_7Q_8. *wonne* $F_1F_2F_3$. *won* F_4.
61. *bavin*] *braine* Dering MS. *baven* Hanmer.
62. *carded his*] *'scarded his* Hanmer (Warburton). *discarded his* Heath conj. *discarded* Collier MS. *candled his* Jackson conj.
63. *capering*] *capring* Q_1. The rest *carping. catering* Jackson conj.
66. *at*] *with* Hanmer.

Of every beardless vain comparative,
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity;
That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes;
But rather drowzed and hung their eyelids down,
Slept in his face and render'd such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorged and full.
And in that very line, Harry, standest thou;
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
With vile participation: not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more;
Which now doth that I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

Prince. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,
Be more myself.

King. For all the world
As thou art to this hour was Richard then

69. *Enfeoff'd*] Ff. *Enfeoft* Q_1Q_2 $Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *Enforc't* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
71, 72. *They...loathe*] Arranged as in Pope. As one line in QqFf.
72. *sweetness*] *sweets* Capell.
a little] *little* Pope. *a little pleases* Long MS.
78. *Afford*] *Offer'd* Heath conj.
81. *But*] *They* Hanmer.
82. *render'd*] *rendring* Q_8.
83. *use*] *do* Capell conj.
to] Q_1Q_2. *to doe to* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6$ $F_1Q_7Q_8$. *to do* $F_2F_3F_4$.
85. *standest*] QqFf (*stanedst* Q_4). *stand'st* Rowe (ed. 2).
90. *that*] *what* Pope.
do] *done* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
93. *myself.*] *myself than I*— Seymour conj.
For] *Harry, for* Hanmer.
94. *to*] *at* Pope.

When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh,
And even as I was then is Percy now.
Now, by my sceptre and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state
Than thou the shadow of succession;
For of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm,
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws,
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on
To bloody battles and to bruising arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renowned Douglas! whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions and great name in arms
Holds from all soldiers chief majority
And military title capital
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ:
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathling clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprizes
Discomfited great Douglas, ta'en him once,
Enlarged him and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The Archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate against us and are up.
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear,

95. *foot at*] *forth at* $F_2F_3F_4$. *forth to* Rowe (ed. 2).
98. *to*] *in* Mason conj.
99. *thou the*] Q_1. The rest *thou, the.*
104. *reverend*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. The rest *reverent.*
107. *renowned*] *renowmed* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
109. *soldiers*] *souldiours*, Q_2. *souldier*: Q_3.
112. *this*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. The rest *the.* *Hotspur, Mars*] Warburton. *Hotspur Mars* Qq. *Hotspur Mars*, Ff. *swathling*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. The rest *swathing.*
114. *him once*] *his son* Theobald conj.
116. *deep*] *the deep* F_2.
119. *Mortimer*] *and Mortimer* Rowe.
123. *near'st*] Q_5Q_6Ff. The rest *nearest* or *neerest.* *near'st and*] *nearest*, Anon. conj.
124. *Thou that*] *That thou* Q_6Q_7 Q_8. *Thou* $F_2F_3F_4$.

Base inclination and the start of spleen,
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels and curtsy at his frowns,
To show how much thou art degenerate.
Prince. Do not think so; you shall not find it so:
And God forgive them that so much have sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head
And in the closing of some glorious day
Be bold to tell you that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood
And stain my favours in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it:
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.
For every honour sitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promise here:
The which if He be pleased I shall perform,

128. *thou art degenerate*] *degenerate thou art.* Reed (1803).
130. *God*'] Qq. *Heaven* Ff.
so much have] *have so much* Reed (1803).
136. *stain*] *hide* Capell conj.
favours] *favour* Hanmer. *features* Capell conj.
142. *sitting*] $Q_1Q_2Q_7Q_8F_2F_3F_4$. *fitting* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6F_1$.
143. *on*] *one* Q_6.
144. *shames*] *shame* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
148. *up*] Q_1Q_2Ff. The rest *my*.
151. *his*] *the* Mason conj.
153. *God*'] Qq. *Heaven* Ff.
154. *if...perform,*] Qq (*performe:* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *performe.* Q_7Q_8). *if I performe, and doe survive,* F_1. *if I promise, and doe survive,* $F_2F_3F_4$. *if I perform 't and do survive,* Hanmer. *my promise if I do survive* Long MS.
perform] *perform it* Keightley conj.

I do beseech your majesty may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.
King. A hundred thousand rebels die in this:
Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust herein.

Enter BLUNT.

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed.
Blunt. So hath the business that I come to speak of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word
That Douglas and the English rebels met
The eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury:
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.
King. The Earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day;
With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster;
For this advertisement is five days old:
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward;
On Thursday we ourselves will march: our meeting
Is Bridgenorth: and, Harry, you shall march
Through Gloucestershire; by which account,
Our business valued, some twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of business: let's away;
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay. [*Exeunt.*

156. *intemperance*] Qq. *intemperature* Ff.
157. *bands*] *bonds* Rowe.
158. *a*] *an* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
thousand] *thousands* Q_4Q_6.
161. Enter Blunt.] Ff. Qq place it after line 162.
162. *Blunt? thy*] *blunt thy* Q_1.
163. *hath*] *is* Rowe (ed. 2).
170. *forth*] *fourth* Q_6.
173. *Harry*] *son Harry* Capell.
you shall] Q_1Q_2. The rest *thou shalt*.
174—176. *On...account*] Arranged as by Steevens. See note (xv).
175. *Is*] *Is at* Pope.
176, 177. *account...valued*] Omitted by Pope.
180. *him*] *them* $F_2F_3F_4$.
men] *we* Pope (ed. 2).

SCENE III. *Eastcheap. The Boar's-Head Tavern.*

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am withered like an old apple-john. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse: the inside of a church! Company, villanous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it: come sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; swore little; diced not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrowed, three or four times; lived well, and in good compass: and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass, out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life: thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop, but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp.

SCENE III.] SCENE V. Pope.
Eastcheap...] A Tavern in East-cheap. Pope.
6. *An*] Pope. *And* QqFf.
12. *make*] *to make* Mason conj.
14. *to a*] *to* Q_6Q_7.
15. *quarter*—] Hanmer. *quarter* QqFf.
17. *all compass*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. The rest *compass*.
21. *my*] *thy* F_1F_2.
22. *thou bearest*] *that bears* Bubier conj.
in] *not in* Theobald conj.
23. *Knight*] *King* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.

Bard. Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn: I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a Death's-head or a memento mori: I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple: for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, 'By this fire, that's God's angel:' but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou rannest up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an ignis fatuus or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire any time this two and thirty years; God reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

Enter HOSTESS.

How now, Dame Partlet the hen! have you inquired yet who picked my pocket?

Host. Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir John? do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I

25. *harm*] *harmee* Q_7.

29. *burning, burning*] *burning* F_3 F_4.

30. *given*] *give* Q_8.

31, 32. *that's...angel*] *that...angel* Q_1Q_2. Omitted in Ff.

33. *son*] Q_4. *sonne* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *sunne* $Q_5Q_6F_1Q_7F_2Q_8$. *sun* F_3F_4.

34. *rannest*] *runst* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
Gadshill] *Gads-Head* F_2.

35. *thou*] $Q_1Q_2F_3F_4$. The rest *that thou*.

37. *an*] *and* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.

41. *at*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *as* Q_5Q_6Ff. *of* Q_7Q_8.

42. *yours*] *thine* Hanmer.

43. *God*] Qq. *Heaven* Ff.

44. *'Sblood*] om. Ff.

45. *God-a-mercy*] om. Ff.
sure to be] om. Q_7Q_8.

46. Enter Hostess.] Enter Hotspurre F_2.

have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. Ye lie, hostess: Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair; and I'll be sworn my pocket was picked. Go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who, I? no; I defy thee: God's light, I was never called so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John. I know you, Sir John: you owe me money, Sir John; and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pound.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face; what call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks: I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.

Host. O Jesu, I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper!

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup: 'sblood,

52. *tithe*] Theobald. *tight* QqFf.
55. *a hair*] *haires* Q_8.
56. *woman*] *false woman* Anon. conj.
57. *no*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. The rest omit. *God's light*] Omitted in Ff.
65. *they*] Qq. *and they* Ff.
66, 67. *eight shillings*] Ff. *viii. s.* Qq.
68. *by-drinkings*] $Q_4Q_5FfQ_7Q_8$. *bydrinkings* Q_1. *bydrinkings* $Q_2Q_3Q_6$.
68, 69. *four and twenty*] Ff. *xxiiii.* Qq.
69. *pound*] Qq. *pounds* Ff.
73. *them...them*] *him...him* F_3F_4.
78. *O Jesu*] om. Ff.
79. *that that*] *that* Q_8. *that the* Pope.
80. *sneak-cup*] *sneak-cap* Q_8. *'sblood*] om. Ff.

an he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter the PRINCE *and* PETO, *marching, and* FALSTAFF *meets them playing on his truncheon like a fife.*

How now, lad! is the wind in that door, i' faith? must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

Prince. What sayest thou, Mistress Quickly? How doth thy husband? I love him well; he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Prithee, let her alone, and list to me.

Prince. What sayest thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket picked: this house is turned bawdy-house; they pick pockets.

Prince. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

Prince. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your grace say so: and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is; and said he would cudgel you.

Prince. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox; and

81. *an*] Boswell. *and* Qq. *and if* Ff.

82. ...and Peto,] Theobald. om. QqFf. and Pointz, Steevens. See note (XVI).

them] Theobald. him QqFf.

83. *i'faith*] om. Ff.

83, 84. As two lines in $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$, the first ending *i'faith*.

85. *fashion.*] Qq Ff. *fashion?* Reed (1803).

88. *doth*] Q_1Q_4. *doeth* Q_2Q_3. *dow* Q_5Q_6. *does* FfQ_7Q_8.

97. *forty*] *a forty* Capell (corrected in MS.).

pound] *pounds* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.

101. *as*] om. F_2.

106. *in a*] $Q_1F_3F_4$. The rest *a*.

107. *drawn*] *train'd* Theobald conj.

for womanhood, Maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing! why, a thing to thank God on.

Host. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou shouldst know it; I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?

Fal. What beast! why, an otter.

Prince. An otter, Sir John! why an otter?

Fal. Why, she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so: thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave, thou!

Prince. Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day you ought him a thousand pound.

Prince. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal! a million: thy love is worth a million: thou owest me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

Prince. I say 'tis copper: darest thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare: but as thou art prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

Prince. And why not as the lion?

109. *thing*] Qq. *nothing* Ff.
111, 112. *God*] Qq. *Heaven* Ff.
112. *no thing*] $Q_5Q_6F_1Q_7Q_8$. The rest *nothing*.
122. *an*] om. F_1F_2.
127. *ought*] QqFf. *ow'd* Rowe.
138. *man*] Q_1Q_2. The rest *a man*.
139. *prince*] Qq. *a prince* Ff.

Fal. The king himself is to be feared as the lion: dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, I pray God my girdle break.

Prince. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty in this bosom of thine; it is all filled up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed rascal, if there were anything in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded, if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain: and yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong: art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest in the state of innocency Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villany? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man; and therefore more frailty. You confess then, you picked my pocket?

Prince. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee: go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am pacified still. Nay, prithee, be gone. [*Exit Hostess.*] Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad, how is that answered?

Prince. O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee: the money is paid back again.

143. *an*] Capell. *and* Qq. *if* Ff. *an if* Steevens.

144. *I pray God*] Qq. *let* Ff.

147. *all*] om. Reed, Collier, Delius.

148. *midriff*] *midriffes* Q_7Q_8.

157. *should*] *would* $F_2F_3F_4$.

162—165. *Hostess...gone*] As six lines in Ff.

163. *cherish*] Qq. *and cherish* Ff.

164. *guests*] Ff. *ghesse* Q_1. The rest *ghests* or *ghestes*.

165. *pacified still.*] Ff. *pacified still:* Qq. *pacify'd,—still?*— Hanmer. *prithee*] *prethee* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. The rest *I prethee*.

166. [Exit...] QqFf. Exit Hostess weeping. Hanmer.

court: for] Theobald. *court for* QqFf.

168, 169. As three lines in Ff.

168. *beef*] *beoffe* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labour.

Prince. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwashed hands too.

Bard. Do, my lord.

Prince. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief, of the age of two and twenty or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous: I laud them, I praise them.

Prince. Bardolph!

Bard. My lord?

Prince. Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster, to my brother John; this to my Lord of Westmoreland. [*Exit Bardolph.*] Go, Peto, to horse, to horse; for thou and I have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time. [*Exit Peto.*] Jack, meet me to-morrow in the temple hall at two o'clock in the afternoon.

There shalt thou know thy charge; and there receive
Money and order for their furniture.
The land is burning; Percy stands on high;
And either we or they must lower lie. [*Exit.*

179. *the age of*] om. Ff.

180. *two and twenty*] *xxii.* Qq. *thereabouts*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. The rest *thereabout.*

181. *God*] Qq. *Heaven* Ff.

185—190. *Go bear.....afternoon.*] As prose by Pope. As six lines, ending *Lancaster... Westmerland...and I...time...hall...afternoon*, in QqFf.

186. *to my brother*] *My brother* Capell.

187. [Exit Bardolph.] Dyce.

Go,] *go,*— Johnson. om. Capell.

Peto] *Poins* Steevens (Johnson conj.). See note (XVI).

to horse, to horse] Q_1Q_2. The rest *to horse.*

188. *yet*] om. Capell. See note (XVII).

[Exit Peto.] Edd. Exit Pointz. Dyce.

190. *afternoon*] *afternoon precisely* Keightley conj.

191, 192. *There...furniture.*] As in QqFf. As prose by Pope.

194. *we or they*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. The rest *they or we.*

[Exit.] Dyce. Exeunt Prince, Peto, and Bar. Capell.

Fal. Rare words! brave world! Hostess, my breakfast, come!
O, I could wish this tavern were my drum! [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, *and* DOUGLAS.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot: if speaking truth
In this fine age were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general current through the world.
By God, I cannot flatter; I do defy
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself:
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.
Doug. Thou art the king of honour:
No man so potent breathes upon the ground
But I will beard him.
Hot. Do so, and 'tis well.

195. *Rare...come*] As two lines in Ff.

196. [Exit.] Capell. Exeunt. Qq. Exeunt omnes. Ff.

Sc. 1. The...] Malone. At Shrewsbury. Pope. The rebel camp before Shrewsbury. Capell.

Enter Hotspur...] $Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. Omitted in Q_1. Enter Harrie Hotspurre... Ff.

1. Hot.] Per. Q_1 (and throughout the scene).

2. *thought*] *through* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.

6. *God*] Qq. *heaven* Ff.

do] Q_1. The rest omit.

7. *tongues*] *tongue* Q_7Q_8.

10. *Thou*] *I doubt it not; thou* Seymour conj.

11, 12. *ground But*] *ground.—But* Staunton conj.

12. *Do so*] *Do* Pope.

12, 13. *Do so...you.*] Arranged as by Capell. As prose in Qq. As two lines, ending *there?...you*, in Ff.

Enter a Messenger *with letters.*

What letters hast thou there?—I can but thank you.
Mess. These letters come from your father.
Hot. Letters from him! why comes he not himself?
Mess. He cannot come, my lord; he is grievous sick.
Hot. 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick
In such a justling time? Who leads his power?
Under whose government come they along?
Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.
Wor. I prithee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?
Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;
And at the time of my departure thence
He was much fear'd by his physicians.
Wor. I would the state of time had first been whole
Ere he by sickness had been visited:
His health was never better worth than now.
Hot. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.
He writes me here, that inward sickness—
And that his friends by deputation could not
So soon be drawn, nor did he think it meet

Enter...] Enter one with letters. Qq. Enter a messenger. Ff (after *beard him*).

13. *hast thou*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5F_2F_3F_4$. *have you* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *hast* F_1.

14. *These letters*] *These* Pope. *These letters, my good lord,* Capell.
come] om. Steevens conj.
father.] *father,*— Malone.

15, 16. *Letters...grievous sick.*] As four lines in Ff.

16. *he is*] *he's* Pope.

17. *'Zounds! how has he*] Qq (*has* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$). *How? has he* F_1F_2. *How? has he* F_3F_4. *Heav'ns! how has he* Pope.
sick] Qq. *sick now* Ff.

20. *bear*] *beare* Q_7Q_8. *beares* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6F_1F_2F_3$. *bears* F_4.
not I, my lord] Capell. *not I my mind* Q_1Q_2. The rest *not I his mind* (*minde* $F_1F_2F_3$). *not I.* Hot. *His mind!* Hanmer (Warburton).
[Hotspur opens them and reads. Capell.

24. *physicians*] *Phisitions* Q_1Q_3. *Phisicions* Q_2. *Phisition* $Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *Physician* Ff. *Phisicion* Q_7. *Physicion* Q_8.

25. *time*] *times* Q_6.

31. *inward*] *an inward* Keightley conj.
sickness—] Rowe. *sicknesse.* Q_6. *sicknesse,* the rest. *sickness holds him;* Capell. Malone supposes a line lost.

32, 33. Arranged as by Capell. QqFf end line 32 at *deputation.*

To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any soul removed but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,
That with our small conjunction we should on,
To see how fortune is disposed to us;
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the king is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?
Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.
Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off:
And yet, in faith, it is not; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it: were it good
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good; for therein should we read
The very bottom and the soul of hope,
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.
Doug. Faith, and so we should;
Where now remains a sweet reversion:
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what
Is to come in:
A comfort of retirement lives in this.

44. *it is not; his*] *it is not, his* Q_1. *it is not his* $Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6F_1F_2Q_7Q_8$. *'tis not his* F_3. *'tis not, his* F_4.

45, 46. Arranged as in Qq. Line 45 ends at *finde it* in Ff.

46, 47. *set...set*] S. Walker conjectures that one of these is corrupt.

47. *main*] *mine* F_3F_4.

48. *hour?*] *houre?* Q_7Q_8. *houre*, or *hour*, the rest.

49. *read*] *reade* $Q_3F_1F_2$. *risque* or *rend* Johnson conj. *tread* Malone conj. *reap* Jackson conj. *dare* Mitford conj. *reach* Grant White conj.

49, 50. *read...bottom*] *rend...blossom* Bullock conj.

50. *soul*] *sound* Staunton conj.

52—55. *Of...in*] Keightley would read as three lines, ending *now...boldly ...in.*

52. *Faith*] *I' faith* S. Walker conj. ending lines 52—55 at *fortunes ...remains...spend...come in.*

54. *We may*] *We now may* Pope. *And we may* Capell. *We may thus* Grant White. *We* Anon. conj. See note (XVIII).

54, 55. *We may...come in:*] As in Steevens. As one line in Qq. As two, the first ending *hope*, in Ff.

what Is] *what tis* Q_1. *what t'is* $Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *what is* Ff. *what 'tis* Q_7. *what's* Q_8.

56. *retirement*] *retrievement* Becket conj.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.
Wor. But yet I would your father had been here.
The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no division: it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty and mere dislike
Of our proceedings kept the earl from hence:
And think how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction
And breed a kind of question in our cause;
For well you know we of the offering side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,
And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us:
This absence of your father's draws a curtain,
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.
Hot. You strain too far.
I rather of his absence make this use:
It lends a lustre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprise,
Than if the earl were here; for men must think,
If we without his help can make a head
To push against a kingdom, with his help
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

61. *hair*] *haire* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *heaire* Q_4. *heire* $Q_5Q_6F_1F_2Q_7Q_8$. *heir* F_3F_4. *air* Boswell conj. *dare* Staunton conj. *hour* Bubier conj. *air* Carleton conj.

62. *it*] *if* F_2.

69. *offering*] *offending* Pope. *offerring* Jackson conj.

73. *father's*] *fathers* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. The rest *father.*

75. *of*] *upon* Pope.

You] *Come, you* Capell.

78. *dare*] *glare* Pope.
our] Q_1Q_2. The rest *your.*

81. *a kingdom*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. The rest *the kingdom.*

82. *shall o'erturn*] *shal oreturne* Q_1. *shall or'eturne* Q_2. *shall or turne* Q_3. *shall, or turn* $Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *shall o're-turne* Ff (*o'return* F_4). *should o'erturn* Collier MS.

Doug. As heart can think: there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

Enter SIR RICHARD VERNON.

Hot. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.
Ver. Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him Prince John.
Hot. No harm: what more?
Ver. And further, I have learn'd,
The king himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.
Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass?
Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms;
All plumed like estridges that with the wind
Baited like eagles having lately bathed;
Glittering in golden coats, like images;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;

84, 85. As in Qq. As three lines, ending *thinke:...Scotland...feare.*, in Ff.

85. *term*] *tearme* Q_1 Q_2 Q_3 Q_4. *deame* Q_5Q_6. *dreame* $F_1Q_7F_2Q_8$. *dream* F_3F_4.

86. SCENE II. Pope.

89. *hitherwards*] *hitherward* Q_8. *hither* Pope.

with him Prince John] Q_1. The rest *with Prince John. with Prince John of Lancaster* Pope.

91. *is*] Q_1Q_2. The rest *hath*.

92. *Or*] *And* Keightley conj.

intended] *intendeth* Collier MS.

94. As two lines in Ff.

95. *madcap Prince*] Q_1. The rest *madcap, Prince.*

96. *daff'd*] *daft* QqFf. *daffe* Hanmer.

97. *furnish'd,...arms;*] *furnisht? ...armes?* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.

98. *plumed*] *plumde* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$ Q_5. *plumpe* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *plum'd* Ff.

that with] *that wing* Rowe. *and with* Hanmer. *that whisk* Tyrwhitt conj.

wind] *wind are fann'd* Keightley conj.

98, 99. *plumed.....wind Baited*] *plum'd!...wind Bated:* Johnson conj.

99. *Baited*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4F_3F_4$. *Bayted* $Q_5Q_6F_1Q_7Q_8F_2$. *Baiting* Hanmer. *Bated* Malone. See note (XIX).

Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.
Hot. No more, no more: worse than the sun in March,
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war
All hot and bleeding will we offer them:
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh
And yet not ours. Come, let me taste my horse,
Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales:
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet and ne'er part till one drop down a corse.
O that Glendower were come!
Ver. There is more news:
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.
Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.
Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.
Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach unto?
Ver. To thirty thousand.

103. *Wanton...bulls*] Placed by Capell after line 101.
104. *on*] *up* Hanmer (Warburton).
105. *cuisses*] Pope. *cushes* QqFf.
107. *vaulted with such*] *vault with such an* Capell. *vault it with such* Malone.
108. *dropp'd*] *drop* Q_1. The rest *dropt*.
111. As two lines in Ff.
116. *altar*] *altars* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
119. *taste*] Q_2. *tast* Q_1. The rest *take*. *test* Anon. conj.
122. *to Harry shall, hot*] Capell. *to Harry shal hot* Q_1. *to Harry, shall hot* Q_2. The rest *to Harry, shall not*. *to Harry shall, and* Rowe (ed. 2). *to Harry shall* (*not...horse*) Theobald.
126. *cannot*] *can* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
127. *of yet*] *of it* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.

Hot. Forty let it be:
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day.
Come, let us take a muster speedily:
Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.
Doug. Talk not of dying: I am out of fear
Of death or death's hand for this one half-year. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A public road near Coventry.*

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack: our soldiers shall march through; we'll to Sutton Co'fil' to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. An if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all; I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at town's end.

Bard. I will, captain: farewell. [*Exit.*

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet. I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeoman's sons; inquire me out contracted bache-

132. *powers*] *power* Rowe.
133. *take a muster*] *muster* Q_7Q_8. *make a muster* Reed (1803).
136. [Exeunt.] Qq. Exeunt omnes. Ff.
SCENE II.] SCENE III. Pope. A... Coventry. Theobald.
3. *Co'fil'*] Edd. *cophill* or *cop-hill* QqFf. *colfield* Hanmer.
7. *An if it do*] Hanmer. *And if it do* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$Ff. *And it do* Q_6 Q_7Q_8. *An it do* Capell.
9. *at*] Qq. *at the* Ff.
11. *not*] Q_1Q_2Ff. The rest omit.
13. *a hundred and fifty*] Ff. 150. Qq.
three hundred] Ff. 300. Qq.
14, 15. *press...inquire*] *pressed... inquired* Collier MS.

lors, such as had been asked twice on the banns; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lieve hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toasts-and-butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins'-heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as indeed were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters and ostlers trade-fallen, the cankers of a calm world and a long peace, ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat: nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for indeed I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half shirt is two napkins tacked together and thrown over

16. *banns*] Johnson. *banes* QqFf.
18. *caliver*] *cu'verin* Pope.
19. *fowl*] Rowe (ed. 2). *foule* Q_1 Q_2Q_3. The rest *foole* or *fool*. *deer* Hanmer. *sorel* Johnson conj. *wolf* Jackson conj.
wild-duck] *wild fowl* Hanmer.
pressed] *prest* QqFf. *press* Rowe (ed. 2).
21. *bought*] *brought* Q_8.
24. *licked*] *lick* Anon. conj.
27. *ostlers*] *ostlers*, $Q_1FfQ_7Q_8$.
28. *a long*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. The rest *long*.
ten] om. $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
dishonourable] *dishonourably* Pope.
29. *old faced*] Steevens. *olde fazd* Q_1Q_2. *old fazde* Q_3. *olde fazde* Q_4. *old faczde* Q_5. *old fac'd* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *old-fac'd* Ff. *old-feast* Warburton. *old pieced* Collier MS. *old patch'd* Grant White conj.
30. *that have*] Ff. *as have* Qq.
31. *that I had*] *I had* Pope.
32. *tattered*] *tottered* Qq. *totter'd* F_1F_2. *tatter'd* F_3F_4.
36. *through*] *thorow* Q_7Q_8.
37. *betwixt*] *between* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
39. *but*] Rowe. *not* QqFf. *not but* Keightley conj.

the shoulders like an herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Alban's, or the red-nose innkeeper of Daventry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter the PRINCE *and* WESTMORELAND.

Prince. How now, blown Jack! how now, quilt!

Fal. What, Hal! how now, mad wag! what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire? My good Lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy: I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The king, I can tell you, looks for us all: we must away all night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me: I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

Prince. I think, to steal cream indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

Prince. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure they never learned that of me.

Prince. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs bare. But, sirrah, make haste: Percy is already in the field.

42. *at*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. The rest *of*.
43. *red-nose*] *red nos'd* Pope.
Daventry] F_2. *Davintry* Q_1 $Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5F_1$. *Daintry* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *Dayntry* F_3F_4.
44. Westmoreland.] Lord of Westmerland. QqFf.
52. *all night*] Qq. *all to night* Ff.
53. *me*] *tell me* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
61. *better*] *a better* Q_2.
69. *on the ribs*] *in the ribs* Q_1Q_2.

Fal. What, is the king encamped?
West. He is, Sir John: I fear we shall stay too long.
Fal. Well,
To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast
Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, *and* VERNON.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.
Wor. It may not be.
Doug. You give him then advantage.
Ver. Not a whit.
Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?
Ver. So do we.
Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.
Wor. Good cousin, be advised; stir not to-night.
Ver. Do not, my lord.
Doug. You do not counsel well:
You speak it out of fear and cold heart.
Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,
And I dare well maintain it with my life,
If well-respected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear
As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives:
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle

72. *Sir John*] *John* $F_2F_3F_4$.
we shall] *we'll* or *we* S. Walker conj.
73, 75. As prose in QqFf. As verse first by Pope.
74. *To the*] *the* Q_8.
latter] *later* Q_4.
the beginning] *beginning* Pope.
SCENE III.] SCENE IV. Pope.
The Rebel...] Malone. At Shrewsbury.
4. *So...His is*] *And so...His* Anon. conj.
His] *He* Theobald.
7. *You speak*] *Then speake* Q_6. *Thou speak'st* Q_7Q_8.
and] *and from* Pope. *and a* Collier (Collier MS.).
8. *Do me no*] *Do not* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
10. *bid*] *bids* Capell.
12. *my lord*] om. Capell.
this day] om. Pope.
13, 14. *Let...fears*] As one line in Qq.
13. *it*] om. $Q_2Q_3Q_4$.

Which of us fears.

Doug. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,
Being men of such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition: certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half of himself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy
In general, journey-bated and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours:
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[*The trumpet sounds a parley.*

Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

Hot. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and would to God
You were of our determination!
Some of us love you well; and even those some
Envy your great deservings and good name,
Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And God defend but still I should stand so,
So long as out of limit and true rule

14. Doug.] om. Q_3Q_4.
16, 17. *I wonder...are*] Arranged as by Pope. As one line in QqFf.
17. *as you are*] om. Steevens, 1793 (Ritson conj.), reading *I wonder... leading* as one line.
19. *horse*] *horses* Q_7Q_8.
21. *horse*] *horses* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
24. *half the half*] *halfe, halfe* Pope. *half halfe* Theobald.
of himself] *of him himselfe* Q_7 Q_8. *himself* Steevens (1793).
28. *ours*] $Q_6FfQ_7Q_8$. The rest *our*.
30. SCENE V. Pope.
offers] *offer* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
38. *God*] Qq. *Heaven* Ff.

You stand against anointed majesty.
But to my charge. The king hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs, and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty. If that the king
Have any way your good deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs; and with all speed
You shall have your desires with interest
And pardon absolute for yourself and these
Herein misled by your suggestion.
Hot. The king is kind; and well we know the king
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father and my uncle and myself
Did give him that same royalty he wears;
And when he was not six and twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the shore;
And when he heard him swear and vow to God
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
To sue his livery and beg his peace,
With tears of innocency and terms of zeal,
My father, in kind heart and pity moved,
Swore him assistance and perform'd it too.
Now when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceived Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less came in with cap and knee;

41. *But...know*] As two lines in Ff.
43. *breast*] *rest* Capell conj.
44. *teaching his*] *teaching's* S. Walker conj.
46. *Have*] *Hath* Capell conj.
48. *griefs*] *griefe* Q_7Q_8.
49. *desires*] *desire* Q_7Q_8.
52. *The king...king*] As two lines in Ff.
54. *and my*] Q_1Q_2. The rest *my*.
with my Collier MS.
61. *but to be*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_5F_1$. *but to the* $Q_4Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *to be but* $F_2F_3F_4$.
62. *sue*] *sue out* F_3F_4.
63. *With...zeal*] Capell proposed to insert after line 60.
innocency] *innocence* Pope.
64. *pity moved*] *pity-moved* Anon. conj.
65. *him*] *his* Q_8.
68. *The more*] *They more* F_4.

Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs, as pages follow'd him
Even at the heels in golden multitudes.
He presently, as greatness knows itself,
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurgh;
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts and some strait decrees
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth,
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for;
Proceeded further; cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites that the absent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personal in the Irish war.
Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.
Hot. Then to the point.
In short time after, he deposed the king;
Soon after that, deprived him of his life;
And in the neck of that, task'd the whole state;
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March,
Who is, if every owner were well placed,
Indeed his king, to be engaged in Wales,
There without ransom to lie forfeited;
Disgraced me in my happy victories,
Sought to entrap me by intelligence;

70. *Attended*] *Attend* $Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
72. *heirs, as pages*] *heirs, as pages,* F_4. *heirs as pages;* Rann (Malone conj.). *heirs as pledges,* Long MS. *follow'd*] *following* Pope.
80. *lie*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. The rest *lay*.
82. *country's*] Rowe. *countries* $Q_5Q_6F_1Q_7F_2Q_8$. *countreys* F_3F_4. *country* Q_4. *countrey* Q_1. *countrie* Q_2Q_3.
89. *Tut*] om. Pope.
92. *task'd*] *tax'd* Johnson conj.
94. *well*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. om. $Q_5Q_6F_1Q_7F_2Q_8$. *right* F_3F_4. *due* Collier MS.
95. *engaged*] *encag'd* Pope ed. 2, (Theobald).

Rated mine uncle from the council-board;
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court;
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,
And in conclusion drove us to seek out
This head of safety; and withal to pry
Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king?

Hot. Not so, Sir Walter: we'll withdraw awhile.
Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall my uncle
Bring him our purposes: and so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and love.

Hot. And may be so we shall.

Blunt. Pray God you do.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *York. The* ARCHBISHOP'S *palace.*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK *and* SIR MICHAEL.

Arch. Hie, good Sir Michael; bear this sealed brief
With winged haste to the lord marshal;
This to my cousin Scroop, and all the rest
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they do import, you would make haste.

99. *mine*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. The rest *my.*
101. *committed*] *committing* $F_2F_3F_4$.
104. *title*] *title too* Pope.
the which we find] *which we find to be* Keightley conj.
107. *Not...awhile*] As two lines in Ff.
109. *a safe*] *the safe* Q_7Q_8.
111. *purposes*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. The rest *purpose.*
113. *And*] *And't* FfQ_7Q_8. *It* Pope.
God] Qq. *Heaven* Ff.
SCENE IV.] SCENE VI. Pope.
York...] The Archbishop of York's palace. Theobald.
Sir Michael.] A gentleman. Capell.
1. *Michael*] *Mighell* or *Mighel* or *Michell* or *Michael* QqFf.
2. *marshal*] *mareshal* Pope.
4, 5. *If...import*] As one line in Ff.

Sir M. My good lord,
I guess their tenour.
Arch. Like enough you do.
To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch; for, sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand,
The king with mighty and quick-raised power
Meets with Lord Harry: and, I fear, Sir Michael,
What with the sickness of Northumberland,
Whose power was in the first proportion,
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
Who with them was a rated sinew too
And comes not in, o'er-ruled by prophecies,
I fear the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the king.
Sir M. Why, my good lord, you need not fear;
There is Douglas and Lord Mortimer.
Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.
Sir M. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,
And there is my Lord of Worcester and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.
Arch. And so there is: but yet the king hath drawn
The special head of all the land together:
The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland and warlike Blunt;

6. *My good lord*] *My lord* Pope; omitted by Capell.

6, 7. *My...tenour*] As in Steevens; as one line in QqFf.

7. *you do*] om. Pope.

16. *with*] Q_1Q_2Ff. The rest omit.

17. *a rated sinew*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *rated firmely* Q_5Q_6FFQ_7Q_8.

18. *o'er-ruled*] Pope. *over-rulde* Qq (*over rulde* Q_1). *over-rul'd* Ff.

21, 22. *Why... There is*] Keightley would read as one line.

21. *you need not fear*] Omitted by Pope, reading as prose. *I think, you need not fear* Capell.

22. *Douglas*] *the Douglas* Capell, ending lines 21—23 at *fear;...No... there.* See note (xx).

Lord] om. Steevens.

22, 23. *Douglas...there*] As one line, Keightley conj.

24. *Lord*] *L.* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$. om. Pope.

25, 26. *And...gentlemen*] As in Qq. As three lines in Ff, ending *Worcester,...warriors,...gentlemen.*

25. *there is*] *there's* Pope.

And many moe corrivals and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.
Sir M. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well opposed.
Arch. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;
And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed:
For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,
For he hath heard of our confederacy,
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him:
Therefore make haste. I must go write again
To other friends; and so farewell, Sir Michael. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The* KING'S *camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter the KING, PRINCE OF WALES, LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER, EARL OF WESTMORELAND, SIR WALTER BLUNT, *and* FALSTAFF.

King. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky hill! the day looks pale
At his distemperature.
Prince. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.
King. Then with the losers let it sympathise,

31. *moe*] QqFf. *more* Rowe. *corrivals*] Ff. *corivals* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *corivales* $Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *corrivales* Q_7Q_8.
33. *they*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. The rest *he*.
36. *not*,] Q_2Q_3. *not* The rest.
38. *of*] om. F_2.

ACT V. SCENE I. The King's...] The camp at Shrewsbury. Theobald. Shrewsbury. Pope.
Enter...] See note (XXI).
2. *busky*] *bosky* Capell conj.
5. *by his*] Q_1Q_2Ff. *by the* Q_3. The rest *by*.

For nothing can seem foul to those that win.

[*The trumpet sounds.*

Enter WORCESTER *and* VERNON.

How now, my Lord of Worcester! 'tis not well
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet. You have deceived our trust,
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What say you to it? will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war?
And move in that obedient orb again
Where you did give a fair and natural light,
And be no more an exhaled meteor,
A prodigy of fear and a portent
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?

Wor. Hear me, my liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours; for, I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

King. You have not sought it! how comes it, then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

Prince. Peace, chewet, peace!

Wor. It pleased your majesty to turn your looks
Of favour from myself and all our house;
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account

8. *foul*] *soure* F_2. *sowre* F_3F_4.
and Vernon] and Sir Richard Vernon. Theobald. om. QqFf.
13. *old*] *old uneasie* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
17. *move*] *more* Q_8.
25. *do*] Ff. om. Qq.
27. *it*] *it, sir* Pope. *it, say* Collier (Collier MS.).
29. *chewet*] *chevet* Pope.

Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time. You swore to us,
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:
To this we swore our aid. But in short space
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head;
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,
What with our help, what with the absent king,
What with the injuries of a wanton time,
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious winds that held the king
So long in his unlucky Irish wars
That all in England did repute him dead:
And from this swarm of fair advantages
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the general sway into your hand;
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;
And being fed by us you used us so
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,
Useth the sparrow; did oppress our nest;
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk
That even our love durst not come near your sight
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
We were enforced, for safety sake, to fly
Out of your sight and raise this present head;

40. *outdare*] Q_1Ff. The rest *out-date* or *out-date.*

41. *dangers*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. The rest *danger.*

42. *Doncaster*] FfQ$_8$. The rest *Dancaster.*

43. *purpose*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. The rest *of purpose.*

46. *swore*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *sweare* Q_5 Q_6Q_7. *sware* FfQ$_8$.

50. *a wanton*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. The rest *wanton.*

53. *his*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. The rest *the.*

55. *And*] *As* Capell.
this] *his* Q_6Q_7.

58. *Doncaster*] Q_6FfQ$_7$Q$_8$. The rest *Dancaster.*

60. *cuckoo's bird*] *cuckoo-bird* S. Walker conj.

Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you yourself have forged against yourself
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

King. These things indeed you have articulate,
Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,
Which gape and rub the elbow at the news
Of hurlyburly innovation:
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colours to impaint his cause;
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pellmell havoc and confusion.

Prince. In both your armies there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy: by my hopes,
This present enterprise set off his head,
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant or more valiant-young,
More daring or more bold, is now alive
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry;
And so I hear he doth account me too;
Yet this before my father's majesty—

67. *we stand*] *you stand* Capell.
71. *sworn*] *swore* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
your] om. F_1F_2.
72. *things*] *thihges* Q_5.
articulate] Qq. *articulated* Ff.
81. *moody*] *muddy* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
83. *your*] Qq. *our* Ff.
armies] *armes* Q_6.
84. *this*] *this bold* Pope. *this day's* Seymour conj.
87. *Henry*] *Harry* Q_7Q_8.
88. *off*] Ff. *of* Qq.
90. *active-valiant*] Theobald. *active, valiant* Q_1Q_2Ff. The rest *active, more valiant.*
valiant-young] Theobald. *valiant yong* or *valiant young* QqFf. *valued young* Hanmer. *valiant tough* Heath conj.

I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

King. And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,
Albeit considerations infinite
Do make against it. No, good Worcester, no,
We love our people well; even those we love
That are misled upon your cousin's part;
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he and they and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again and I'll be his:
So tell your cousin, and bring me word
What he will do: but if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us
And they shall do their office. So, be gone;
We will not now be troubled with reply:
We offer fair; take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt Worcester and Vernon.*

Prince. It will not be accepted, on my life:
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

King. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;
For, on their answer, will we set on them:
And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

[*Exeunt all but the Prince of Wales and Falstaff.*

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

100. *a single*] *single* $Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$.
101. *venture*] QqF$_4$. *venter* F$_1$F$_2$ F$_3$.
103. *No...no*] *Know...know* Mason conj.
Worcester] Qq. *Worster* Ff.
106. *And, will they...grace,*] *And will, they...grace;* Pope.
108. *friend*] *griend* Q_6.
109. *So...cousin*] *Go,...cousin so* Anon. conj.
and bring] *and return* Pope. *and then bring* Capell. *go, and bring* Seymour conj.
word] *word again* Keightley conj.
110. *yield*] *yeelds* Q_6.
111. *wait*] *waight* Q_1.
114. Exeunt W....] Exit W. with Vernon. Theobald. Exit W. QqFf.
120. Exeunt...] Exeunt: manent Prince, Falst. Qq. Exeunt. Manet Prince and Falstaffe. Ff.
121. SCENE II. Pope.

Prince. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would 'twere bed-time, Hal, and all well.

Prince. Why, thou owest God a death. [*Exit.*

Fal. 'Tis not due yet; I would be loath to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? no: or an arm? no: or take away the grief of a wound? no. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? no. What is honour? a word. What is in that word honour? what is that honour? air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? he that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. 'Tis insensible, then. Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? no. Why? detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it. Honour is a mere scutcheon: and so ends my catechism. [*Exit.*

121—125. As four lines in QqFf, ending *battel...friendship...friendship ...farewell.*

122. *me, so;*] Ff. *me, so,* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *me, so.* Q_4. *me so,* the rest.

125. *'twere*] *twere* Q_1. The rest *it were.*

126. *God*] Qq. *Heaven* Ff.

[Exit.] Exit Prince. Hanmer. om. QqFf.

130. *Yea*] om. Ff.

131. *how then? Can*] $Q_2Q_3F_1F_2$. *how then can* $Q_1Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *how then can,* Q_7. *how then, can* Q_8. *how then; can* F_3F_4.

set to] *set too* F_1F_2.

133, 134. *What is in...that honour?*] Q_1Q_3. *What is in that word? honor: what is that honour?* Q_2. *what is that word honor? what is that honor?* Q_4. *what is that word honour?* $Q_5Q_6FfQ_7Q_8$. *what is that word?* Capell conj.

135. *o'*] Hanmer. *a* QqFf.

136. *'Tis*] *Tis* Qq. *Is it* Ff.

137. *will it not*] *will not* Q_1.

SCENE II. *The Rebel Camp.*

Enter WORCESTER *and* VERNON.

Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,
The liberal and kind offer of the king.
Ver. 'Twere best he did.
Wor. Then are we all undone.
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults:
Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes;
For treason is but trusted like the fox,
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks,
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot;
It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood;
And an adopted name of privilege,
A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen:
All his offences live upon my head

SCENE II.] SCENE III. Pope.
The Rebel Camp.] Percy's Camp. Theobald.
Vernon.] Sir Richard Vernon. QqFf.
2. *liberal and kind*] *liberal-kind* S. Walker conj. *kind and liberal* Anon. conj.
and kind] Q_1. The rest *kind.*
3. *are we all undone*] $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *are we all under one* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *we are all undone* Ff.
5. *should*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. The rest *would.*
7. *other*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. The rest *others.*
8. *Suspicion*] Rowe (ed. 2). *Supposition* QqFf. *Suppose then* Rowe (ed. 1). S. Walker conjectures that four syllables are lost before *Suspicion.*
all our lives shall be] *shall be all* Steevens (Farmer conj.).
9. *treason*] *reason* Q_8.
10 *ne'er*] *ne're* Ff. *never* Qq.
12. *we*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. The rest *he.*
merrily] *merely* Q_1. *merily* Q_2.
15. *cherish'd, still*] Q_1 omits the comma.

And on his father's; we did train him on,
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
In any case, the offer of the king.

Ver. Deliver what you will; I'll say 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

Enter HOTSPUR *and* DOUGLAS.

Hot. My uncle is return'd:
Deliver up my Lord of Westmoreland.
Uncle, what news?

Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.

Doug. Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly. [*Exit.*

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworn:
He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen; to arms! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,

22. *ta'en*] *a taint* Warburton conj.

26, 27. *Deliver...cousin*] As one line in Qq.

26. *'tis*] om. Q_7Q_8.

27. *your*] *you* Q_5.

Enter...] Rowe. Enter Percy. Q_1. The rest, Enter Hotspurre (Hotspur F_4).

28—30. *My...news?*] Arranged as in QqFf. As two lines by Capell, ending *up...news?*

32, 33. *Defy...so*] Given to Hotspur by Capell.

33. *go you*] *go you then* Theobald. *do you go* Capell. *go you too* or *go yourself* Keightley conj.

34. *and shall*] *I shall* Pope. *and very*] *very* Q_7Q_8.

36. *any? God forbid*] *any of him? God forbid* Hanmer.

36, 37. *God forbid!* Wor. *I told*] Wor. *God forbid! I told* S. Walker conj.

37. *our*] *your* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.

39. *now forswearing*] *new-forswearing* S. Walker conj.

41. Re-enter D.] Enter D. QqFf.

And Westmoreland, that was engaged, did bear it;
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.
Wor. The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the king,
And, nephew, challenged you to single fight.
Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to-day
But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How show'd his tasking? seem'd it in contempt?
Ver. No, by my soul; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urged more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man;
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,
Making you ever better than his praise
By still dispraising praise valued with you;
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself;
And chid his truant youth with such a grace
As if he master'd there a double spirit
Of teaching and of learning instantly.
There did he pause: but let me tell the world,
If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.
Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamoured
On his follies: never did I hear
Of any prince so wild a libertine.
But be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,

51. *tasking*] Q_1. The rest *talking*. *taking* Jackson conj.
60. *By still.....you*] Omitted by Pope. Put in brackets by Warburton.
63. *with such*] *with* F_2. *so with* F_3F_4.
64. *there*] *then* Collier (Collier MS.).
71. *On his*] QqFf. *Upon his* Pope. *Ev'n on his* or *on H.'s* (i.e. *Harry's*) Anon. conj.
72. *a libertine*] Capell. *a libertie* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *at libertie* Q_5. *at liberty* $Q_6FfQ_7Q_8$. *in liberty* Hanmer. *o' liberty* Collier. *of liberty* Collier MS. See note (XXII).

That he shall shrink under my courtesy.
Arm, arm with speed: and, fellows, soldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to do
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.
Hot. I cannot read them now.
O gentlemen, the time of life is short!
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!
Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, prepare; the king comes on apace.
Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking; only this—
Let each man do his best: and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.

76. *fellows,*] F_4. *fellowes,* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *fellows* Q_4. *fellow's* Q_5. *fellowes* Q_6. *fellow's,* $F_1F_2F_3$. *fellow* Q_7Q_8.

78. *Than*] F_2F_4. *Then* $Q_1Q_2F_3$. The rest *That.*

80, 81. *here are...cannot*] *Here's ...can't* S. Walker conj.

83. *were*] *'twere* Hanmer.

84. *If*] *Tho'* Rowe.

85. *ending*] *ended* Q_7Q_8.
hour.] *hour—* Keightley conj., or he supposes a line may have been lost.

86. *An if*] Capell. *And if* QqFf. *if we live*] *if he live* Q_6Q_7.

88. *are*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. The rest *is.*

89. *of*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. The rest *for.*
Enter...Messenger.] Ff. Enter another. Qq.

93. *draw I*] Qq. *I draw* Ff.

93, 94. Arranged as by Pope. Line 93 ends at *sword* in QqFf.

94. *A sword*] *my sword* F_4.
whose temper] *Whose worthy temper* Ff.

Now, Esperance! Percy! and set on.
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace;
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.
[*The trumpets sound. They embrace, and exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Plain between the camps.*

The King enters with his power. Alarum to the battle. Then enter DOUGLAS *and* SIR WALTER BLUNT.

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle thus
Thou crossest me? what honour dost thou seek
Upon my head?
Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus
Because some tell me that thou art a king.
Blunt. They tell thee true.
Doug. The Lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeness, for instead of thee, King Harry,
This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

97. *Esperance*] *Esperanza* Theobald.
and set on] *and so set on* Hanmer.
100. *For, heaven to earth,*] *For* (*heaven to earth*) Pope. *For heaven to earth*, QqFf. *From heaven to earth* Dering MS. *'Fore heaven and earth* Collier MS. *For here on earth* Singer.
101. *second*] *sucond* F_1.
[The trumpets ..exeunt.] See note (XXIII).
SCENE III.] Capell. SCENE VI. Pope. om. Ff.
Plain...] Capell.
1—3. *What...head?*] Arranged as by Capell. As two lines, ending *me?...head?* in QqFf..
1. *the*] Hanmer. om. QqFf.
1, 2. *in the battle thus Thou*] *thus in battle* Pope.
2. *Thou crossest*] *Do'st cross* Hanmer.
what] *and what* Hanmer.
5. *a king*] *the king* Seymour conj.
7. *dear*] *deare* or *deere* QqF_1. *heere* F_2. *here* F_3F_4.
10. *my*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. The rest *a*.

Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death. [*They fight. Douglas kills Blunt.*

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.
Doug. All's done, all's won; here breathless lies the king.
Hot. Where?
Doug. Here.
Hot. This, Douglas? no: I know this face full well:
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;
Semblably furnish'd like the king himself.
Doug. A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes!
A borrowed title hast thou bought too dear:
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?
Hot. The king hath many marching in his coats.
Doug. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats;
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.
Hot. Up, and away!
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter FALSTAFF, *solus.*

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here; here's no scoring but upon the pate. Soft!

11. *a yielder, thou proud*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *to yeeld, thou proud* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *to yeeld, thou haughty* Ff.
Scot] *Sot* Q_5.
13. *Lord*] *Lords* F_1.
[They...Hotspur.] They fight, Douglas kils Blunt, then enter Hotspur. Qq (enters $Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$). Fight, Blunt is slaine, then enters Hotspur. Ff.
14. *Holmedon*] *Holmsdon* Q_8.
15. *triumph'd upon*] *triumpht upon* Q_1Q_2. *triumpht over* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *triumphed o're* Ff.
19. *this face*] *his face* Theobald.
22. *A fool go*] Capell. *Ah foole, go* Qq. *Ah foole: go* Ff (*foole:* F_4).
whither] *whether* F_1. *where-e'er* Capell.
23. *borrowed*] *borrow'd* Rowe.
25. *marching*] *masking* Dyce (Collier MS.).
29. Alarum] FfQ_7Q_8. The rest Alarme.

who are you? Sir Walter Blunt: there's honour for you! here's no vanity! I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels. I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered: there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter the PRINCE.

Prince. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are yet unrevenged: I prithee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I prithee, give me leave to breathe awhile. Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

Prince. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee. I prithee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

Prince. Give it me: what, is it in the case?

32. *are you?*] *art thou?* $F_2F_3F_4$.
34. *God*] Qq. *heaven* Ff.
35. *ragamuffins*] *rag of Muffins* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5F_1F_2$. *rag of Muffians* $Q_6Q_7Q_8F_3F_4$.
36. *not three*] *but three* Rann (Capell conj.). *not but three* Keightley conj.
36, 37. *hundred and fifty*] 150. QqFf.
37. *they are*] Qq. *they* Ff.
39. *stand'st*] *stands* Q_1.
40. *nobleman*] *Nobleman* FfQ_7Q_8. *noble man* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *Noble man* Q_5Q_6.
42. *yet*] Qq. om. Ff. *as yet* Dyce conj.
Whose...sword.] As one line in QqFf.
I prithee] *I prethee* Qq (*prethe* Q_1). *Prethy* F_1F_2. *Prethee* F_3F_4. om. Pope.
lend me] *lend* Steevens.
45. *sure.*] *sure; Percy's safe enough* Johnson conj.
46. *He...thee*] As one line in Qq Ff. First as prose by Steevens.
47. *lend*] *now, lend* Capell.
48. *before God, Hal*] *Hal* Ff. *Hal, 'Fore God* Capell.
49. *get'st*] *gets* Q_1.
50. *is it*] *is't* Capell (reading as verse).

Fal. Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there's that will sack a city. [*The Prince draws it out, and finds it to be a bottle of sack.*

Prince. What, is it a time to jest and dally now? [*He throws the bottle at him. Exit.*

Fal. Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath: give me life: which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an end. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Another part of the field.*

Alarum. Excursions. Enter the KING, *the* PRINCE, LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER, *and* EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

King. I prithee,
Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much.
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

Lan. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

Prince. I beseech your majesty, make up,
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

King. I will do so.
My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

51. *'tis hot, 'tis hot*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. The rest *tis hot.*

52. draws.....sack] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. drawes out a Bottle of Sacke. Ff.

to be] om. $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.

53. *is it*] *is't* Hanmer.

[He...] Qq. Exit. Throwes it at him. Ff.

54. *Well,*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. The rest omit.

I'll] *he'll* Hanmer (Warburton).

55. *way, so:*] *way so,* Q_1. *way: so,* Q_2.

willingly,] (*willingly*) Ff.

SCENE IV.] Capell. Scena Tertia. Ff. SCENE VIII. Pope.

Another...] Capell.

Alarum.] Ff. Alarme. Qq.

1—3. *I prithee...him.*] Arranged as by Steevens (1793). As prose in QqFf. First as verse by Capell (omitting *I prithee*).

2. *bleed'st*] Capell. *bleedest* QqFf.

5. *beseech*] *do beseech* Pope.

6. *your retirement*] *yon retirement* F_1F_2.

7, 8. As one line in Qq.

West. Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.
Prince. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:
And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!
Lan. We breathe too long: come, cousin Westmoreland,
Our duty this way lies; for God's sake, come.
[*Exeunt Prince John and Westmoreland.*
Prince. By God, thou hast deceived me, Lancaster;
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:
Before, I loved thee as a brother, John;
But now, I do respect thee as my soul.
King. I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.
Prince. O, this boy
Lends mettle to us all! [*Exit.*

Enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads:
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them: what art thou,
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?
K. Hen. The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves at heart
So many of his shadows thou hast met
And not the very king. I have two boys
Seek Percy and thyself about the field:
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,

9. *my lord*] *my good lord* Keightley conj.
11, 17. *God*] Qq. *heaven* Ff.
13. *stain'd*] *slain* Capell conj.
16. *God's*] Qq. *heavens* Ff.
[Exeunt...] Capell.
23, 24. *O...all!*] Arranged as by Pope. As one line in QqFf.
24. Enter D.] Alarums. Enter D. Capell.

I will assay thee: so, defend thyself.

Doug. I fear thou art another counterfeit;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:
But mine I am sure thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee. [*They fight; the King being in danger, re-enter Prince of Wales.*

Prince. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again! the spirits
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms:
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee;
Who never promiseth but he means to pay.
[*They fight: Douglas flies.*
Cheerly, my lord: how fares your grace?
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton: I'll to Clifton straight.

King. Stay, and breathe awhile:
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,
And show'd thou makest some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

Prince. O God! they did me too much injury
That ever said I hearken'd for your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you,
Which would have been as speedy in your end
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And saved the treacherous labour of your son.

King. Make up to Clifton: I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey. [*Exit.*

34. *so...thyself*] Ff. *and...thy selfe* Qq. *and so...thyself* Keightley conj. *and...myself* Anon. conj.
38. re-enter...] Enter Prince of Wales. Qq. Enter Prince. Ff.
39. *thy*] *they* F_1.
41. *valiant*] om. Pope.
Blunt...arms] *Massy, Blunt... arm* S. Walker conj., reading *Are... arm* as a separate line.
42. *threatens*] *threates* F_2. *threats* F_3F_4.
43. *he*] om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
flies] flieth or flyeth QqFf.
47. *and*] om. Capell.
48. *thy*] *my* Rowe.
51. *God*] Qq. *heaven* Ff.
52. *hearken'd*] *hunger'd* or *hanker'd* Anon. conj.
for] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. The rest *to*.
58. *Sir*] Ff. *S.* Qq.

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.
Prince. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.
Hot. My name is Harry Percy.
Prince. Why, then I see
A very valiant rebel of the name.
I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.
Hot. Nor shall it, Harry; for the hour is come
To end the one of us; and would to God
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!
Prince. I'll make it greater ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.
Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. [*They fight.*

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal! Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Re-enter DOUGLAS; *he fights with* FALSTAFF, *who falls down as if he were dead, and exit* DOUGLAS. HOTSPUR *is wounded, and falls.*

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth!
I better brook the loss of brittle life
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;

59. SCENE IX. Pope.
60. *speak'st*] *speakest* $F_2F_3F_4$.
61, 62. *Why, then...name.*] As one line in QqFf. Pope omits *Why* and ends line 61 at *see*.
62. *the*] Q_1Q_2. The rest *that*.
69. *God*] Qq. *heaven* Ff.
72. *the*] *thy* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
74. [They fight.] Qq. Fight. Ff.
76. Re-enter Douglas...dead] Enter D....dead. Ff.
fights] fighteth $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
who falls] he falls Qq.
and exit...falls] Capell. The Prince killeth Percie. QqFf.
77. *youth*] *worth* Theobald conj. *growth* Warburton conj.
78. *brook*] *broke* Q_5.

They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh:
But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue: no, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for— [*Dies.*

Prince. For worms, brave Percy: fare thee well, great heart!
Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough: this earth that bears thee dead
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal:
But let my favours hide thy mangled face;
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!
[*He spieth Falstaff on the ground.*
What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spared a better man:
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity!
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,

80. *thy*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. The rest *the*.
sword] *word* Q_8.
81. *thought's the slave*] *thoughts the slaves* Q_1.
84. *earthy and*] Q_1. The other Quartos *earth and*. *earth, and the* Ff.
87. *For*] om. Pope.
thee] om. Ff.
great heart] om. Pope.
92. *thee*] Q_7Q_8. The rest *the*.
95. *dear*] *deare* Q_1. The rest *great*.
96. *favours*] *favour* Warburton.
98. *rites*] *rights* Q_1.
100. *ignominy*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_8F_3F_4$. The rest *ignomy*.
101. *But*] *Be* Capell.
[He spieth...] Qq. om. Ff.
107. *fat*] Q_1Ff. The rest *fair*.

Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.
Embowell'd will I see thee by and by:
Till then in blood by noble Percy lie. [*Exit.*

Fal. [*Rising up*] Embowelled! if thou embowel me today, I'll give you leave to powder me and eat me too tomorrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: to die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: how, if he should counterfeit too, and rise? by my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah [*stabbing him*], with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me. [*Takes up Hotspur on his back.*

Re-enter the PRINCE OF WALES *and* LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER.

Prince. Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou flesh'd
Thy maiden sword.

Lan. But, soft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

Prince. I did; I saw him dead,

111. SCENE X. Pope.
[Rising up] riseth up. QqFf.
113. *'Sblood*] *Zloud* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. om. Ff.
114, 115. *I lie*] om. $Q_5Q_6FfQ_7Q_8$.
120. *'Zounds*] om. Ff.
121. *afraid*] *afeard* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
122. *by my faith*] om. Ff.
124. *killed*] *slew* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
126. [stabbing him] om. QqFf.
127. *with*] om. F_1F_2.
[Takes up...] He takes up... Qq. Takes... Ff.
Re-enter...] Enter Prince John of Lancaster. Q_1. The rest, Enter Prince and John of Lancaster.
128. SCENE XI. Pope.
130. *whom*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *whome* Q_4. The rest *who*.
132—136. *I did.....seem'st*] Arranged as in QqFf. See note (XXIV).

Breathless and bleeding on the ground. Art thou alive?
Or is it fantasy that plays upon our eyesight?
I prithee, speak; we will not trust our eyes
Without our ears: thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man: but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy [*throwing the body down*]: if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

Prince. Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying! I grant you I was down and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, 'zounds, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

Lan. This is the strangest tale that ever I heard.

Prince. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*A retreat is sounded.*

The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours.
Come, brother, let us to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt Prince of Wales and Lancaster.*

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that re-

133. *Breathless and bleeding*] *And breathless* Pope.
138. *be not*] *am not* $F_2F_3F_4$.
139. [throwing...] om. QqFf.
140. *kill*] *flay* Q_6. *slay* Q_7Q_8.
142. *Why*] om. Anon. conj. MS.
killed] *slew* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
143. *this*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. The rest *the*.
148. *take it upon*] Qq. *take't on* Ff.
150. *'zounds*] om. Ff.
would] *will* Q_8.
151. *ever*] Qq. *e're* Ff.
155. [A retreat...] QqFf (retraite $Q_1Q_2Q_3$).
156. *trumpet sounds*] *trumpets sound* $Q_4Q_5Q_6$Ff.
ours] *our* Q_1.
158. [Exeunt...] Exeunt. QqFf.

wards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly as a nobleman should do. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *Another part of the field.*

The trumpets sound. Enter the KING, PRINCE OF WALES, LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER, EARL OF WESTMORELAND, *with* WORCESTER *and* VERNON *prisoners.*

King. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.
Ill-spirited Worcester! did not we send grace,
Pardon and terms of love to all of you?
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenour of thy kinsman's trust?
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
A noble earl and many a creature else
Had been alive this hour,
If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done my safety urged me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

King. Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too:

160. *God*] Qq. *Heaven* Ff.
great] Qq. *great again* Ff.
162. *nobleman*] $Q_4Q_5Q_6F_1Q_7Q_8$. The rest *noble man*.
[Exit.] Exit, bearing off the body. Capell.
SCENE V.] Scæna Quinta. F_2. Scæna Quarta. $F_1F_3F_4$. SCENE XII. Pope.
Another...] Capell.
The trumpets...prisoners.] QqFf.
Westmoreland] Westmoreland, and others. Capell.
1. *rebuke.*] *rebuke*, Q_1.
2. *not we*] Qq. *we not* Ff.
8. *Had*] *Now stiff in death, had* Seymour conj.
13. *Since...it falls*] *Which...falls* Collier (Collier MS.).
14. *the death*] Qq. *death* Ff.

Other offenders we will pause upon.
[*Exeunt Worcester and Vernon, guarded.*
How goes the field?

Prince. The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest;
And falling from a hill, he was so bruised
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace
I may dispose of him.

King. With all my heart.

Prince. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
This honourable bounty shall belong:
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free:
His valour shown upon our crests to-day
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

Lan. I thank your grace for this high courtesy,
Which I shall give away immediately.

King. Then this remains, that we divide our power.
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland
Towards York shall bend you with your dearest speed,
To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:
Myself and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March.

15. [Exeunt...guarded.]Theobald. Exit Worcester and Vernon. Ff. om. Qq.

17. *noble*] *gallant* Pope.

18. *quite turn'd*] *turn'd quite* Q_6 Q_7Q_8.

25, 26. *to you...belong*] Arranged as by Pope. As one line in QqFf.

29, 30. *valour...Hath*] *valours... Have* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.

30. *taught*] *shown* Malone. See note (XXV).

32, 33. *I thank.....immediately*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. Omitted in all the rest.

33. *give away immediately*] *put in act without delay* Collier MS.

36. *Towards*] *Toward* Q_7Q_8.
bend you] *bend, you* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.

37. *the*] om. Pope.

39. *you*] om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
towards] *toward* Q_7Q_8.

Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day:
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won. [*Exeunt.*

41. *sway*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. The rest *way*.

43. *so fair is*] *so far is* Rowe. *so far fair is* Pope. *is so fairly* Capell.

NOTES.

NOTE I.

A list of Dramatis Personæ in MS. of an early time is prefixed to Capell's copy of the sixth Quarto.

'Falstaff' is spelt 'Falstaffe' or 'Falstalffe' in the Quartos, but consistently 'Falstaffe' in the first Folio.

'Poins' is spelt 'Poines' or 'Poynes' in the Quartos, and occasionally, in the Folio, 'Pointz,' as it is in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, III. 2. 63.

'Bardolph,' spelt thus, or 'Bardolfe,' in the Folio, is 'Bardoll' or 'Bardol' in the Quartos. We retain the spelling which is most familiar in names so well known.

NOTE II.

I. 1. 28. Mr Staunton says that 'now is twelve *months* old' is the reading of the first Quarto. Capell's copy has 'now is twelue *month* old.'

NOTE III.

I. 1. 62. We take this opportunity of reminding our readers that we have not recorded minute variations of spelling except where they seemed to have importance as helping to determine the text. We give as a general rule the spelling of the earliest copy.

NOTE IV.

I. 1. 73. Capell says: "Too hasty a perusal of a passage in Holinshed betray'd Shakespeare into a mistake in this place. The 'earl of

Fife' was not 'son to Douglas' but to a duke of Albany, as the same chronicler tells us soon after; and in this passage too, was it rightly pointed, and a little attended to: for that duke was then governour; *i.e.* of Scotland; and the word governour should have a comma after it, or (rather) a semi-colon." He goes on to say that the mistake is repeated I. 3. 261, and proposes to give historical truth to both these passages by reading:

(1) 'Prisoners to Hotspur are
Mordake the earl of Fife; and he himself
The beaten Douglas; and with him, &c.'

(2) 'And make the regent's son your only mean
For powers in Scotland.'

That is (says Capell) by delivering him, as it appears they did by some words of the Poet himself, p. 85 (*i.e.* IV. 4. 23), where the earl of Fife is spoken of as making a part of Hotspur's army at Shrewsbury.

NOTE V.

I. 1. 75—77. The first and second Quartos read:

'A gallant prize? Ha coosen, is it not? In faith it is.
West. A conquest for a Prince to boast of,'

leaving a blank between 'not?' and 'In faith.' The subsequent Quartos and the Folios have the same reading without the blank. Pope reads:

'A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?
West. In faith, a conquest for a prince to boast of.'

Rann has, for the second line,

'*West.* 'Faith 'tis a conquest for a prince to boast of,'

a reading which Malone by mistake assigns to Pope.

Malone himself gives:

'*West.* In faith, it is a conquest for a prince
To boast of.'

Capell reads:

'*West.* It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.'

Dr Nicholson proposes:

'A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not,
In faith?
West. A conquest for a prince to boast of.'

For, he says, 'In faith' sounds too familiar to be addressed by a subject to his king.

NOTE VI.

I. 2. 56. "Here," says Mr Dyce, "all the old copies, I believe, have '—when thou art *a* king' &c. but erroneously." Four of the Quartos, the first, second, seventh and eighth, have 'when thou art king,' which is unquestionably the right reading.

NOTE VII.

I. 2. 97. The first and second Quartos read as in the text. The third and following Quartos and the Folios print *Poines* in italics, as if the words 'Now shall we know...true man' were spoken by him.

NOTE VIII.

I. 2. 148. Theobald was the first to suggest that Harvey and Rossill were the names of the actors who performed the parts of Peto and Bardolph. But in II. 4. 165, 167, 171 for '*Ross.*' which is found in the Quartos the Folios substitute not '*Bard.*' but '*Gad.*' i.e. '*Gadshill.*'

NOTE IX.

I. 2. 175. Steevens claimed as his own conjecture the reading 'to-night,' which Capell had adopted in his text. Mr Knight punctuates, 'and meet me. To-morrow night, &c.'

NOTE X.

II. 1. 6, 11. Either the article or the pronoun was intentionally omitted in these passages, in order to give rusticity to the carriers' language. The Folios supply the article in the former passage, but leave the latter untouched.

NOTE XI.

II. 1. 72. We have recorded Jackson's conjecture in this passage as a curiosity. Its full value can only be appreciated by reading his

own explanation. In many other cases the emendations of Becket and Jackson are quoted as amusing instances of the licence which they permitted themselves.

NOTE XII.

II. 2. 46, 47. The first and second Quartos here read 'Bardoll, what newes?' as part of Poins's speech, and in the same line with it. The third, fourth, fifth and sixth have, '*Bardol* what newes?' the seventh and eighth, '*Bardol*, what newes?' *Bardol* being in italics. In the Folios, '*Bardolfe*, what newes?' is put in a separate line, and this arrangement appears to have suggested Johnson's conjecture. We have omitted, as unnecessary, many of the stage directions which editors have introduced into this scene, because the whole affair takes place in the dark.

NOTE XIII.

II. 4. 245. Capell's misprint, 'how plain a tale,' which he corrected in MS. as well as in his notes, was followed by Malone and other editors.

NOTE XIV.

II. 4. 481. Johnson was the first to suggest that Poins and not Peto should remain with the Prince. 'I cannot but suspect,' he says, 'that for Peto we should read Poins: what had Peto done that his place should be honourable, or that he should be trusted with the plot against Falstaff? Poins has the prince's confidence, and is a man of courage. This alteration clears the whole difficulty, they all retired but Poins, who, with the prince, having only robbed the robbers, had no need to conceal himself from the travellers.' Johnson's last-mentioned reason for the alteration has less weight when we consider that they all wore vizards. In favour of his conjecture we find that the Dering MS. has 'Poynes' for 'Peto' in line 523, and in the stage directions to lines 504, 508, 524. On the other hand, the formal 'Good morrow, good my lord' is appropriate to Peto rather than to Poins, who was on much more familiar terms with the prince, and rarely addresses him in this play except as 'Hal.' We have therefore left the old text undisturbed.

NOTE XV.

III. 2. 174—176. The first Quarto, whose arrangement is followed in all the other Quartos, reads:

> 'On thursday we our selues will march. Our meeting
> Is Bridgenorth, and Harry, you shall march
> Through Glocestershire, by which account...'

The first Folio has:

> 'On Thursday, wee our selues will march.
> Our meeting is Bridgenorth: and Harry, you shall march
> Through Glocestershire: by which account,...'

Pope altered the passage thus:

> 'On Thursday we ourselves will march: our meeting
> Is at Bridgenorth; and Harry, you shall march
> Through Glo'stershire: by which, some twelve days hence
> Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.'

Capell's arrangement, taking in the previous line, is as follows:

> 'On wednesday next, son Harry, you shall set
> Forward; on thursday, we ourselves will march.
> Our meeting is Bridgnorth and, Harry, you
> Shall march through Glocestershire; by which account...'

NOTE XVI.

III. 3. 81. Theobald was the first to insert the words 'and Peto' in the stage directions. They are omitted in the Quartos and Folios, and Steevens following Johnson's conjecture, changed them to 'and Pointz.' This alteration is supported by the reading of the Dering MS. in line 186, 'Poynes' for 'Peto.' But 'Peto' is found in the text in III. 3. 186. It is true, as Johnson points out, that Peto is afterwards (IV. 2. 9) mentioned as Falstaff's lieutenant, but this may be the honourable place which the prince had promised him (II. 4. 519).

NOTE XVII.

III. 3. 187. Steevens adopted, without acknowledgement, Capell's arrangement:

> 'Jack,
> Meet me to-morrow in the Temple hall.'

NOTE XVIII.

IV. 1. 54. It is not improbable that a line may have been lost after *reversion.*

NOTE XIX.

IV. 1. 99. We leave this obscure passage as it stands in the old copies. Possibly, as Steevens suggested, a line has dropped out after *wind.* The phrase 'wing the wind' seems to apply to ostriches (for such is unquestionably the meaning of 'estridges') less than to any other birds. Mr Dyce quotes a passage from Claudian (*In Eutropium*, II. 310—313) to justify it:

> 'Vasta velut Libyæ venantum vocibus ales
> Cum premitur, calidas cursu transmittit arenas,
> Inque modum veli sinuatis flamine pennis
> Pulverulenta volat.'

But this means that the bird spreads its wings like a sail bellying with the wind—a different thing from 'winging the wind.'

Malone, agreeing with Steevens that a line might have been lost, suggested the following:

> 'All plum'd like estridges, that with the wind
> *Run on, in gallant trim they now advance:*
> Bated like eagles, &c.'

NOTE XX.

IV. 4. 22. We leave these lines as they are in the Quartos and Folios. Pope read the passage, perhaps rightly, as prose. Steevens smoothed the lines thus:

> '*Gent.* Why, good my lord, you need not fear; there's Douglas,
> And Mortimer.
> *Arch.* No, Mortimer's not there.'

NOTE XXI.

V. 1. We have followed the Quartos, Folios, and all editors till Capell's time, in leaving the 'Earl of Westmoreland' among the persons entering. He does not speak, indeed, but it might be intended that he should be present as a mute person for the nonce. On the same principle we have left 'Lord John of Lancaster' in the stage direction of I. 1.

NOTE XXII.

v. 2. 72. Mr Collier reads 'wild o' liberty,' observing in a note that the three oldest Quartos have this reading. The true reading of these Quartos, and the fourth, is what we have given in the foot-note, 'wild a libertie.' Mr Grant White retains it in his text, interpreting 'never did I hear so wild a liberty reported of any prince.' Pope also adopted this reading without any note of explanation. Theobald restored what he called 'the reading of the old copies' and punctuated thus: 'Of any prince, so wild, at liberty.'

NOTE XXIII.

v. 2. 101. The stage direction of the first Quarto is literally as follows: *Here they embrace the trumpets sound, the King enters with his power, alarme to the battel, then enter Douglas, and Sir Walter Blunt.* The Folios have substantially the same, omitting the word '*Here.*' They indicate no change of scene in this place. The Quartos do not, either here or elsewhere, mark any division into act or scene.

NOTE XXIV.

v. 4. 136, sqq. Pope reads thus:

'I did, I saw him dead
And breathless on the ground: art thou alive,
Or is it Fancy plays upon our eye-sight?
I pr'ythee speak, we will not trust our eyes
Without our ears: thou art not what thou seem'st.'

Capell thus:

'I did; I saw him dead, breathless and bleeding
Upon the ground.—
Art thou alive? or is it fantasy,
That plays upon our eye-sight? I pr'ythee, speak;
We will not trust our eyes without our ears:
Thou art not what thou seem'st.'

NOTE XXV.

v. 5. 30. Malone reads 'shewn' on the authority of the Quarto of 1598. But Capell's copy of that edition has 'taught,' and this is the reading of Malone's own copy, now in the Bodleian Library.

THE SECOND PART OF

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ[1].

RUMOUR, the Presenter.
KING HENRY the Fourth.
HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, afterwards King Henry V.,
THOMAS, DUKE OF CLARENCE,
PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER,
PRINCE HUMPHREY OF GLOUCESTER,
} his sons.
EARL OF WARWICK.
EARL OF WESTMORELAND.
EARL OF SURREY.
GOWER.
HARCOURT.
BLUNT.
Lord Chief-Justice of the King's Bench.
A Servant of the Chief-Justice.
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.
SCROOP, Archbishop of York.
LORD MOWBRAY.
LORD HASTINGS.
LORD BARDOLPH.
SIR JOHN COLVILLE.
TRAVERS and MORTON, retainers of Northumberland.
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
His Page.
BARDOLPH.
PISTOL.
POINS.
PETO.
SHALLOW,
SILENCE,
} country justices.
DAVY, Servant to Shallow.
MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, and BULLCALF, recruits.
FANG and SNARE, sheriff's officers.

LADY NORTHUMBERLAND.
LADY PERCY.
MISTRESS QUICKLY, hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.
DOLL TEARSHEET.

Lords and Attendants; Porter[2], Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

A Dancer, speaker of the epilogue.

SCENE: *England.*

[1] DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.] THE ACTORS NAMES. Ff (at the end of the play). om. Q. See note (1).

[2] Lords...Porter] om. Ff.

THE SECOND PART OF

KING HENRY IV.

INDUCTION.

Warkworth. Before the castle.

Enter Rumour, *painted full of tongues.*

Rum. Open your ears; for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing when loud Rumour speaks?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity
Under the smile of safety wounds the world:
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters and prepared defence,
Whiles the big year, swoln with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe

Induction.] Ff. See note (11).
Warkworth...castle.] Capell.
Enter...tongues.] Q. Enter Rumour. Ff.
6. *tongues*] Q. *tongue* Ff.
8. *men*] Q. *them* Ff.
13. *Whiles*] Q. *Whil'st* Ff.
year] *ear* Hanmer.
grief] *griefe* Q. *griefes* F_1F_2. *griefs* F_3F_4.

Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures,
And of so easy and so plain a stop
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my household? Why is Rumour here?
I run before King Harry's victory;
Who in a bloody field by Shrewsbury
Hath beaten down young Hotspur and his troops,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
To speak so true at first? my office is
To noise abroad that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword,
And that the king before the Douglas' rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns
Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me: from Rumour's tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs.
[*Exit.*

16. *surmises*] QF_1. *surmise* F_2 F_3F_4.

19. *still-discordant wavering*] *still-discordant-wavering* Pope.

21. *anatomize*] F_4. *anothomize* Q. *anathomize* $F_1F_2F_3$.

28. *so true*] QF_1. *of truth* F_2F_3 F_4.

33. *peasant towns*] *peasant townes* Q. *peasant-Townes* F_1F_2. *peasant-Towns* F_3. *Peasant Towns* F_4. *pleasant towns* Collier MS.

34. *that*] Q. *the* Ff.

35. *worm-eaten hold*] Theobald. *worme-eaten hole* Q. *Worm-eaten-Hole* Ff.

36. *Where*] Ff. *When* Q.

37. *crafty-sick*] Pope. *crafty sicke* QF_1F_2. *crafty sick* F_3F_4.

39. *me:*] *me*, Q. *me.* Ff.

40. [Exit.] Ff. Exit Rumours. Q.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter LORD BARDOLPH.

L. Bard. Who keeps the gate here, ho?

The Porter *opens the gate.*

Where is the earl?

Port. What shall I say you are?

L. Bard. Tell thou the earl
That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Port. His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard:
Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himself will answer.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

L. Bard. Here comes the earl.

[*Exit Porter.*

North. What news, Lord Bardolph? every minute now
Should be the father of some stratagem:
The times are wild; contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose
And bears down all before him.

L. Bard. Noble earl,
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

North. Good, an God will!

SCENE I.] Pope. Scena Secunda. Ff. See note (II).

Enter...] Enter the Lord Bardolfe at one doore. Q. Enter Lord Bardolfe, and the Porter. Ff (Bardolf, F_4). Enter Lord Bardolph; the Porter at the door. Theobald. The Porter above the Gate. Enter Lord Bardolph. Singer (Collier MS.).

1. *here*] om. $F_2F_3F_4$.

6. Enter N.] Ff. Enter the Earle Northumberland. Q.

Here comes] *Here's* Pope.

[Exit Porter.] Dyce.

13. *an God*] *and God* Q. *and heaven* Ff. *if heav'n* Pope. *an heaven* Capell.

L. Bard. As good as heart can wish:
The king is almost wounded to the death;
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,
Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas; young Prince John
And Westmoreland and Stafford fled the field;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir John,
Is prisoner to your son: O, such a day,
So fought, so follow'd and so fairly won,
Came not till now to dignify the times,
Since Cæsar's fortunes!

North. How is this derived?
Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?

L. Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that came from thence,
A gentleman well bred and of good name,
That freely render'd me these news for true.

North. Here comes my servant Travers, whom I sent
On Tuesday last to listen after news.

Enter TRAVERS.

L. Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the way;
And he is furnish'd with no certainties
More than he haply may retail from me.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings comes with you?

Tra. My lord, Sir John Umfrevile turn'd me back
With joyful tidings; and, being better horsed,
Out-rode me. After him came spurring hard
A gentleman, almost forspent with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse.
He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him

25. *my lord,*] Q. (*my L.*) Ff.
28. *whom*] Ff. *who* Q.
29. Enter Travers.] Ff. Enter Travers. Q in margin, opposite lines 25, 26. Pope after line 32.
32. *retail*] *retain* Johnson (1770).
33. SCENE II. Pope.
comes with] Q. *comes from* Ff. *come with* Pope.
34. *Sir*] om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
36. *hard*] *head* F_1.

I did demand what news from Shrewsbury:
He told me that rebellion had bad luck
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.
With that, he gave his able horse the head,
And bending forward struck his armed heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel-head, and starting so
He seem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer question.
North. Ha! Again:
Said he young Harry Percy's spur was cold?
Of Hotspur Coldspur? that rebellion
Had met ill luck?
L. Bard. My lord, I'll tell you what;
If my young lord your son have not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a silken point
I'll give my barony: never talk of it.
North. Why should that gentleman that rode by Travers
Give then such instances of loss?
L. Bard. Who, he?
He was some hilding fellow that had stolen
The horse he rode on, and, upon my life,
Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more news.

Enter MORTON.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume:
So looks the strond whereon the imperious flood

41. *bad*] Q. *ill* Ff.
44. *forward*] QF_3F_4. *forwards* F_1F_2.
armed] Q. *able* Ff. *agile* Pope.
50, 51. *Of Hotspur...luck?*] *Rebellion had ill luck?* Pope.
51. *what*] om. Pope.
54. *never*] *ne'er* Pope.
55. *that gentleman*] Q. *the gentleman* Ff.
57. *hilding*] Q. *hielding* Ff.
59. *Spoke*] Q. *Speake* F_1. *Spake* $F_2F_3F_4$.
at a venture] *at a venter* Q. *at adventure* Ff.
60. SCENE III. Pope.
61. *strond*] *Maine* Dering MS.
whereon] Q. *when* Ff.

Hath left a witness'd usurpation.
Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?
Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord;
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask
To fright our party.
North. How doth my son and brother?
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was burnt;
But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death ere thou report'st it.
This thou wouldst say, 'Your son did thus and thus;
Your brother thus: so fought the noble Douglas:'
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds:
But in the end, to stop my ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with 'Brother, son, and all are dead.'
Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet;
But, for my lord your son,—
North. Why, he is dead.
See what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
He that but fears the thing he would not know
Hath by instinct knowledge from others' eyes
That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak, Morton;
Tell thou an earl his divination lies,
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.
Mor. You are too great to be by me gainsaid:
Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

71. *so woe-begone,*] *Ucalegon* Bentley conj.
74. *Priam*] *Priams* F_2.
79. *my*] QF_3F_4. *mine* F_1F_2.
82. *brother, yet*] Ff. *brother yet* Q.
83. *dead.*] Ff. *dead?* Q.
86. *others'*] *other* Rowe (ed. 2).
87. *chanced*] Q. *chanc'd* Ff.
speak, Morton] *Morton, speak* Pope. *speak, speak* S. Walker conj.
88. *an*] Q. *thy* Ff.

North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.
I see a strange confession in thine eye:
Thou shakest thy head, and hold'st it fear or sin
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so;
The tongue offends not that reports his death:
And he doth sin that doth belie the dead;
Not he which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office, and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd tolling a departing friend.

L. Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

Mor. I am sorry I should force you to believe
That which I would to God I had not seen;
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rendering faint quittance, wearied and outbreathed,
To Harry Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat down
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he never more sprung up.
In few, his death, whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best-temper'd courage in his troops;
For from his metal was his party steel'd;
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead:
And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed,
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim

93—103. North. *Yet, for...friend.*] Bard. *Yet, for...dead.* North. *I see... alive.* Morton. *Yet the first...friend.* Johnson conj.

96. *say so*] Ff. om. Q. *indeed* Seymour conj.

103. *tolling*] Q. *knolling* Ff.

105. *I am*] *I'm* Pope.

106. *God*] Q. *heaven* Ff.

109. *Harry*] Q. *Henrie* F_1. *Henry* $F_2F_3F_4$.

116. *metal*] F_4. *mettal* Q. *mettle* $F_1F_2F_3$.

117. *abated*] *rebated* Warburton.

123. *fled*] *fly* S. Walker conj.

Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field. Then was that noble Worcester
Too soon ta'en prisoner; and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword
Had three times slain the appearance of the king,
'Gan vail his stomach and did grace the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs, and in his flight,
Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
Is that the king hath won, and hath sent out
A speedy power to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaster
And Westmoreland. This is the news at full.

North. For this I shall have time enough to mourn.
In poison there is physic; and these news,
Having been well, that would have made me sick,
Being sick, have in some measure made me well:
And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms, even so my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now enraged with grief,
Are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore, thou nice crutch!
A scaly gauntlet now with joints of steel
Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly quoif!
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron; and approach
The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare bring
To frown upon the enraged Northumberland!
Let heaven kiss earth! now let not Nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confined! let order die!
And let this world no longer be a stage

125. *that*] *the* Hanmer.
126. *Too*] Ff. *So* Q.
137. *these*] Q. *this* Ff.
138. *Having...have*] *That would, had I been well, have* Pope.
139. *have*] *hath* F_3F_4.
144. *Weaken'd with grief*] *Weaken'd with age* or *Weaken'd with pain* Malone conj.
145. [throwing it from him. Capell.
149. *flesh'd*] *flush'd* Capell.
151. *ragged'st*] *rugged'st* Theobald.
155. *this world*] Q. *the world* Ff.

To feed contention in a lingering act;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead!

Tra. This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord.

L. Bard. Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.

Mor. The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er
To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
You cast the event of war, my noble lord,
And summ'd the account of chance, before you said
'Let us make head.' It was your presurmise,
That, in the dole of blows, your son might drop:
You knew he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,
More likely to fall in than to get o'er;
You were advised his flesh was capable
Of wounds and scars and that his forward spirit
Would lift him where most trade of danger ranged:
Yet did you say 'Go forth;' and none of this,
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
The stiff-borne action: what hath then befallen,
Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,
More than that being which was like to be?

L. Bard. We all that are engaged to this loss
Knew that we ventured on such dangerous seas
That if we wrought out life 'twas ten to one;
And yet we ventured, for the gain proposed
Choked the respect of likely peril fear'd;
And since we are o'erset, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth, body and goods.

161. Tra. *This...my lord.*] Capell. Umfr. *This...my lord.* Q. Omitted in Ff. Pope gives this and the next line to Bardolph.

164. *Lean*] *Leaue* Q.
your] *you* Q.

166—179. *You cast...to be?*] Omitted in Q.

178. *brought*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *bring* F_1.

182. *'twas*] *twas* Q. *was* Ff.

183. *ventured,...proposed*] Capell. *venturd...propcsde*, Q. *ventur'd...propos'd*, Ff.

186. *forth,*] *forth;* Ff. *forth* Q.

Mor. 'Tis more than time: and, my most noble lord,
I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,
The gentle Archbishop of York is up
With well-appointed powers: he is a man
Who with a double surety binds his followers.
My lord your son had only but the corpse,
But shadows and the shows of men, to fight;
For that same word, rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their souls;
And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,
As men drink potions, that their weapons only
Seem'd on our side; but, for their spirits and souls,
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond. But now the bishop
Turns insurrection to religion:
Supposed sincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's followed both with body and with mind;
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
Of fair King Richard, scraped from Pomfret stones;
Derives from heaven his quarrel and his cause;
Tells them he doth bestride a bleeding land,
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;
And more and less do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before; but, to speak truth,
This present grief had wiped it from my mind.
Go in with me; and counsel every man
The aptest way for safety and revenge:
Get posts and letters, and make friends with speed:
Never so few, and never yet more need. [*Exeunt.*

188. *do*] Ff. *dare* Q.
truth,] *truth:* Ff. *truth.* Q.
189—209. *The gentle.....follow him.*] Omitted in Q.
192. *corpse*] *corpes* F_1F_2. *corps* F_3F_4. *corpse'* Dyce.
200. *bishop*] *archbishop* Collier (Collier MS.).
204. *enlarge*] *enlard* Warburton conj.
215. *and never*] Q. *nor never* Ff.

SCENE II. *London. A street.*

Enter FALSTAFF, *with his* Page *bearing his sword and buckler.*

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water?

Page. He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water; but, for the party that owed it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me: the brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee like a sow that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgement. Thou whoreson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap than to wait at my heels. I was never manned with an agate till now: but I will inset you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel,—the juvenal, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledged. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand than he shall get one on his cheek; and yet he will not stick to say his face is a face-royal: God may finish it when he will, 'tis not a hair amiss yet: he may

SCENE II.] Steevens. Scena Tertia. Ff. SCENE IV. Pope.

Enter Falstaff, with...] Enter Sir John alone, with... Q. Enter Falstaffe and Page. Ff.

3. *healthy*] *healing* Rowe.

4. *owed*] *own'd* F_4.

5. *for*] *cure for* Capell.

7. *foolish-compounded clay, man*] *foolish-compounded-clay, man* Pope. *foolish compounded clay-man* QFf.

8. *invent*] *vent* Reed (1803).

tends] Ff. *intends* Q.

11. *overwhelmed*] *ouerwhelmd* Q. *o'rewhelm'd* Ff.

15. *manned*] *maim'd* F_3F_4.

16. *agate*] Johnson. *agot* QFf. *aglet* Hanmer.

inset] *in-set* Q. *sette* Ff. *e'en set* Anon. conj.

17, 18. *to your master, for a jewel,*] *for a jewel to your master* Nicholson conj.

jewel,—] *iewell,* Q. *Iewell.* Ff.

juvenal] *juvenil* Rowe (ed. 2).

19. *fledged*] *fledg'd* Ff. *fledge* Q.

20. *on*] *off* Q. *of* Collier conj.

21. *God*] Q. *Heaven* Ff.

22. *he will*] *it will* Pope.

'tis] *tis* Q. *it is* Ff.

keep it still at a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he'll be crowing as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he's almost out of mine, I can assure him. What said Master Dombledon about the satin for my short cloak and my slops?

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph: he would not take his band and yours; he liked not the security.

Fal. Let him be damned, like the glutton! pray God his tongue be hotter! A whoreson Achitophel! a rascally yea-forsooth knave! to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security! The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is through with them in honest taking up, then they must stand upon security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth as offer to stop it with security. I looked a' should have sent me two and twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it: and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lanthorn to light him. Where's Bardolph?

Page. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield: an I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived.

23. *at*] QF_1. *as* $F_2F_3F_4$.
24. *he'll*] *heele* Q. *he will* Ff.
26. *he's*] *hees* Q. *he is* Ff.
27. *Master Dombledon*] *M. Dombledon* Ff. *master Dommelton* Q. *Master Double-done* Steevens conj. *Master Double-down* Mason conj. *Master Dumbleton* Malone (Steevens conj.).
28. *my short*] *short* F_2. *my slops*] Q. *slops* Ff.
30. *band*] Q. *bond* Ff.
32. *pray God*] Q. *may* Ff.
33. *Achitophel*] *Architophel* F_2. *rascally*] *rascall:* Q.
35. *smooth-pates*] Ff. *smoothy-pates* Q.
37. *through*] *thorough* Pope.
38. *lief*] *liue* Q.
40. *a'*] *a* Q. *he* Ff.
41. *a true*] Q. *true* Ff.
45. *Where's Bardolph*] Put by Q in line 44, after *through it.*
46. *into*] Ff. *in* Q.
49. *an*] Malone. *and* Q. *if* Ff. *but*] Q. om. Ff.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice *and* Servant.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait close; I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there?

Serv. Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery?

Serv. He, my lord: but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury; and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the Lord John of Lancaster.

Ch. Just. What, to York? Call him back again.

Serv. Sir John Falstaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder; my master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good. Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

Serv. Sir John!

Fal. What! a young knave, and begging! Is there not wars? is there not employment? doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Serv. You mistake me, sir.

Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat, if I had said so.

Serv. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside; and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Enter the Lord...] Enter Chiefe Justice, and Servant. Ff. Enter Lord chiefe Justice. Q. Enter...servants. Rowe (ed. 2). Enter...his Gentleman following. Capell.

51. SCENE V. Pope.

53. [going. Capell.

55. *an't*] Hanmer. *and't* QFf.

67. *begging*] Q. *beg* Ff.
Is] *Are* Rowe.

68. *king*] QF_4. *K.* $F_1F_2F_3$.

69. *need*] Q. *want* Ff.

74. *sir,...man?*] *sir,...man,* Q. *sir?...man?* Ff.

76. *I had*] *had* F_2.

79. *lie*] *do lie* Capell.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou gettest any leave of me, hang me; if thou takest leave, thou wert better be hanged. You hunt counter: hence! avaunt!

Serv. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord! God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad: I heard say your lordship was sick: I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. An't please your lordship, I hear his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his majesty: you would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, God mend him! I pray you, let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief, from study and perturbation of the brain: I have read the cause of his effects in Galen: it is a kind of deafness.

84. *hunt counter:*] *hunt coũter*, Q. *Hunt-counter*, Ff.
87. *God*] Q. om. Ff. *I* Capell.
88. *of day*] Q. *of the day* Ff.
91. *hath*] Ff. *have* Q.
age] Ff. *an ague* Q. *antique* Anon. conj.
92. *time*] Ff. *time in you* Q.
94. *for you*] QF_2F_3. *you* F_1. *for your* F_4.
96. *An't*] Capell. *And't* Q. *If it* Ff.
97. *discomfort*] *discomfit* Capell conj.
102. *God*] Q. *heaven* Ff.
pray you] Q. *pray* Ff.
105. *an't please your lordship*] Pope. *and't please your lordship* Q. Omitted in Ff.
kind of] Q. om. Ff.
in] Q. *of* Ff.
108. *its*] F_3F_4. *it* QF_1F_2.
109, 110. *his effects*] *its effects* F_4. *it* Pope.

Ch. Just. I think you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not if I do become your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or indeed a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well; the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

Ch. Just. You have misled the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath misled me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loath to gall a new-healed wound: your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gads-hill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

Fal. My lord?

113. Fal.] Ff. Old. Q. See note (111).
an't] Ff. *and't* Q.
117. *attention*] *inattention* Capell.
do become] Q. *be* Ff.
125. *come speak*] QF_1. *speak* $F_2F_3F_4$.
126. *learned counsel*] *counsel learned* Pope.
130. *him*] Ff. *himselfe* Q.
131. *are*] Q. *is* Ff.
132. *is great*] Q. *great* Ff.
134. *slenderer*] Ff. *slender* Q.
136. *young*] *youthful* Capell.
142. *My lord?*] Ff. *My lord.* Q. *My lord—* Singer.

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf is as bad as to smell a fox.

Ch. Just. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassail candle, my lord, all tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Ch. Just. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light; but I hope he that looks upon me will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go: I cannot tell. Virtue is of so little regard in these costermonger times that true valour is turned bear-herd: pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You that are old consider not the capacities of us that are young; you do measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls: and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? is not your voice broken? your wind short? your

145. *to smell*] Ff. *smell* Q.
148. *if*] *but if* Pope.
154. *ill*] Q. *evill* Ff.
155. *ill*] om. Warburton.
156. *without weighing*] *without, weighing* F_1F_2.
157, 158. *go: I...tell.*] Ff. *go. I ...tell,* Q.
158, 159. *costermonger times*] Capell. *costar-mongers times* Q. *Costormongers* F_1F_2. *costermongers dayes* F_3F_4 (*days* F_4).
159. *bear-herd*] F_4. *berod* Q. *beare-heard* F_1F_2. *bear-heard* F_3.
160. *hath his*] Ff. *his* Q.
162. *this*] Ff. *his* Q.
them, are] *the one* Q.
164. *do*] om. Ff.
171, 172. *your chin double*] Q. Omitted in Ff.

chin double? your wit single? and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John!

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head and something a round belly. For my voice, I have lost it with halloing and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgement and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box of the ear that the prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it; and the young lion repents; marry, not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, God send the prince a better companion!

Fal. God send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the king hath severed you and Prince Harry: I hear you are going with Lord John of Lancaster against the Archbishop and the Earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady Peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, and I brandish any thing but a bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it: well, I cannot last ever: but it was

173. *yet*] Q. om. Ff.

175, 176. *about.....afternoon*] Q. Omitted in Ff. *about three of the afternoon* Collier MS.

177. *halloing*] *hallowing* QF_1F_2. *hollowing* F_3F_4.

178. *further*] QF_3F_4. *farther* F_1F_2.

181, 182. *of the*] Q. *of th'* F_1F_2. *oth'* F_3. *o'th'* F_4.

182. *ear*] *yeere* Q.

186, 188. *God*] Q. *Heaven* Ff.

190, 191. *and Prince Harry*] Omitted in Q.

193. *Yea*] Q. *Yes* Ff.

195. *by the Lord, I*] Q. *if I* $F_1F_2F_3$. *I* F_4.

196. *and*] *an* S. Walker conj.

197. *and*] *&* Q. *if* Ff. *an* Capell.

198. *a bottle,*] *a bottle.* Q. *my bottle,* Ff.

I would] Q. *would* Ff.

200. *ever*] *for ever* Collier MS.

200—206. *but it was.....motion*] Omitted in Ff.

alway yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If ye will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is: I were better to be eaten to death with a rust than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest; and God bless your expedition!

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth?

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well: commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[*Exeunt Chief-Justice and Servant.*

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle. A man can no more separate age and covetousness than a' can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the degrees prevent my curses. Boy!

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Go bear this letter to my Lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the Earl of Westmoreland; and this to old Mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin. About it: you know where to find me. [*Exit Page.*] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one or the other plays the rogue with my great toe. 'Tis no matter if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour,

201. *alway yet*] *always* Pope. *always yet* Capell.
202. *ye*] *you* Hanmer.
205. *a rust*] *rust* Reed (Mason conj.). *the rust* Anon. conj.
207. *God*] Q. *heaven* Ff.
213. Exeunt...] Exeunt...Gentleman. Capell. Exit. Ff. om. Q.
215. *a'*] *a* Q. *he* Ff.
217. *degrees*] QFf. *diseases* Dyce (Collier MS.).
228. *on*] Ff. *of* Q.
229. [Exit Page.] Capell. om. Q Ff.
230. *the other*] Q. *th' other* Ff.
231. *'Tis*] *Tis* Q. *It is* Ff.

and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of any thing: I will turn diseases to commodity. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *York. The* ARCHBISHOP'S *Palace.*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP, *the* LORDS HASTINGS, MOWBRAY, *and* BARDOLPH.

Arch. Thus have you heard our cause and known our means;
And, my most noble friends, I pray you all,
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes:
And first, lord marshal, what say you to it?

Mowb. I well allow the occasion of our arms;
But gladly would be better satisfied
How in our means we should advance ourselves
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the power and puissance of the king.

Hast. Our present musters grow upon the file
To five and twenty thousand men of choice;
And our supplies live largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns
With an incensed fire of injuries.

L. Bard. The question then, Lord Hastings, standeth thus;
Whether our present five and twenty thousand

234. [Exit.] Capell. Exeunt. Ff. om. Q.

SCENE III.] Steevens. Scena Quarta. Ff. SCENE VI. Pope. om. Q.

York.] Pope.

The Archbishop's palace.] Theobald.

Enter...] Enter th' Archbishop, Thomas Mowbray (Earle Marshall) the Lord Hastings, Fauconbridge, and Bardolfe. Q. Enter Archbishop, Hastings, Mowbray, and Lord Bardolfe. Ff.

1. Arch.] Bishop. Q (afterwards Bish.).

cause] Q. *causes* Ff.

known] *knowne* Q. *kno* F_1. *know* $F_2F_3F_4$.

2. *And*] *Now* Pope.

5. Mowb.] Marsh. Q. Mow. F_1 F_3F_4. Mor. F_2.

12. *live*] *lie* S. Walker conj.

May hold up head without Northumberland?
Hast. With him, we may.
L. Bard. Yea, marry, there's the point:
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgement is, we should not step too far
Till we had his assistance by the hand;
For in a theme so bloody-faced as this
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise
Of aids incertain should not be admitted.
Arch. 'Tis very true, Lord Bardolph; for indeed
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.
L. Bard. It was, my lord; who lined himself with hope,
Eating the air on promise of supply,
Flattering himself in project of a power
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts:
And so, with great imagination
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death
And winking leap'd into destruction.
Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt
To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.
L. Bard. Yes, if this present quality of war,
Indeed the instant action: a cause on foot,
Lives so in hope, as in an early spring
We see the appearing buds; which to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant as despair
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection;
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then but draw anew the model
In fewer offices, or at least desist

18. *Yea*] Q. *I* Ff.
21—24. *Till...admitted*] Omitted in Q.
24. *incertain*] F_1F_2. *uncertain* F_3F_4.
28. *on*] Ff. *and* Q.
29. *in*] Q. *with* Ff.
36—55. *Yes, if...or else*] Omitted in Q.
36—38. *Yes.....Lives*] Ff. See note (IV).
47. *or at least*] *at least* Pope. *or else* Hanmer. *or, at last* Capell.

To build at all? Much more, in this great work,
Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down
And set another up, should we survey
The plot of situation and the model,
Consent upon a sure foundation,
Question surveyors, know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite; or else
We fortify in paper and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of men:
Like one that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,
Gives o'er and leaves his part-created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Hast. Grant that our hopes, yet likely of fair birth,
Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd
The utmost man of expectation,
I think we are a body strong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the king.

L. Bard. What, is the king but five and twenty thousand?

Hast. To us no more; nay, not so much, Lord Bardolph.
For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads: one power against the French,
And one against Glendower; perforce a third
Must take up us: so is the unfirm king
In three divided; and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

51. *of situation*] *the situation* Collier (Collier MS.).
52. *Consent*] *Consult* Collier MS.
54. After this line Mr Collier, following the MS. corrector, inserts *A careful leader sums what force he brings.*
55. *To weigh*] *How weigh* Capell. *And weigh* Staunton conj.
his] *this* Singer conj.
56. *We...*] Bard. *We...* Q.
in paper] *on paper* Collier MS.
58. *one*] *on* Q.
a house] Ff. *an house* Q.
59. *through*] *thorough* Q.
64. *possess'd*] *possess* Collier MS.
66. *a body*] Ff. *so, body* Q.
71. *Are*] Ff. *And* Q.

Arch. That he should draw his several strengths together
And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.
Hast. If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh
Baying him at the heels: never fear that.
L. Bard. Who is it like should lead his forces hither?
Hast. The Duke of Lancaster and Westmoreland;
Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth:
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.
Arch. Let us on,
And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice;
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited:
An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond many, with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou wouldst have him be!
And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provokest thyself to cast him up.
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard;
And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times?
They that, when Richard lived, would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd on his grave:
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head

78. *be*] Ff. *to be* Q.
78—80. *If he...that.*] Printed as prose in Q.
79, 80. *He leaves...Baying*] Ff. *French and Welch he leaues his back vnarmde, they baying* Q. *To French and Welsh he leaves his back unarm'd, They baying* Capell.
84. *'gainst*] Ff. *against* Q.
85—108. Arch. *Let us...worst.*] Omitted in Q.
87, 88. *their...Their*] *her...Her* Capell.
91. *many*] *meyny* (from *mesnie*) Douce conj.
94. *being now*] *now being* Pope.
trimm'd] F_1. *trimm'd up* F_2 F_3F_4.

When through proud London he came sighing on
After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,
Criest now 'O earth, yield us that king again,
And take thou this!' O thoughts of men accursed!
Past and to come seems best; things present, worst.

Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?

Hast. We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *London. A street.*

Enter Hostess, FANG *and his* Boy *with her, and* SNARE *following.*

Host. Master Fang, have you entered the action?

Fang. It is entered.

Host. Where's your yeoman? Is't a lusty yeoman? will a' stand to't?

Fang. Sirrah, where's Snare?

Host. O Lord, ay! good Master Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.

Host. Yea, good Master Snare; I have entered him and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.

108. *Past...worst*] Printed in italics in Ff.
seems] *seem* Pope.
109. Mowb.] Bish. Q.
110. [Exeunt.] ex. Q.
SCENE. London.] Pope.
A street.] Theobald.
Enter...] Capell. Enter Hostesse of the Taverne, and an officer or two. Q. Enter Hostesse, with two officers, Fang, and Snare. Ff.
1. *Master*] Q. *Mr.* Ff.
2. Fang.] Ff. Phang. Q (and throughout the scene).
3. *Is't*] *Ist* Q. *Is it* Ff. *Is he* Pope.
lusty] *lustly* F_2.
4. *a'*] *a* Q. *he* Ff.
to't] *too't* Q. *to it* Ff.
6. *O Lord...Master Snare*] Q. *I, I, good M. Snare* Ff.
ay! good] *ay, good!* Capell.
9. *Yea*] Q. *I* Ff.
11. *for*] om. Ff.

Host. Alas the day! take heed of him; he stabbed me in mine own house, and that most beastly: in good faith, he cares not what mischief he does, if his weapon be out: he will foin like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

Host. No, nor I neither: I'll be at your elbow.

Fang. An I but fist him once; an a' come but within my vice,—

Host. I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he's an infinitive thing upon my score. Good Master Fang, hold him sure: good Master Snare, let him not 'scape. A' comes continuantly to Pie-corner—saving your manhoods—to buy a saddle; and he is indited to dinner to the Lubber's-head in Lumbert street, to Master Smooth's the silkman: I pray ye, since my exion is entered and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long one for a poor lone woman to bear: and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong. Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices: Master Fang and Master Snare, do me, do me, do me your offices.

14. *and that...faith,*] Steevens. *and that most beastly in good faith:* Malone. *most beastly in good faith,* Q. *and that most beastly:* Ff.

15. *does*] Q. *doth* Ff.

20. *An I*] Capell. *And I* Q. *If I* Ff.

an a'] Malone. *and a* Q. *if he* Ff. *an he* Capell.

21. *vice,—*] *vice.* Ff. *view.* Q.

22. *by*] Q. *with* Ff.

you] Q. om. Ff.

he's] *hees* Q. *he is* Ff.

24. *A'*] *A* Q. *He* Ff.

25. *continuantly*] Ff. *continually* Q.

27. *Lumbert*] Q. *Lombard* Ff.

28. *exion*] *action* F_3F_4.

30. *A hundred*] Q. *A* 100. Ff.

one] *loan* Theobald. *owe* Jackson conj. *score* Collier (Collier MS.). *ow'n* Grant White.

32. *and fubbed off*] Twice in Q, once in Ff.

36. *knave*] om. Ff.

38. [Officers and Hostess make up to him. Capell.

Enter FALSTAFF, Page, *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. How now! whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of Mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets! Draw, Bardolph: cut me off the villain's head: throw the quean in the channel.

Host. Throw me in the channel! I'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue! Murder, murder! Ah, thou honey-suckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers and the king's? Ah, thou honey-seed rogue! thou art a honey-seed, a man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Fang. A rescue! a rescue!

Host. Good people, bring a rescue or two. Thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't ta? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

Fal. Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE, *and his men.*

Ch. Just. What is the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Host. Good my lord, be good to me. I beseech you, stand to me.

Enter...] Enter Sir John, and Bardolfe, and the boy. Q. Enter Falstaffe and Bardolfe. Ff (after line 35).

40. *Sir John,*] om. Q.

40, 41. *Mistress Quickly*] *mistris, quickly* Q.

43, 44. *channel...channel*] *kennel ...kennel* Rowe (ed. 2).

44, 45. *thee in the channel.*] Q. *thee there* Ff. *thee in the kennel* Pope.

45. *bastardly*] *dastardly* Anon. conj.

46, 47. *Ah,...Ah,*] *a...a* Q. *O... O* Ff.

52. *rescue or two.*] *reskew or two.* Q. *rescu.* F_1F_2. *rescue.* F_3F_4.

52, 53. *Thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't ta?*] *Thou wot, wot thou, thou wot, wot ta,* Q. *Thou wilt not? thou wilt not?* Ff.

53. *ta?*] *thou?* Capell.
do, do, thou] om. Pope.

55. Fal.] F_3F_4. Boy. Q. Page. F_1. Pag. F_2. Page [trying to take her off. Capell.

55. *fustilarian*] Q. *fustillirian* Ff.

56. *tickle*] Q. *tucke* Ff (*tuck* F_3F_4).
Enter...and his men.] Q. Enter Ch. Justice. Ff.

57. SCENE II. Pope.
What is] Q. *What's* Ff.

Ch. Just. How now, Sir John! what are you brawling here?

Doth this become your place, your time and business?
You should have been well on your way to York.
Stand from him, fellow: wherefore hang'st upon him?

Host. O my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum?

Host. It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all, all I have. He hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his: but I will have some of it out again, or I will ride thee o' nights like the mare.

Fal. I think I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, Sir John? Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Wheeson week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor, thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us she had

60. *what are*] QFf. *what, are* Pope.
60—63. *How now,...upon him?*] Printed as prose by Rowe.
63. *hang'st upon*] Ff. *hang'st thou upon* Q. *hang'st thou on* Pope.
68, 69. *for all, all I have.*] *for all: all I have,* Ff. *for al I have,* Q.
75. *Fie!*] om. Q.
what man] Q. *what a man* Ff.
81. *upon*] *on* Rowe (ed. 2).
83. *upon*] Q. *on* Ff.
Wheeson] Q. *Whitson* Ff.
84. *liking his father*] Q. *lik'ning him* Ff.

a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath: deny it, if thou canst.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says up and down the town that her eldest son is like you: she hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you I may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration: you have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and in person.

Host. Yea, in truth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Pray thee, peace. Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villany you have done her: the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honourable boldness impudent sauciness: if a man will make courtesy and say nothing, he is virtuous: no, my lord, my humble duty remembered, I will not be your suitor. I say to you, I do desire deliverance

92. *thou not*] Q. *not thou* Ff.
93. *so familiarity*] Q. *familiar* Ff.
95. *thirty shillings?*] QF_3F_4. 30.*s.*? F_1F_2.
97. *mad*] Ff. *made* Q.
106—109. *you have...person.*] Q. *I know you ha' practis'd upon the easie-yeelding spirit of this woman.* Ff.
110. *Yea, in truth*] Q. *Yes in troth* Ff.
111. *Pray thee*] Q. *Prethee* Ff.
112. *done her*] Ff. *done with her* Q.
117. *if*] *I* F_2.
make] om. Ff.
118. *my humble*] Q. *your humble* Ff.
119. *do desire*] Q. *desire* Ff.

from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong: but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess.

Enter GOWER.

Ch. Just. Now, Master Gower, what news?

Gow. The king, my lord, and Harry Prince of Wales Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman.

Host. Faith, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman. Come, no more words of it.

Host. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking: and for thy walls, a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the Prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, an 'twere not for thy humours, there's not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw the action. Come, thou must not be in this humour with me; dost not know me? come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

120. *hasty*] *hastly* F_2.
123. *of*] om. Rowe (ed. 2).
125. [Aside. Pope.
Enter Gower.] Enter M. Gower. Ff. enter a messenger. Q (after line 126).
126. SCENE III. Pope.
Now] om. Pope (ed. 2).
127. *Harry*] Q. *Henrie* F_1. *Henry* $F_2F_3F_4$.
128. *the paper*] *this paper* Collier MS.
[Delivering a Packet. Capell.
130. *Faith*] Q. *Nay* Ff.
138. *German*] F_4. *Iarman* Q. *Germane* $F_1F_2F_3$.
139. *bed-hangings*] Ff. *bed-hangers* Q. *dead-hangings* Warburton.
tapestries] *tapistries* Ff. *tapistrie* Q.
140. *ten pound*] Ff. *x.l* Q.
an 'twere] *and twere* Q. *if it were* Ff.
141. *there's*] Q. *there is* Ff.
142. *the action*] Q. *thy action* Ff.
143. *dost not know me? come,*] Omitted in Ff.

Host. Pray thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles: i' faith, I am loath to pawn my plate, so God save me, la!

Fal. Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll be a fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope you'll come to supper. You'll pay me all together?

Fal. Will I live? [*To Bardolph*] Go, with her, with her; hook on, hook on.

Host. Will you have Doll Tearsheet meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words; let's have her.

[*Exeunt Hostess, Bardolph, Officers, and Boy.*

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Where lay the king last night?

Gow. At Basingstoke, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well: what is the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?

Gow. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,
Are march'd up to my lord of Lancaster,
Against Northumberland and the Archbishop.

Fal. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently:
Come, go along with me, good Master Gower.

Fal. My lord!

145. *Pray thee*] Q. *Prethee* Ff.
146. *i' faith*] om. Ff.
am] om. F_1.
so...la!] *so God save me law.* Q. *in good earnest la.* Ff.
147. *I'll make*] *and make* F_2.
149. *though*] Q. *although* Ff.
151. *all together*] *al together* Q. *altogether* Ff.
152. [To Bardolph] Capell, marking as 'Aside.' [to the officers. Johnson.
156. [Exeunt.....] Capell. Exit hostesse, and sergeant. Q (after line 153). om. Ff.
157. *better*] Q. *bitter* Ff.
158. *lord*] Q. *good lord* Ff.
159. *last night*] Ff. *to night* Q.
160, 164. Gow.] Mess. Q. Mes. Ff.
160. *Basingstoke*] Ff. *Billingsgate* Q.
164—166. *No.....Archbishop*] As prose in F_3F_4.
170. [staying him. Capell.

Ch. Just. What's the matter?

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gow. I must wait upon my good lord here; I thank you, good Sir John.

Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, Master Gower?

Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, Sir John?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me. This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.

Ch. Just. Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *London. Another street.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY *and* POINS.

Prince. Before God, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is't come to that? I had thought weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood.

Prince. Faith, it does me; though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?

Poins. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied as to remember so weak a composition.

Prince. Belike then my appetite was not princely got;

172. [turning short from the Ch. Just. Capell.

176, 177. *Sir John...go*] As three lines in Q, ending *long...up...go.*

177. *counties*] Q. *countries* Ff. *the countreys* Rowe (ed. 2).

185. [Exeunt.] Rowe. om. QFf.

SCENE II.] Scena Secunda. F_1F_2 F_3. Scena Tertia. F_4. SCENE IV. Pope.

London...] Continues in London. Pope.

Enter Prince H....] Rowe. Enter the Prince, Poynes, sir John Russel, with other. Q. Enter Prince Henry, Pointz, Bardolfe, and Page. Ff (Poyns, Bardolf, F_3F_4).

1. *Before God*] Q. *Trust me* Ff.

2. *Is't*] *Ist* Q. *Is it* Ff.

4. *Faith, it does*] Q. *It doth* Ff.

for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name! or to know thy face to-morrow! or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast, viz. these, and those that were thy peach-coloured ones! or to bear the inventory of thy shirts, as, one for superfluity, and another for use! But that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee when thou keepest not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland: and God knows, whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy linen shall inherit his kingdom: but the midwives say the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have laboured so hard, you should talk so idly! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?

Prince. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

Poins. Yes, faith; and let it be an excellent good thing.

Prince. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

Prince. Marry, I tell thee, it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell to thee, as

10. *by my*] Q. *in* Ff.
14. *note*] *notice* F_3F_4.
15. *viz. these*] Ff. *with these* Q. *thy*] *the* F_3F_4.
16. *ones*] Ff. *once* Q.
17. *another*] Q. *one other* Ff.
19. *keepest*] *kept'st* F_1.
20. *thy*] Ff. *the* Q.
21. *made a shift to*] Omitted in Q.
21—25. *and God...strengthened*] Q. Omitted in Ff.
22. *bawl out*] *bal out* Q. *bawl out of* Pope. *bawl out from* Capell.
28. *would*] *should* Pope. *being*] Q. *lying* Ff.
29. *at this time*] Q. Omitted in Ff.
31. *faith*] Q. om. Ff.
35. *you will*] Q. *you'l* F_1F_2. *you'll* F_3F_4.
36. *Marry*] *Mary* Q. *Why* Ff.

to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend, I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly upon such a subject.

Prince. By this hand, thou thinkest me as far in the devil's book as thou and Falstaff for obduracy and persistency: let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick: and keeping such vile company as thou art hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

Poins. The reason?

Prince. What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poins. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

Prince. It would be every man's thought; and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks: never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so?

Poins. Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engraffed to Falstaff.

Prince. And to thee.

Poins. By this light, I am well spoke on; I can hear it with mine own ears: the worst that they can say of me is that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands; and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

Enter BARDOLPH *and* Page.

Prince. And the boy that I gave Falstaff: a' had him

41. *By this hand*] Q. Omitted in Ff.
44. *so sick*] *sick* F_3F_4.
47. *reason?*] Ff. *reason.* Q.
55. *accites*] *excites* F_3F_4.
56. *been*] *seem* Rowe (ed. 2). *seem'd* Pope.
59. *By this light*] Q. *Nay* Ff. *Nay, by this light* Pope.
spoke on] Q. *spoken of* Ff.
60. *worst that*] *worst* Pope.
63. *By the mass*] Q. *Looke, looke* Ff.
63. Enter...] Enter Bardolfe and boy. Q. Enter Bardolfe. Ff (after line 66).
64. *a'*] *a* Q. *he* Ff.

from me Christian; and look, if the fat villain have not transformed him ape.

Bard. God save your grace!

Prince. And yours, most noble Bardolph!

Bard. Come, you virtuous ass, you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man-at-arms are you become! Is't such a matter to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead?

Page. A' calls me e'en now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last I spied his eyes; and methought he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat and so peeped through.

Prince. Has not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

Page. Away, you rascally Althæa's dream, away!

Prince. Instruct us, boy; what dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, Althæa dreamed she was delivered of a fire-brand; and therefore I call him her dream.

Prince. A crown's worth of good interpretation: there 'tis, boy.

Poins. O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers! Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

Bard. An you do not make him hanged among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

Prince. And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

65. *look*] Q. *see* Ff.

67. SCENE V. Pope.
God save] Q. *Save* Ff.

69. Bard.] Theobald. Poynes. Q. Poin. F_1F_2. Poyn. F_3F_4.
virtuous] *vertuous* Q. *pernitious* F_1F_2. *pernicious* F_3F_4. *precious* Capell conj.
[to the Boy. Johnson.

71. *Is't*] *ist* Q. *Is it* Ff.

73. *A' calls me e'en now*] *A calls me enow* Q. *He call'd me even now* Ff.

76. *new*] Ff. om. Q. *new red* Collier MS.
so] Q. om. Ff.

78, 79. Prince. *Has.....profited?* Bard. *Away*] Bard. *Hath...profited? Away* Hanmer.

78. *Has*] Q. *Hath* Ff.

79. *rabbit*] *rabbet* Ff. *rabble* Q.

81. *Althæa*] *Althear* Q.

85. *'tis*] *tis* Q. *it is* Ff.
[Gives him money. Pope.

86. *good*] Ff. om. Q.

88. *An*] Capell. *And* Q. *If* Ff.
hanged] *hangd* Q. *be hang'd* Ff.

89. *have wrong*] Q. *be wrong'd* Ff.

Bard. Well, my lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town: there's a letter for you.

Poins. Delivered with good respect. And how doth the martlemas, your master?

Bard. In bodily health, sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician; but that moves not him: though that be sick, it dies not.

Prince. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog; and he holds his place; for look you how he writes.

Poins. [*Reads*] 'John Falstaff, knight,'—every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself: even like those that are kin to the king; for they never prick their finger but they say, 'There's some of the king's blood spilt.' 'How comes that?' says he, that takes upon him not to conceive. The answer is as ready as a borrower's cap, 'I am the king's poor cousin, sir.'

Prince. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter:

Poins. [*Reads*] 'Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting.' Why, this is a certificate.

Prince. Peace!

Poins. [*Reads*] 'I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity:' he sure means brevity in breath, short-winded. 'I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he

91. *my lord*] Q. *my good lord* Ff.
93. Poins.] Poynes. Q. Poin. F_1. Prin. $F_2F_3F_4$.
99. *how*] Q. om. Ff.
101. Poins. [Reads] Poynes. Q. Poin. Letter. Ff. See note (v).
John] *Sir John* Anon. conj.
102. *oft*] *often* Theobald.
has] Q. *hath* Ff.
104. *There's*] *theres* Q. *there is* Ff.
106, 107. *borrower's cap*] Theobald (Warburton). *borowed cap* Q. *borrowed cap* Ff. *borrow'd cant* or *beggar's cap* Jackson conj.
108. *or*] Q. *but* Ff.
109. *to*] Ff. om. Q.
110. Poins. [Reads] Hanmer. om. QFf.
111. *Why*] Hanmer. Poynes. *Why* Q. Poin. *Why* Ff.
114. *Romans in*] F_3F_4. *Romanes in* Q. *Romaines in* F_1F_2. *Roman in* Warburton. *Roman's* or *Roman in's* Anon. conj.
115. *he sure*] Q. *sure he* Ff.
116. *leave*] *love* Hanmer.

swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou mayest; and so, farewell.

> 'Thine, by yea and no, which is as much as to say, as thou usest him, JACK FALSTAFF with my familiars, JOHN with my brothers and sisters, and SIR JOHN with all Europe.'

My lord, I'll steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

Prince. That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

Poins. God send the wench no worse fortune! But I never said so.

Prince. Well, thus we play the fools with the time; and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us. Is your master here in London?

Bard. Yea, my lord.

Prince. Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank?

Bard. At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheap.

Prince. What company?

Page. Ephesians, my lord, of the old church.

Prince. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old Mistress Quickly and Mistress Doll Tearsheet.

Prince. What pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

Prince. Even such kin as the parish heifers are to the town bull. Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

Poins. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

Prince. Sirrah, you boy, and Bardolph, no word to

121. *familiars*] Ff. *family* Q.

122. *sisters*] Q. *sister* Ff.

124. *My lord, I'll*] Poynes. *My Lord, Ile* Q. *My Lord, I will* Ff.

125. *That's*] *That's but* Collier MS.

twenty] *plenty* Hanmer (Warburton).

127. *God send the wench*] Q. *May the wench have* Ff.

129. *fools*] *fooles* QF_1. *foole* F_2. *fool* F_3F_4.

132. *Yea*] Q. *Yes* Ff.

133. *boar*] *boare* Q. *bore* $F_1F_2F_3$. *boor* F_4.

144. *heifers*] *Heyfers* F_4. *Heyfors* $F_1F_2F_3$. *Heicfors* Q.

your master that I am yet come to town: there's for your silence.

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir, I will govern it.

Prince. Fare you well; go. [*Exeunt Bardolph and Page.*] This Doll Tearsheet should be some road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Alban's and London.

Prince. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

Poins. Put on two leathern jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

Prince. From a God to a bull? a heavy descension! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine; for in every thing the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Warkworth. Before the castle.*

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, LADY NORTHUMBERLAND, *and* LADY PERCY.

North. I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,
Give even way unto my rough affairs:
Put not you on the visage of the times,
And be like them to Percy troublesome.

148. *come to*] Q. *in* Ff.
152. *you*] Q. *ye* Ff.
[Exeunt...] Capell. om. QFf.
153. *Tearsheet*] *Tearstreet* Coleridge conj. See note (1).
157. [after pausing a little. Capell.
158. *leathern*] Q. *Leather* Ff.
159. *as*] Q. *like* Ff.
160. *heavy*] *heavenly* Davies conj.
descension] Q. *declension* Ff.
160—162. *heavy descension...low transformation*] *low transformation... heavy declension* Upton conj.
161. *prince*] *pince* Q.
SCENE III.] SCENE VI. Pope.
Warkworth. Before...] Capell. Northumberland. Pope. Northumberland's castle. Theobald.
Enter...] Enter Northumberland his wife, and the wife to Harry Percie. Q. Enter Northumberland his Ladie, and Harrie Percies Ladie. Ff.
1. *pray thee*] Q. *prethee* Ff.
2. *even*] Q. *an even* Ff.

Lady N. I have given over, I will speak no more:
Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.
North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn;
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.
Lady P. O yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars!
The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it than now;
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,
Threw many a northward look to see his father
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?
There were two honours lost, yours and your son's.
For yours, the God of heaven brighten it!
For his, it stuck upon him as the sun
In the grey vault of heaven, and by his light
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts: he was indeed the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves:
He had no legs that practised not his gait;
And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,
Became the accents of the valiant;
For those that could speak low and tardily
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
To seem like him: so that in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashion'd others. And him, O wondrous him!
O miracle of men! him did you leave,
Second to none, unseconded by you,
To look upon the hideous god of war

5, 50. Lady N.] Wife. QFf.
9. Lady P.] Kate. Q. La. Ff.
God's] Q. *heavens* Ff.
10. *that*] Q. *when* Ff.
11. *endear'd*] F_3F_4. *endeer'd* F_2 F_2. *endeere* Q.
12. *heart's dear Harry*] *hearts deere Harry* Q. *heart-deere-Harry* Ff.
14. *long*] *look* Theobald.
17. *the God of heaven*] Q. *may heavenly glory* Ff.
23—45. *He had...grave*] Ff. Omitted in Q.
26. *low*] *slow* Seymour conj.
32. *O wondrous him!*] Rowe (ed. 2). *O wondrous! him*, Ff. *wondrous him!* Pope.
34. *Second...you*] Omitted by Pope.

In disadvantage; to abide a field
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name
Did seem defensible: so you left him.
Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong
To hold your honour more precise and nice
With others than with him! let them alone:
The marshal and the archbishop are strong:
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.
North. Beshrew your heart,
Fair daughter, you do draw my spirits from me
With new lamenting ancient oversights.
But I must go and meet with danger there,
Or it will seek me in another place
And find me worse provided.
Lady N. O, fly to Scotland,
Till that the nobles and the armed commons
Have of their puissance made a little taste.
Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of the king,
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,
First let them try themselves. So did your son;
He was so suffer'd: so came I a widow;
And never shall have length of life enough
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
For recordation to my noble husband.
North. Come, come, go in with me. 'Tis with my mind
As with the tide swell'd up unto his height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way:
Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me back.

36. *a field*] F_1F_2. *the field* F_3F_4.
38. *defensible*] *sensible* F_4.
43. *numbers*] *number* F_4.
50. *O, fly*] *Fly* Warburton.
53. Lady P.] Kate. Q. Lady. Ff.
64. *still-stand*] Ff. *stil stand* Q.
66. *thousand*] *a thousand* F_3F_4.

I will resolve for Scotland: there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *London. The Boar's-head Tavern in Eastcheap.*

Enter two Drawers.

First Draw. What the devil hast thou brought there? apple-johns? thou knowest Sir John cannot endure an apple-john.

Sec. Draw. Mass, thou sayest true. The prince once set a dish of apple-johns before him, and told him there were five more Sir Johns; and, putting off his hat, said 'I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, withered knights.' It angered him to the heart: but he hath forgot that.

First Draw. Why, then, cover, and set them down: and see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise; Mistress Tearsheet would fain hear some music. Dispatch: the room where they supped is too hot; they'll come in straight.

Sec. Draw. Sirrah, here will be the prince and Master Poins anon; and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons; and Sir John must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

First Draw. By the mass, here will be old utis: it will be an excellent stratagem.

SCENE IV.] SCENE VII. Pope.

London...] Tavern in Eastcheap. Pope. Room in Quickly's house. Capell.

Enter two Drawers.] Ff. Enter a Drawer or two. Q.

1. First Draw.] 1 Draw. Ff. Francis. Q.

the devil] Q. om. Ff.

4. Sec. Draw.] 2 Draw. Ff. Draw. Q.

Mass] *Mas* Q. om. Ff.

7. *old, withered*] Q. *old-wither'd* Ff.

12. *hear*] *heare* Q. *have* Ff.

12—14. *Dispatch...straight.* Sec. Draw. *Sirrah*] Pope. Dra. *Dispatch ...straight.* Francis. *Sirra.* Q. 2 Draw. *Sirrha.* Ff (omitting *Dispatch..... straight*).

17. [Enter Will. Q.

18. First Draw.] 1 Draw. Ff. Dra. Q.

By the mass] Q. *Then* Ff.

utis] *vtis* Q. *Vtis* Ff (in italics).

Sec. Draw. I'll see if I can find out Sneak. [*Exit.*

Enter HOSTESS *and* DOLL TEARSHEET.

Host. I'faith, sweetheart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality: your pulsidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose, in good truth, la! But, i' faith, you have drunk too much canaries; and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say 'What's this?' How do you now?

Dol. Better than I was: hem!

Host. Why, that's well said; a good heart's worth gold. Lo, here comes Sir John.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. [*Singing*] 'When Arthur first in court'—Empty the jordan. [*Exit First Drawer*].—[*Singing*] 'And was a worthy king.' How now, Mistress Doll!

Host. Sick of a calm; yea, good faith.

Fal. So is all her sect; an they be once in a calm, they are sick.

Dol. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat rascals, Mistress Doll.

Dol. I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help

20. Sec. Draw.] 2 Draw. Ff. Francis. Q.
Enter...] Enter mistris Quickly, and Doll Tere-sheet. Q. Enter Hostesse, and Dol. Ff.
21. SCENE VIII. Pope.
I'faith] *Yfaith* Q. om. Ff.
24. *in good truth, la! But, i' faith*] Q. *But* Ff. *but i' faith* Theobald.
25. *canaries*] *canary* F_4.
27. *one*] Q. *wee* F_1. *we* $F_2F_3F_4$.
this?] Capell. *this*, Q. *this.* Ff.
29. *that's*] *thats* Q. *that was* Ff.
30. *Lo*] *loe* Q. *Looke* F_1F_2. *Look* F_3F_4.
Enter...] Ff. enter sir John. Q.
31, 32. [Singing] Capell.
32. [Exit...] pointing to the other room. Exit Drawer. Capell. om. QFf.
34. *good faith*] Q. *good-sooth* Ff.
35. *sect*] *sex* Johnson conj.
an] *and* Q. *if* Ff.
37. *You*] Ff. *A pox damne you, you* Q.
40. *make them*] Ff. *make* Q.
42. *help to make*] Q. *make* Ff.

to make the diseases, Doll: we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Dol. Yea, joy, our chains and our jewels.

Fal. 'Your brooches, pearls, and ouches:' for to serve bravely is to come halting off, you know: to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charged chambers bravely,—

Dol. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!

Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion; you two never meet but you fall to some discord: you are both, i' good truth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-year! one must bear, and that must be you: you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

Dol. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogshead? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better stuffed in the hold. Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again or no, there is nobody cares.

Re-enter First Drawer.

First Draw. Sir, Ancient Pistol's below, and would speak with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouthedst rogue in England.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I must live among my neighbours; I'll no swagger-

44. *poor*] *pure* Collier (Collier MS.).

45. *Yea, joy*] Q. *I marry* Ff.

46. *'Your...ouches'*] Marked as a quotation first by Capell.

50. Dol. *Hang.....yourself*] Q. Omitted in Ff.

conger] *cunger* Q.

51. *By my troth*] Q. *Why* Ff.

53. *i' good truth*] *ygood truth* Q. *in good troth* Ff.

54. *good-year*] *good-jer* Theobald.

goujeres Hanmer.

62. *cares*] *Fares* F_2.

Re-enter First Drawer.] Enter Drawer. Ff.

63. SCENE IX. Pope.

First Draw.] Dra. Q. Draw. Ff.

's] Q. *is* Ff.

67, 68. *no, by my faith*] Q. Omitted in Ff.

68. *among*] Q. *amongst* Ff.

ers: I am in good name and fame with the very best: shut the door; there comes no swaggerers here: I have not lived all this while, to have swaggering now: shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess?

Host. Pray ye, pacify yourself, Sir John: there comes no swaggerers here.

Fal. Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally, Sir John, ne'er tell me: your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before Master Tisick, the debuty, t'other day; and, as he said to me, 'twas no longer ago than Wednesday last, 'I' good faith, neighbour Quickly,' says he; Master Dumbe, our minister, was by then; 'neighbour Quickly,' says he, 'receive those that are civil; for,' said he, 'you are in an ill name:' now a' said so, I can tell whereupon; 'for,' says he, 'you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive: receive,' says he, 'no swaggering companions.' There comes none here: you would bless you to hear what he said: no, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater, i' faith; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound: he'll not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance. Call him up, drawer. [*Exit First Drawer.*

Host. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater: but I do not love swaggering, by my troth; I am the worse, when one says swagger: feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, hostess.

74. *ye*] Q. *you* Ff.
77. *ne'er*] *nere* Q. *never* Ff.
your] Ff. *&* *your* Q.
79. *debuty*] Q. *deputy* Ff.
t'other] *tother* Q. *the other* Ff.
'twas] *twas* Q. *it was* Ff.
80. *Wednesday*] Ff. *Wedsday* Q.
I'good faith] *I good faith* Q. Omitted in Ff.
81. *Dumbe*] Q. *Dombe* F_1F_2. *Domb* F_3F_4.
83. *said*] *saide* Q. *sayth* F_1F_2. *saith* F_3F_4.
a'] *a* Q. *he* Ff.
87. *comes*] *come* F_4.
89. *cheater*] Ff. *cheter* Q. *chetah* Edd. conj.
89, 90. *i'faith*] *yfaith* Q. *hee* or *he* Ff.
91. *he'll*] *heele* Q. *he will* Ff.
96. *by my troth*] Q. om. Ff.
97. *masters*] *mistress* Keightley conj.

Host. Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an 'twere an aspen leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, *and* Page.

Pist. God save you, Sir John!

Fal. Welcome, Ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, I'll drink no proofs nor no bullets: I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you, Mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me! I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

Pist. I know you, Mistress Dorothy.

Dol. Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung, away! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you! Since when, I pray you, sir? God's light, with two points on your shoulder? much!

Pist. God let me not live, but I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

Host. No, good Captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damned cheater, art

99. *an 'twere*] Capell. *and twere* Q. *if it were* Ff. *as if it were* Pope.
Enter...] Enter antient Pistol, and Bardolfe's boy. Q. Enter Pistol, and Bardolph and his boy. Ff.
101. SCENE X. Pope.
God save] Q. *'Save* Ff.
107. *shall*] Ff. *shall not* Q.
108. *I'll...I'll*] *Ile...Ile* Q. *Ile... I will* Ff (*I'le* F_3F_4).
118. *an*] Capell. *and* Q. *if* Ff.
120. *God's light*] Q. *what* Ff.
121. *much!*] Warburton. *much.* QFf. *march!* Hanmer.
122. *God...but*] Q. Omitted in Ff.
124, 125. Fal. *No...company, Pistol*] Q. Omitted in Ff.

thou not ashamed to be called captain? An captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain! you slave, for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house? He a captain! hang him, rogue! he lives upon mouldy stewed prunes and dried cakes. A captain! God's light, these villains will make the word as odious as the word 'occupy;' which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted: therefore captains had need look to't.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, Mistress Doll.

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, Corporal Bardolph, I could tear her: I'll be revenged of her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I'll see her damned first; to Pluto's damned lake, by this hand, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down, down, dogs! down, faitors! Have we not Hiren here?

Host. Good Captain Peesel, be quiet; 'tis very late, i' faith: I beseek you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humours, indeed! Shall pack-horses,
And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia,
Which cannot go but thirty mile a-day,
Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals,
And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with

128. *An*] Collier. *and* Q. *If* Ff.

129. *out, for taking*] *out of taking* Pope.

134. *God's light*] Q. om. Ff.

134—136. *the word as...sorted*] Q. *the word captaine odious* Ff. *the word captain as odious...sorted* Pope.

137. *to 't*] *too't* Q. *to it* Ff.

141. *of*] Q. *on* Ff.

143—146. *I'll see...here?*] Printed as verse by Capell.

144. *by this hand*] Omitted in Ff.
with] Q. *where* Ff. *to* Hanmer.

146. *faitors*] Capell. *faters* Q. *Fates* Ff.
[clapping his Hand to his Sword. Capell.

147. *'tis*] *tis* Q. *it is* Ff.

148. *i'faith*] om. Ff.
beseek] *beseech* Rowe (ed. 2).

149—155. *These...toys?*] Printed as verse first by Pope. As prose in QFf.

150. *hollow pamper'd*] Q. *hollow-pamper'd* Ff.

151. *mile*] Q. *miles* Ff.

152. *Cæsars*] Q. *Cæsar* Ff.
Cannibals] Q. *Canniballs* F_1F_2. *Canniball* F_3. *Cannibal* F_4.

153. *Trojan*] *troiant* Q.

King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar.
Shall we fall foul for toys?

Host. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

Pist. Die men like dogs! give crowns like pins! Have we not Hiren here?

Host. O' my word, captain, there's none such here. What the good-year! do you think I would deny her? For God's sake, be quiet.

Pist. Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis. Come, give's some sack.
'Si fortune me tormente, sperato me contento.'
Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire:
Give me some sack: and, sweetheart, lie thou there.
[*Laying down his sword.*
Come we to full points here; and are etceteras nothing?

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif: what! we have seen the seven stars.

Dol. For God's sake, thrust him down stairs: I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

Pist. Thrust him down stairs! know we not Galloway nags?

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling: nay, an a' do nothing but speak nothing, a' shall be nothing here.

159. *Die*] Ff. om. Q.
crowns] *crowns away* Capell (reading as verse).
161. *O'*] *A* Q. *On* Ff.
162. *good-year*] *good jer* Theobald. *goujeres* Hanmer.
162, 163. *For God's sake*] Q. *I pray* Ff.
165. *give's*] *gives* Q. *give me* Ff.
166. '*Si fortune...contento.*'] Q. *Si... contente.* Ff. *Si fortuna me tormenta, il sperare me contenta.* Hanmer. See note (VI).
167—169. *Fear we...nothing?*] As verse first by Pope. As prose in QFf.
168. *sweetheart, lie*] *sweet hartlie* Q (Capell's copy).
[Laying...sword.] Johnson.
169. *here;*] *here;* [seizing upon a Bottle. Capell.
nothing] Ff. *no things* Q.
171. *I kiss*] *kiss* $F_2F_3F_4$.
neif] *neaffe* QFf.
173. *For God's sake*] Omitted in Ff.
177. *Quoit*] *Quaite* Q.
178. *an a'*] *and a* Q. *if he* Ff.
a' shall] *a shall* Q. *he shall* Ff.

Bard. Come, get you down stairs.

Pist. What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrue?
[*Snatching up his sword.*
Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!
Why, then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds
Untwine the Sisters Three! Come, Atropos, I say!

Host. Here's goodly stuff toward!

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down stairs.

[*Drawing, and driving Pistol out.*

Host. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these tirrits and frights. So; murder, I warrant now. Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons. [*Exeunt Pistol and Bardolph.*

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal 's gone. Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you!

Host. Are you not hurt i' the groin? methought a' made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

Fal. Have you turned him out o' doors?

Bard. Yea, sir. The rascal's drunk: you have hurt him, sir, i' the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal! to brave me!

Dol. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweatest! come, let me wipe thy face; come on, you whoreson chops: ah, rogue! i' faith, I love thee:

181—184. *What!.....I say!*] As prose in QFf. First as verse, from *Rock me asleep*, by Johnson.

[Snatching...] Johnson (after line 184). Snatching...and drawing. Capell.

184. *Untwine*] *untwine* F_3F_4. *untwinde* Q. *untwin'd* F_1. *untwind'd* F_2.

Atropos] Ff. *Atropose* Q.

185. *goodly*] Q. *good* Ff.

187. *pray thee...pray thee*] Q. *prethee...prethee* Ff.

188. [Drawing...out.] Rowe. om. QFf.

192. [Exeunt...] Capell. om. QFf.

193. *pray thee*] Q. *prethee* Ff.

195. *a'*] *a* Q. *he* Ff.

196. Re-enter B.] Capell. om. QFf.

197. *o'*] *a* Q. *of* Ff.

198. *Yea*] Q. *Yes* Ff.

199. *i' the*] *i'th* Q. *in the* Ff.

203. *ah, rogue*] *Ah rogue* Ff. *a rogue* Q.

i' faith] om. Ff.

thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the Nine Worthies: ah, villain!

Fal. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do, an thou darest for thy heart: an thou dost, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter Music.

Page. The music is come, sir.

Fal. Let them play. Play, sirs. Sit on my knee, Doll. A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Dol. I' faith, and thou followedst him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o' days and foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter, behind, PRINCE HENRY *and* POINS, *disguised.*

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's-head; do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour's the prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: a' would have made a good pantler, a' would ha' chipped bread well.

Dol. They say Poins has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit's as

205, 206. *ah, villain!*] *ah Villaine.* Ff. *a villaine.* Q. Fal. *A villain!* Anon. conj.

207. *A*] Ff. *Ah* Q.

208, 209. *Do...sheets*] As prose in Q. As two lines, ending *doo'st,... sheets.* in Ff.

208. *an...an*] *and...and* Q. *if... if* Ff.

214. *I' faith*] om. Ff.

215. *tidy Bartholomew*] *tiny Bartholomew* Hanmer. *Bartholomew tide* S. Walker conj.

216. *o'...o'*] *a...a* Q. *on...on* Ff.

217. Enter, behind...] Steevens. Enter Prince and Poynes. Q. Enter Prince Henry...disguis'd. Ff. Enter, at a distance... Capell.

218. SCENE X. Pope (ed. 1). SCENE XI. Pope (ed. 2).

220, 224, 225. *'s*] Q. *is* Ff. See note (VII).

221, 222. *a'...a'*] *a...a* Q. *he...he* Ff. See note (VII).

222. *ha'*] *a* Q. *have* Ff.

223. *has*] Q. *hath* Ff.

thick as Tewksbury mustard; there's no more conceit in him than is in a mallet.

Dol. Why does the prince love him so, then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness; and a' plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel; and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons; and rides the wild-mare with the boys; and jumps upon joined-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boots very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg; and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories; and such other gambol faculties a' has, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.

Prince. Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let's beat him before his whore.

Prince. Look, whether the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot.

Poins. Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance?

Fal. Kiss me, Doll.

Prince. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction! what says the almanac to that?

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not lisping to his master's old tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Dol. By my troth, I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

227. *does*] Q. *doth* Ff.
232. *boots*] Q. *boot* Ff.
234. *discreet*] *indiscreet* Warburton.
235. *a' has*] *a has* Q. *he hath* Ff.
237. *a*] Q. *an* Ff.
the scales] Ff. *scales* Q.
238. *avoirdupois*] *haber de poix* Q. *Haber-de-pois* Ff.
241. *'s*] Q. *us* Ff.
242. *whether*] Collier. *where* Q. *if* Ff.
249. [seeing Bardolph sweet upon the Hostess. Capell.
250. *lisping to*] *clasping too* Hanmer (Warburton). *licking too* Farmer conj. *clasping to* Collier MS. *clipping to* Collier conj.
lisping to...tables] *list'ning to...tales* Long MS.
master's] *master*, Q.
253. *By my troth*] Q. *Nay truely* Ff.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt have a kirtle of? I shall receive money o' Thursday: shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come: it grows late; we'll to bed. Thou'lt forget me when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth, thou'lt set me a-weeping, an thou sayest so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return: well, hearken at the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis.

Prince. *Poins.* } Anon, anon, sir. [*Coming forward.*

Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the king's? And art not thou Poins his brother?

Prince. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead!

Fal. A better than thou: I am a gentleman; thou art a drawer.

Prince. Very true, sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Host. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! by my troth, welcome to London. Now, the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesu, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty, by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

Dol. How, you fat fool! I scorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

257. *wilt*] Q. *wilt thou* Ff.
258. *o'*] *a* Q. *on* Ff.
shalt] Q. *thou shalt* Ff.
259. *come:*] Ff. *come* Q.
we'll] *wele* Q. *we will* Ff.
to] *to to* F_2.
259, 261. *Thou'lt*] Steevens. *thou't* Q. *Thou wilt* Ff.
261. *By my troth*] Q. om. Ff.
263. *at the end*] *a'th end* Q. *the end* Ff.
265. [Coming forward.] Capell.
267. *Poins his*] *Poynes his* Q. *Poines, his* Ff (*Poins*, F_3F_4). *Poins's* Rann (Ritson conj.).
274. *good*] Ff. om. Q.
274, 275. *by my troth*] Q. om. Ff.
275. *the Lord*] Q. *Heaven* Ff.
276. *O Jesu*] Q. *what* Ff.
277. *whoreson mad*] *whoreson made* Rowe (ed. 2). *whorson-made* Pope.
278. [Leaning his hand upon Doll. Rowe.

Prince. You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman!

Host. God's blessing of your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

Prince. Yea, and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gad's-hill: you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

Prince. I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse, Hal, o' mine honour; no abuse.

Prince. Not to dispraise me, and call me pantler and bread-chipper and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Poins. No abuse?

Fal. No abuse, Ned, i' the world; honest Ned, none. I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him; in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal: none, Ned, none: no, faith, boys, none.

Prince. See now, whether pure fear and entire cowardice doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us? is she of the wicked? is thine hostess here of the wicked? or is thy boy of the wicked? or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph irrecover-

283. *even*] Ff. om. Q.
285. *God's blessing of*] Q. *'Blessing on* Ff. *'Blessing o'* Capell.
286. *by my troth*] Q. om. Ff.
288. *Yea*] Q. *Yes* Ff.
295. *o' mine*] *a mine* Q. *on mine* Ff. *on my* Rowe.
296. *Not to dispraise*] *No! to dispraise* Capell. *Not! to dispraise* Malone.
297. *bread-chipper*] Q. *bread-chopper* Ff.
302. *with him*] Ff. *with thee* Q.
303. *a true*] QF_1F_2. *true* F_3F_4.
305. *faith*] Q. om. Ff.
307. *close*] *glose* Grant White.
309. *thy boy*] Q. *the boy* Ff.

able; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy, there is a good angel about him; but the devil outbids him too.

Prince. For the women?

Fal. For one of them, she is in hell already, and burns poor souls. For the other, I owe her money; and whether she be damned for that, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for the which I think thou wilt howl.

Host. All victuallers do so: what's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

Prince. You, gentlewoman,—

Dol. What says your grace?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against.

[*Knocking within.*

Host. Who knocks so loud at door? Look to the door there, Francis.

Enter PETO.

Prince. Peto, how now! what news?

Peto. The king your father is at Westminster;
And there are twenty weak and wearied posts
Come from the north: and, as I came along,
I met and overtook a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

Prince. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time;
When tempest of commotion, like the south

315. *outbids*] Ff. *blinds* Q.
317. *in hell*] *a hell* Collier conj.
317, 318. *burns poor souls*] *burns, poor soul!* Hanmer.
325. *victuallers*] Ff. *vitlars* Qq. See note (VIII).
329. [Knocking within.] Knocking heard. Capell. Peyto knockes at doore. Qq. om. Ff.
331. Enter Peto.] Ff. om. Q. Enter Peto, hastily. Capell.
332. SCENE XI. Pope (ed. 1). SCENE XII. Pope (ed. 2).
339. *to blame*] Ff. *too blame* Qq.
341. *south*] *south wind* Keightley conj.

Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my sword and cloak. Falstaff, good night.
[*Exeunt Prince Henry, Poins, Peto, and Bardolph.*

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence, and leave it unpicked. [*Knocking within.*] More knocking at the door!

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

How now! what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to court, sir, presently;
A dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. [*To the Page*] Pay the musicians, sirrah. Farewell, hostess; farewell, Doll. You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after: the undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is called on. Farewell, good wenches: if I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

Dol. I cannot speak; if my heart be not ready to burst, —well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt Falstaff and Bardolph.*

Host. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty nine years, come peascod-time; but an honester and truer-hearted man,—well, fare thee well.

Bard. [*Within*] Mistress Tearsheet!

Host. What's the matter?

Bard. [*Within*] Bid Mistress Tearsheet come to my master.

Host. O, run, Doll, run; run, good Doll: come. [*She comes blubbered.*] Yea, will you come, Doll? [*Exeunt.*

344. *Give...night*] As in Qq; as two lines in Ff.
[Exeunt...] Capell. Exeunt Prince and Poynes. Qq. Exit. Ff.
346. [Knocking within.] Knock. Capell. om. QFf.
347. Re-enter B.] Capell. om. Qq Ff.
349, 350. As prose in Pope.
351. [To the Page] Capell.
358. [Exeunt...] Capell. Exit Ff. om. Qq.
362, 364. [Within] Capell.
366, 367. *come.* [She comes blubbered.] *Yea.....Doll?] come* [Doll comes blubbered]; *yea,...Doll?* Dyce. *come, shee comes blubberd, yea? wil you come Doll?* Qq (*she...yea! will...* Q_2). Omitted in Ff.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Westminster. The palace.*

Enter the KING *in his nightgown, with a* Page.

King. Go call the Earls of Surrey and of Warwick;
But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,
And well consider of them: make good speed. [*Exit Page.*
How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leavest the kingly couch
A watch-case or a common 'larum-bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads and hanging them

SCENE I. Westminster.] Dyce. London. Pope.

The whole scene omitted in Q_1. See note (VIII).

Enter...] Enter the King in his night-gowne alone. Q_2. Enter the King, with a Page Ff.

3. [Exit Page.] Exit. Ff.

4. *thousand*] *thousands* Rowe.

5. *O sleep, O gentle sleep*] *O gentle sleep* Pope. *Sleep, gentle sleep* Steevens.

10. *pallets*] Q_2. *pallads* Ff.

11. *hu-h'd*] *huisht* F_1F_2. *night-flies*] Q_2. *Night, flyes* Ff.

13. *the*] *high* Collier (Collier MS.). *state*] *pride* Seymour conj.

14. *sound*] Q_2. *sounds* Ff.

17. *or*] *to* Hanmer. *by* or *for* Knight conj.

18. *mast*] Ff. *masse* Q_2.

22. *billows*] *pillowes* Q_2.

With deafening clamour in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter WARWICK *and* SURREY.

War. Many good morrows to your majesty!
King. Is it good morrow, lords?
War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.
King. Why, then, good morrow to you all, my lords.
Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?
War. We have, my liege.
King. Then you perceive the body of our kingdom
How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.
War. It is but as a body yet distemper'd;
Which to his former strength may be restored
With good advice and little medicine:
My Lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.
King. O God! that one might read the book of fate,
And see the revolution of the times

24. *deafening*] *deaff'ning* $F_1F_2F_3$. *deaf'ning* F_4. *deafling* Q_2.
clamour] Q_2. *clamors* Ff.
clouds] *shrouds* Pope.
26. *thy*] Ff. *them* Q_2.
27. *sea-boy*] Ff. *season* Q_2.
28. *most stillest*] *the stillest* Pope.
30. *Deny it to a*] *Deny 't a* Steevens conj.
Then happy low, lie down!] *Then happy Lowe, lye downe,* F_1F_2. *Then happy Low, lye down,* F_3F_4. *then* (*happy*) *low lie downe,* Q_2. *then* (*happie*) *low ly downe* Dering MS. *Then happy lowly clown,* Johnson (Warburton conj.). *Then, happy low-lie-down!* Knight (Coleridge conj.). *Then happy lowt, lie down!* Dent MS. *Then happy boy, lie down!* Keightley conj. *Then happy the low lie down:* Brae conj. (Notes and Queries).
Enter...] Ff. Enter Warwike, Surry, and Sir Iohn Blunt. Q_2.
32. SCENE II. Pope.
33. *good*] om. Seymour conj.
35. *you all,*] *you. Well,* Theobald.
36. *letters*] Ff. *letter* Q_2.
41. *yet*] *slight* Warburton.
44. *cool'd*] *school'd* Warburton conj.
45. *O God*] Q_2. *O Heaven* Ff.

Make mountains level, and the continent,
Weary of solid firmness, melt itself
Into the sea! and, other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.
'Tis not ten years gone
Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feast together, and in two years after
Were they at wars: it is but eight years since
This Percy was the man nearest my soul;
Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,
And laid his love and life under my foot;
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by—
You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember— [*To Warwick.*
When Richard, with his eye brimful of tears,
Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,
Did speak these words, now proved a prophecy?
'Northumberland, thou ladder by the which
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne;'
Though then, God knows, I had no such intent,
But that necessity so bow'd the state,
That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss:
'The time shall come,' thus did he follow it,
'The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,

51. *mock*] Rowe. *mocks* Q_2Ff.
53—56. *O, if this...and die.*] Q_2. Omitted in Ff.
54. *through*] *thorough* Capell.
56. *sit him*] *set him* Capell.
57. *Tis...gone*] In one line with *With divers liquors* (53) in Ff.
gone] om. Pope.
58. *great friends*] om. Pope, reading '*Tis not...Northumberland* as one line.
59. *years*] F_3F_4. *yeare* Q_2. *yeeres* F_1F_2.
65. *But*] om. Pope.
67. *eye brimful*] *eye-brimme full* Q_2. *eye-brim-full* F_1. *eye, brimfull* $F_2F_3F_4$.
72. *God*] Q_2. *Heaven* Ff.
75, 76. *shall...will*] *will...will* Johnson.

Shall break into corruption:' so went on,
Foretelling this same time's condition,
And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceased;
The which observed, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds
And weak beginnings lie intreasured.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time;
And by the necessary form of this
King Richard might create a perfect guess
That great Northumberland, then false to him,
Would of that seed grow to a greater falseness;
Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless on you.

King. Are these things then necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities:
And that same word even now cries out on us:
They say the bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, my lord;
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd. Please it your grace
To go to bed. Upon my soul, my lord,
The powers that you already have sent forth
Shall bring this prize in very easily.
To comfort you the more, I have received
A certain instance that Glendower is dead.
Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill;
And these unseason'd hours perforce must add
Unto your sickness.

77. *corruption*] *convulsion* or *eruption* Collier conj.
81. *nature*] Ff. *natures* Q_2.
84. *which*] Ff. *who* Q_2.
85. *beginnings*] Ff. *beginning* Q_2.
87. *this*] *things* Johnson conj. *these* Capell. *his* Jackson conj.
92. *things then*] *things then, my lord,* Hanmer. om. Steevens conj.
93. *like necessities*] *like necessity* Johnson conj.
96. *my lord*] om. Pope.
99. *soul*] *soule* Q_2. *life* Ff.
101. *bring*] *brings* F_2.

K. Hen. I will take your counsel:
And were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Gloucestershire. Before* JUSTICE SHALLOW'S *house.*

Enter SHALLOW *and* SILENCE, *meeting;* MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, BULLCALF, *a Servant or two with them.*

Shal. Come on, come on, come on, sir; give me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir: an early stirrer, by the rood! And how doth my good cousin Silence?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bedfellow? and your fairest daughter and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a black ousel, cousin Shallow!

Shal. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say my cousin William is become a good scholar: he is at Oxford still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, sir, to my cost.

Shal. A' must, then, to the inns o' court shortly: I was once of Clement's Inn, where I think they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were called 'lusty Shallow' then, cousin.

Shal. By the mass, I was called any thing; and I would have done any thing indeed too, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Barnes, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele, a Cotswold man; you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the inns

108. [Exeunt.] Ff. om. Q_2.
SCENE II.] SCENE III. Pope. Gloucestershire...] The Country. Pope. Justice Shallow's seat in Gloucestershire. Theobald.
Enter.....] Capell. Enter.....Bullcalfe. Ff. Enter Iustice Shallow, and Iustice Silence. Qq (Silens. Q_1).
1. *sir*] Q_2. om. Q_1Ff.
2, 3. *give me your hand, sir*] Once only in Pope.
3. *Silence*] *Silens* Q_2.
7. *ousel*] *woosel* Qq. *ouzell* F_1F_2 F_3. *ouzel* F_4.
8. *nay*] Ff. *no* Qq.
11. *A'...o'*] *A...a* Qq. *He...of* Ff.
15. *By the mass*] Omitted in Ff.
16. *indeed too*] *indeed* Capell.
18. *Barnes*] Qq. *Bare* Ff.
18, 19. *Cotswold man*] Pope. *Cotsole man* Qq. *Cot-sal-man* Ff.
19. *four*] *five* Farmer conj. MS.

o'court again: and I may say to you, we knew where the bona-robas were and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

Shal. The same Sir John, the very same. I see him break Skogan's head at the court-gate, when a' was a crack not thus high: and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's Inn. Jesu, Jesu, the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of my old acquaintance are dead!

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Sil. By my troth, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain. Is old Double of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, sir.

Shal. Jesu, Jesu, dead! a' drew a good bow; and dead! a' shot a fine shoot: John a Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead! a' would have clapped i' the clout at twelve score; and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see. How a score of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

20. *o'*] *a* Qq. *of* Ff.
21. *bona-robas*] *bona robes* Qq.
22. *a boy*] *boy*, Rowe (ed. 2).
24. *This...cousin*] *Coosin, this Sir John* Q_2.
26. *see*] Qq. *saw* Ff.
27. *Skogan's*] *Skoggins* Qq. *Scoggans* F_1. *Schoggans* F_2. *Schoggan's* F_3F_4.
28. *did I*] *I did* Rowe (ed. 2).
29, 30. *Jesu, Jesu*] Qq. *Oh* Ff.
31. *my*] Qq. *mine* Ff.
34. *as the Psalmist saith*] Qq. Omitted in Ff.
35. *Stamford*] *Samforth* Qq.
36. *By my troth*] Qq. *Truly cousin* Ff.
40. *Jesu, Jesu, dead!*] Qq. *Dead? see, see* Ff.
41. *a Gaunt*] Qq. *of Gaunt* Ff.
44. *a fourteen*] Qq. *at fourteen* Ff.

Shal. And is old Double dead?

Sil. Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

Enter BARDOLPH *and one with him.*

Bard. Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace: what is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My captain, sir, commends him to you; my captain, Sir John Falstaff, a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, sir. I knew him a good backsword man. How doth the good knight? may I ask how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated! it is good; yea, indeed, is it: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated! it comes of 'accommodo:' very good; a good phrase.

Bard. Pardon me, sir; I have heard the word. Phrase call you it? by this good day, I know not the phrase; but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command, by heaven. Accommodated; that is, when a man is, as they say, accom-

50. SCENE IV. Pope.
Enter...] Qq. Enter Bardolph and his Boy. Ff (after line 49).
51. Bard. *Good...gentlemen: I beseech*] Bardolfe. *Good...gentlemen.* Bardolfe. *I beseech* Q_1. *Good...gentlemen.* Bard. *I beseech* Q_2. Shal. *Good...gentlemen.* Bard. *I beseech* Ff.
54. *county*] *country* Warburton.
and one] *one* F_3F_4.
55. *good*] om. Q_2.
57. *by heaven*] Qq. om. Ff.
59. *well, sir.*] *wel, sir,* Qq. *well:* (*sir*) Ff.
62. *accommodated*] Ff. *accommodate* Qq.
64. *in faith*] Qq. om. Ff.
65, 67, 73, 74, 75. *accomodated*] QqFf.
66. *are surely*] *surely are* Pope.
ever were, very] Qq. *every where very* Ff.
69. *me*] Q_2. om. Q_1Ff.
70. *good*] Q_2. om. Q_1Ff.
72. *by heaven*] Qq. om. Ff.

modated; or when a man is, being, whereby a' may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

Shal. It is very just.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Look, here comes good Sir John. Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand: by my troth, you like well and bear your years very well: welcome, good Sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good Master Robert Shallow: Master Surecard, as I think?

Shal. No, Sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

Fal. Good Master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fie! this is hot weather, gentlemen. Have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so, so, so, so: yea, marry, sir: Ralph Mouldy! Let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so. Let me see; where is Mouldy?

Moul. Here, an't please you.

Shal. What think you, Sir John? a good-limbed fellow; young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

74, 75. *a' may be thought*] *a may be thought* Qq. *he thought* Ff.

76. SCENE v. Pope.

Enter Falstaff.] Enter Sir John Falstaffe. Q_2.

77. *your good*] Qq. *your* Ff.

78. *by my troth*] Qq. *Trust me* Ff.

like] Qq. *looke* F_1F_2. *look* F_3F_4.

82. *Surecrd*] Ff. *Soccard* Qq.

83, 85. *Silence*] Ff. *Scilens* Q_1. *Silens* Q_2.

88. *weather, gentlemen. Have*] *weather gentlemen, have* Q_1. *weather (gentlemen) have* Q_2. *weather (Gentlemen) have* Ff.

89. *dozen*] Qq. *dozen of* Ff.

93. *Let me see*] Twice only in Q_2.

So] Four times only in Ff.

94. *Ralph*] F_3F_4. *Rafe* Qq. *Raphe* F_1F_2. *to Ralph* Rowe.

97. *an't*] Capell. *and't* Q_1. *and it* Q_2. *if it* Ff.

Moul. Yea, an't please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert used.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i' faith! things that are mouldy lack use: very singular good! in faith, well said, Sir John; very well said.

Fal. Prick him.

Moul. I was pricked well enough before, an you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry and her drudgery: you need not to have pricked me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to: peace, Mouldy; you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent!

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside: know you where you are? For the other, Sir John: let me see: Simon Shadow!

Fal. Yea, marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shad. Here, sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shad. My mother's son, sir.

Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough, and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male: it is often so, indeed; but much of the father's substance!

Shal. Do you like him, Sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer; prick him, for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart!

101. *an't*] Capell. *and't* Qq. *if it* Ff.

103. *i' faith*] om. Ff.

104. *in faith*] om. Ff.

106. Fal. *Prick him*] Ff. Iohn prickes him. Q (as a stage direction). See note (VIII).

107. *an*] Capell. *and* Q. *if* Ff.

116. *the other*] Ff. *th' other* Q. *the others* Anon. conj.

116, 117. *see: Simon*] Ff. *see Simon* Q.

118. *Yea*] Q. *I* Ff.

126. *but much...substance!*] Edd. *but much...substance.* Q. *but not... substance.* Ff. *but not much...substance.* Capell. *not much...substance.* Dyce conj. See note (IX).

128. *summer*] *a summer* Pope.

129. *to fill*] Ff. *fill* Q. *do fill* Theobald.

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him down, Sir John?

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! you can do it, sir; you can do it: I commend you well. Francis Feeble!

Fee. Here, sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Fee. A woman's tailor, sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?

Fal. You may: but if he had been a man's tailor, he'ld ha' pricked you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Fee. I will do my good will, sir: you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove or most magnanimous mouse. Prick the woman's tailor: well, Master Shallow; deep, Master Shallow.

Fee. I would Wart might have gone, sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou mightst mend him and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands: let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Fee. It shall suffice, sir.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble. Who is next?

Shal. Peter Bullcalf o' the green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let's see Bullcalf.

Bull. Here, sir.

136. *down*] om. Q.
137. *his*] om. Q.
147. *he 'ld ha'*] *hee 'd a* Q. *he would have* Ff.
152. *tailor: well*] *tailer: wel* Q. *taylour well* Ff.
156. *to a*] *to be a* Rowe.
159. *sir*] om. Ff.
161. *next*] Q. *the next* Ff.

Fal. 'Fore God, a likely fellow! Come, prick me Bull-calf till he roar again.

Bull. O Lord! good my lord captain,—

Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art pricked?

Bull. O Lord, sir! I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bull. A whoreson cold, sir, a cough, sir, which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs upon his coronation-day, sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order that thy friends shall ring for thee. Is here all?

Shal. Here is two more called than your number; you must have but four here, sir: and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by my troth, Master Shallow.

Shal. O, Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's field?

Fal. No more of that, good Master Shallow, no more of that.

Shal. Ha! 'twas a merry night. And is Jane Night-work alive?

Fal. She lives, Master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never; she would always say she could not abide Master Shallow.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, Master Shallow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be

165. *'Fore God*] Q. *Trust me* Ff.
me] om. Q.
167, 169. *O Lord*] Q. *Oh* Ff.
168. *thou art*] Q. *th' art* Ff.
177. *Here*] Q. *There* Ff.
two] om. Capell. *one* Jervis conj.
181. *by my*] Q. *in good* Ff.
184. *field*] *fields* F_4.
185, 186. *good...that.*] Ff. *master Shallow.* Q.
190. *never could*] *could never* Capell.
193. *By the mass*] Q. om. Ff.

old; certain she's old; and had Robin Nightwork by old Nightwork before I came to Clement's Inn.

Sil. That's fifty five year ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen! Ha, Sir John, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have: our watch-word was 'Hem boys!' Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner: Jesus, the days that we have seen! Come, come.

[*Exeunt Falstaff and the Justices.*

Bull. Good Master Corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here's four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Moul. And, good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody to do any thing about her when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself: you shall have forty, sir.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Fee. By my troth, I care not; a man can die but once: we owe God a death: I'll ne'er bear a base mind: an't

198. *came to*] *came from* Capell.
Clement's Inn] Ff. *Clemham* Q.
199. *year*] *yeare* Q. *yeeres* F_1F_2. *yeares* F_3F_4.
205. *That we have*] Thrice in Q; twice in Ff.
206. *watch-word*] *watch-world* F_2.
207. *Come, let's to dinner*] Once in Pope.
Jesus] Q. *Oh* Ff.
208. [Exeunt...] Exeunt. Q. om. Ff.
217. *old*] Ff. om. Q.
218. *has*] Q. *hath* Ff.
220. *forty, sir*] *four too, sir* Capell conj. *forty shillings* Id. conj. (withdrawn).
222. *By my troth*] Q. om. Ff.
223. *owe God*] Q. *owe* Ff.
I'll ne'er] *Ile nere* Q. *I will never* Ff.
223, 224. *an't*] Capell. *and't* Q. *if it* Ff.

be my destiny, so; an't be not, so: no man is too good to serve's prince; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said; thou'rt a good fellow.

Fee. Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter FALSTAFF *and the* Justices.

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Four of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you: I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bullcalf.

Fal. Go to; well.

Shal. Come, Sir John, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you choose for me.

Shal. Marry, then, Mouldy, Bullcalf, Feeble and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy and Bullcalf: for you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service: and for your part, Bullcalf, grow till you come unto it: I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong: they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man! Give me the spirit, Master Shallow. Here's Wart; you see what a ragged appearance it is: a' shall charge you and discharge you with the motion of a pewterer's hammer, come off and on swifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow; give me this man: he presents no mark to the enemy; the foeman may with as great aim

225. *serve's*] Q. *serve his* Ff.

227, 261. *thou'rt*] *th' art* Q. *thou art* Ff.

228. *Faith, I'll*] *Nay, I will* Ff.

Re-enter...] Capell. Enter... Q. om. Ff.

237. *Shadow*] QF_1. *Shallow* F_2 F_3F_4.

238. *stay*] *you have stayed* Farmer conj.

239. *till you*] *still; you* Rann (Tyrwhitt conj.).

246. *assemblance*] *semblance* Pope. *assemblage* Capell.

247. *Here's Wart;*] *Heres Wart,* Q. *Where's Wart?* Ff.

level at the edge of a penknife. And for a retreat; how swiftly will this Feeble the woman's tailor run off! O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So: very well: go to: very good, exceeding good. O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapt, bald shot. Well said, i' faith, Wart; thou'rt a good scab: hold, there's a tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft's-master; he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end Green, when I lay at Clement's Inn,—I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show,—there was a little quiver fellow, and a' would manage you his piece thus; and a' would about and about, and come you in and come you in: 'rah, tah, tah,' would a' say; 'bounce' would a' say; and away again would a' go, and again would a' come: I shall ne'er see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, Master Shallow. God keep you, Master Silence: I will not use many words with you. Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you: I must a dozen mile to-night. Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, the Lord bless you! God prosper your affairs! God send us peace! At your return visit our house; let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure I will with ye to the court.

253. *retreat*] F_3F_4. *retraite* Q. *retrait* F_1F_2.

257. *thus, thus, thus*] Ff. *thas, thas, thas* Q.

260. *chapt*] *chopt* QFf.
bald shot] *Ballde, Shot* Q.
i' faith] om. Ff.

262. *craft's-master*] *crafts-master* QF_1F_2. *craft-master* F_3F_4.

265, 266, 267, 268, 269. *a'*] *a* Q. *hee* or *he* Ff (and elsewhere).

269. *ne'er*] *nere* Q. *never* Ff.

270, 271. *well...Silence*] *well M. Shallow, God keep you M. Scilens,* Q. *well, Master Shallow. Farewell Master Silence,* Ff. *well. Master Shallow, God keep you; farewel, master Silence.* Pope.

270—272. *well, Master...with you.*] *well. Master Shallow, God keep you: Master Silence, I will...you;* Farmer conj. MS.

271. *will*] Ff. *wooll* Q.

274. *the Lord*] Q. *heaven* Ff.
God prosper] Q. *and prosper* Ff.

275. *God send*] Q. *and send* Ff.
peace! At your return] *peace at your returne,* Q. *peace. As you returne,* Ff.

275, 276. *our house*] Q. *my house* Ff.

277. *ye*] Q. *you* Ff.

Fal. 'Fore God, I would you would, Master Shallow.

Shal. Go to; I have spoke at a word. God keep you.

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. [*Exeunt Justices.*] On, Bardolph; lead the men away. [*Exeunt Bardolph, Recruits, &c.*] As I return, I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow. Lord, Lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull Street; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's Inn like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when a' was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife: a' was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible: a' was the very genius of famine; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him mandrake: a' came ever in the rearward of the fashion, and sung those tunes to the overscutched huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his fancies or his good-nights. And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire, and talks as familiarly of John a Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him; and I'll be sworn a' ne'er saw him but once in the Tilt-yard; and then he burst his head for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it, and told John a Gaunt he beat his own name;

278. *'Fore God, I...Shallow.*] *Fore God would you would.* Q. *I would... Shallow.* Ff. *'Fore God, I would you would* Collier.

279. *God keep you.*] Q. *Fare you well.* Ff.

280. *gentle*] om. F_4.

[Exeunt...] Exit. Q. Exit. Ff (after line 281).

281. *On,*] Shal. *On,* Q.

[Exeunt B.,...] Capell. om. QFf.

283, 284. *Lord, Lord*] Q. om. Ff.

285. *prate*] *prated* Pope.

287. *Turnbull*] Q. *Turnball* Ff.

duer] *more duly* Pope.

293. *invincible*] *invisible* Rowe.

genius] *gemies* Q. See note (x).

294, 295. *yet...mandrake*] Omitted in Ff.

295. *ever*] Ff. *over* Q.

296—298. *and sung...good-nights.*] Omitted in Ff.

296. *overscutched*] *overswitched* Grant White.

298. *this*] QF_1F_2. *the* F_3F_4.

299. *John a Gaunt*] Q. *John of Gaunt* Ff.

301. *a' ne'er*] *a nere* Q. *he never* Ff.

302. *burst*] *broke* Pope.

for you might have thrust him and all his apparel into an eel-skin; the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court: and now has he land and beefs. Well, I'll be acquainted with him, if I return; and it shall go hard but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me: if the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Yorkshire. Gaultree Forest.*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP of YORK, MOWBRAY, HASTINGS, *and others.*

Arch. What is this forest call'd?
Hast. 'Tis Gaultree Forest, an't shall please your grace.
Arch. Here stand, my lords; and send discoverers forth
To know the numbers of our enemies.
Hast. We have sent forth already.
Arch. 'Tis well done.
My friends and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you that I have received
New-dated letters from Northumberland;
Their cold intent, tenour and substance, thus:
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers

304. *thrust*] Q. *truss'd* Ff.
306. *has*] Q. *hath* Ff.
beefs] *beefes* Q. *beeves* Ff.
I'll] *ile* Q. *I will* Ff.
307. *and it*] Ff. *and t'* Q.
308. *two stones*] *true stone* Jackson conj.
310. *Let*] See note (x).
311. *there*] *there's* Rowe.
[Exit.] Exeunt. Ff. om. Q.
Yorkshire. Gaultree Forest.] In Yorkshire. Pope.
Enter...] Malone. Enter the Archbishop, Mowbray, Bardolfe, Hastings, within the forrest of Gaultree. Q. Enter the Arch-bishop, Mowbray, Hastings, Westmerland, Colevile. Ff.
1. Arch.] Bish., or Bishop. QFf (passim).
2. *Gaultree*] Q. *Gualtree* Ff.
an't...grace] Omitted by Pope.
4. *numbers*] *number* F_3F_4.
9. *tenour*] *tenure* QFf.
10. *Here doth he*] QF_1. *How doth he* $F_2F_3F_4$. *How he doth* Pope. *Here he doth* Hanmer.

As might hold sortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy; whereupon
He is retired, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland: and concludes in hearty prayers
That your attempts may overlive the hazard
And fearful meeting of their opposite.
Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what news?
Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy;
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon or near the rate of thirty thousand.
Mowb. The just proportion that we gave them out.
Let us sway on and face them in the field.
Arch. What well-appointed leader fronts us here?

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Mowb. I think it is my Lord of Westmoreland.
West. Health and fair greeting from our general,
The prince, Lord John and Duke of Lancaster.
Arch. Say on, my Lord of Westmoreland, in peace:
What doth concern your coming?
West. Then, my lord,
Unto your grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rags,

18. a Messenger.] Ff. Messenger. Q.
24. *Let us sway*] *Let us way* Warburton. *Let's away* Collier (Collier MS.).
25. SCENE II. Pope.
Enter W.] Q. In Ff, after line 22.
29, 30. *peace: What... coming?*] Ff. *peace, What...comming?* Q. *peace, What...coming.* Dyce.
30. *Then, my lord*] Omitted in Q.
34. *bloody*] *heady* Warburton conj. *moody* Johnson conj. (withdrawn).
guarded] *goaded* Pope (ed. 2).
rags] Singer (S. Walker conj. and Collier MS.). *rage* QFf.

And countenanced by boys and beggary,
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,
In his true, native and most proper shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble lords
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection
With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop,
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd,
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd,
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd,
Whose white investments figure innocence,
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself
Out of the speech of peace that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war;
Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood,
Your pens to lances and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet and a point of war?

Arch. Wherefore do I this? so the question stands.
Briefly to this end: we are all diseased,
And with our surfeiting and wanton hours
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed for it; of which disease
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.
But, my most noble Lord of Westmoreland,
I take not on me here as a physician,
Nor do I as an enemy to peace
Troop in the throngs of military men;
But rather show awhile like fearful war,
To diet rank minds sick of happiness
And purge the obstructions which begin to stop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.

36. *appear'd*] Pope. *appeare* QF_1F_2. *appear* F_3F_4.
39. *ugly*] F_3F_4. *owgly* Q. *ougly* F_1F_2.
41. *lord*] *my lord* Pope.
42. *see*] F_4. *sea* $QF_1F_2F_3$.
45. *figure*] *figures* Q.
50. *graves*] *graues* Q. *Graues* F_1. *glaives* Hanmer (Warburton). *greaves* Rann (Steevens conj.). *breves* Jackson conj. *braves* Keightley conj. *griefs* Anon. conj.
52. *loud*] *lowd* QF_1F_4. *low* F_2F_3. *a point*] *report* Collier MS. *a bruit* Singer conj.
55—79. *And...wrong*] Omitted in Q.

I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforced from our most quiet there
By the rough torrent of occasion;
And have the summary of all our griefs,
When time shall serve, to show in articles;
Which long ere this we offer'd to the king,
And might by no suit gain our audience:
When we are wrong'd and would unfold our griefs,
We are denied access unto his person
Even by those men that most have done us wrong.
The dangers of the days but newly gone,
Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet appearing blood, and the examples
Of every minute's instance, present now,
Hath put us in these ill-beseeming arms,
Not to break peace or any branch of it,
But to establish here a peace indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal denied?
Wherein have you been galled by the king?
What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you,
That you should seal this lawless bloody book
Of forged rebellion with a seal divine
And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?

Arch. My brother general, the commonwealth,
To brother born an household cruelty,

71. *there*] Ff. *sphere* Hanmer (Warburton). *chair* Collier (Theobald conj.). *haven* or *rest* Keightley conj. *shore* or *tether* Anon. conj.

76. *our*] *an* Collier MS.

80. *dangers...days*] *danger...day's* Rowe.

83. *instance*] *instants* Malone conj.

84. *Hath*] QFf. *Have* Theobald.

93. *And...edge*] Omitted in Ff. See note (XI).

94. *My...commonwealth*] *My brother, general, the commonwealth;* Rann. *My brother, general! the commonwealth!* Knight.

brother general, the] *quarrel general, the* Johnson conj. *brother general* [shewing Mowbray] *the* Capell. *quarrel: and the general* Singer conj. See note (XI).

95. *To...cruelty*] Omitted in Ff. See note (XI).

I make my quarrel in particular.
West. There is no need of any such redress;
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.
Mowb. Why not to him in part, and to us all
That feel the bruises of the days before,
And suffer the condition of these times
To lay a heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours?
West. O, my good Lord Mowbray,
Construe the times to their necessities,
And you shall say indeed, it is the time,
And not the king, that doth you injuries.
Yet for your part, it not appears to me
Either from the king or in the present time
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on: were you not restored
To all the Duke of Norfolk's signories,
Your noble and right well remember'd father's?
Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father lost,
That need to be revived and breathed in me?
The king that loved him, as the state stood then,
Was force perforce compell'd to banish him:
And then that Henry Bolingbroke and he,
Being mounted and both roused in their seats,
Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,
Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down,
Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel
And the loud trumpet blowing them together,
Then, then, when there was nothing could have stay'd
My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,
O, when the king did throw his warder down,

102, 103. *To lay...honours*] As in Rowe (ed. 2). As one line in QFf.
102. *a heavy*] *an heavie* F_4.
103—139. *O, my good.....king.*] Omitted in Q.
108. *Either*] *Or* Pope.
116. *force perforce*] Theobald. *forc'd, perforce* Ff.
117. *then that*] *then. that* Ff. *when, that* Rowe (ed. 1). *then, when* Pope. *Henry*] *Harry* Theobald.
117—125. *And then.....O, when*] *And when...O then* Staunton conj.
119. *coursers*] F_1F_4. *courses* F_2F_3.
121. *sparkling*] *sparling* F_2.
125. *O, when...down,*] F_1F_4. *O when...down.* F_2F_3. *O then...down.* Capell.

His own life hung upon the staff he threw;
Then threw he down himself and all their lives
That by indictment and by dint of sword
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

West. You speak, Lord Mowbray, now you know not what.

The Earl of Hereford was reputed then
In England the most valiant gentleman:
Who knows on whom fortune would then have smiled?
But if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry:
For all the country in a general voice
Cried hate upon him; and all their prayers and love
Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on
And bless'd and graced indeed, more than the king.
But this is mere digression from my purpose.
Here come I from our princely general
To know your griefs; to tell you from his grace
That he will give you audience; and wherein
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them, every thing set off
That might so much as think you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forced us to compel this offer;
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

West. Mowbray, you overween to take it so;
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear:
For, lo! within a ken our army lies,
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;

128. *and*] *or* Pope.
131. *Earl*] *duke* Capell.
137. *and all*] *all* Pope.
138. *Hereford*] *Herefold* F_2.
139. *indeed, more...king*] Theobald (Thirlby conj.). *and did more...king* Ff. *more than the king himself* Rowe. *and bid more...king* Delius conj. *and eyed more...king* Edd. conj.
140. *But this*] West. *But this* Q.
144, 145. *It shall appear...set off*] *It shall enjoy them, every thing set off, You shall appear, that your demands are just* F_3.
146. *think*] F_3F_4. *thinke* QF_1F_2. *mark* Hanmer. *hint* Capell.

Then reason will our hearts should be as good:
Say you not then our offer is compell'd.
Mowb. Well, by my will we shall admit no parley.
West. That argues but the shame of your offence:
A rotten case abides no handling.
Hast. Hath the Prince John a full commission,
In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?
West. That is intended in the general's name:
I muse you make so slight a question.
Arch. Then take, my Lord of Westmoreland, this schedule,
For this contains our general grievances:
Each several article herein redress'd,
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are insinewed to this action,
Acquitted by a true substantial form,
And present execution of our wills
To us and to our purposes confined,
We come within our awful banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.
West. This will I show the general. Please you, lords,
In sight of both our battles we may meet;
And either end in peace, which God so frame!
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.

157. *will*] *wills* Pope. *well*— Malone conj.

159. *parley*] Ff. *parlee* Q.

161. *handling*] QF_1. *handing* F_2 F_3F_4.

166. *intended*] *indented* Becket conj.

171—174. Farmer proposed to arrange these lines as follows, 173, 174, 171, 172.

172. *insinewed to*] Ff. *ensinewed to* Q. *insinew'd to* Capell. *insinewed into* Hanmer.

174. *execution*] *executions* Rowe.

175. *purposes confined*] *purposes confinde* Q. *purposes confin'd* Ff. *properties confirm'd* Hanmer. *properties confin'd* Warburton. *purposes consign'd* Steevens (Johnson conj.). *purposes, confirm'd* Capell. *purposes; confin'd* Mitford conj.

176. *awful*] *lawful* Warburton.

177. *to*] *up to* Capell.

179, 180. *meet; And either*] Theobald (Thirlby conj.). *meete, At either* Q. *meete At either* Ff.

180. *God*] Q. *Heaven* Ff.

Arch. My lord, we will do so. [*Exit West.*
Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom tells me
That no conditions of our peace can stand.
Hast. Fear you not that: if we can make our peace
Upon such large terms and so absolute
As our conditions shall consist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.
Mowb. Yea, but our valuation shall be such
That every slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, every idle, nice and wanton reason
Shall to the king taste of this action;
That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff
And good from bad find no partition.
Arch. No, no, my lord. Note this; the king is weary
Of dainty and such picking grievances:
For he hath found to end one doubt by death
Revives two greater in the heirs of life,
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean
And keep no tell-tale to his memory
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance; for full well he knows
He cannot so precisely weed this land
As his misdoubts present occasion:
His foes are so enrooted with his friends
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so and shake a friend.
So that this land, like an offensive wife
That hath enraged him on to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his infant up
And hangs resolved correction in the arm

183. SCENE III. Pope.
184. *conditions*] QF_1F_2. *condition* F_3F_4.
185. *not that: if*] Pope. *not that, if* $F_2F_3F_4$. *not, that if* QF_1.
187. *consist*] *insist* Rowe.
189. *Yea,*] Q. *I,* Ff.
193. *royal*] *loyal* Hanmer.
197, 198. *weary Of dainty*] *weary of Such dainty* Keightley conj.
198. *Of...grievances*] *Of picking out such dainty grievances* Johnson conj.
209. *so*] *too* Grant White conj.
211. *him on*] *her man* Collier (Collier MS.).

That was uprear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement:
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold.

Arch. 'Tis very true:
And therefore be assured, my good lord marshal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it so.
Here is return'd my Lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

West. The prince is here at hand: pleaseth your lordship
To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies.

Mowb. Your grace of York, in God's name, then, set forward.

Arch. Before, and greet his grace: my lord, we come.
[*Exeunt.*

223, 224. *Be... Westmoreland*] As one line in Q.
224. Re-enter...] Enter... QFf.
227. *Your grace*] *My lord* Capell.
God's] Q. *heavens* Ff.
set] Q. om. Ff.
228. [Exeunt.] Capell. om. QFf.

SCENE II. *Another part of the forest.*

Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, *attended; afterwards the* ARCHBISHOP, HASTINGS, *and others: from the other side,* PRINCE JOHN of LANCASTER, *and* WESTMORELAND; Officers, *and others with them.*

Lan. You are well encounter'd here, my cousin Mowbray:
Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop;
And so to you, Lord Hastings, and to all.
My Lord of York, it better show'd with you
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text
Than now to see you here an iron man,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword and life to death.
That man that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroach
In shadow of such greatness! With you, lord bishop,
It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken
How deep you were within the books of God?
To us the speaker in his parliament;
To us the imagined voice of God himself;
The very opener and intelligencer
Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven
And our dull workings. O, who shall believe

SCENE II.] Capell. SCENE IV. Pope. om. Ff.

Another part of the forest.] Steevens. The same. Another Part of it. An open Tent set up; Servants attending. Trumpets. Capell.

Enter.....] Capell. Enter Prince Iohn and his armie. Q (after *armies*, IV. 1. 226). Enter Prince John. Ff.

1. *You are*] *You're* Pope.
2. *gentle*] *my gentle* Pope.
8. *man*] *man talking* Q.
17. *God*] Q. *Heaven* Ff.
19. *imagined*] *imagin'd* Rowe (ed. 2). *imagine* QFf. *image and* Rann (Malone conj.).

God himself] Q. *Heaven it selfe* Ff.

But you misuse the reverence of your place,
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,
As a false favourite doth his prince's name,
In deeds dishonourable? You have ta'en up,
Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
The subjects of his substitute, my father,
And both against the peace of heaven and him
Have here up-swarm'd them.

Arch. Good my Lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your father's peace;
But, as I told my Lord of Westmoreland,
The time misorder'd doth, in common sense,
Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form,
To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief,
The which hath been with scorn shoved from the court,
Whereon this Hydra son of war is born;
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep
With grant of our most just and right desires,
And true obedience, of this madness cured,
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt:
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them;
And so success of mischief shall be born
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up
Whiles England shall have generation.

Lan. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow,

24. *Employ*] *Imply* Q.
26. *dishonourable? You*] Ff. *dishonorable you*] Q.
You have] *you've* Pope.
ta'en] *tane* Q. *taken* Ff.
27. *zeal*] F_3F_4. *zeale* QF_1F_2. *seal* Singer (Capell conj.). See note (XII).
God] Q. *Heaven* Ff.
28. *his*] Q. *Heavens* Ff.
33. *sense*] *fence* Warburton conj.
37. *hath*] *have* Capell.
38. *Hydra son*] *Hidra, sonne* Q. *Hydra sonne* F_1F_2. *Hydra-Son* F_3F_4.
40. *desires*] *desire* F_4.
47. *success of*] *successive* Collier conj.
48. *this*] Ff. *his* Q.
49. *Whiles*] *While* Pope.
50. *You...shallow*] As in Q. As two lines in Ff, the first ending *Hastings*.

To sound the bottom of the after-times.
West. Pleaseth your grace to answer them directly
How far forth you do like their articles.
Lan. I like them all, and do allow them well;
And swear here, by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook;
And some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning and authority.
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd;
Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your powers unto their several counties,
As we will ours: and here between the armies
Let's drink together friendly and embrace,
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home
Of our restored love and amity.
Arch. I take your princely word for these redresses.
Lan. I give it you, and will maintain my word:
And thereupon I drink unto your grace.
Hast. Go, captain, and deliver to the army
This news of peace: let them have pay, and part:
I know it will well please them. Hie thee, captain.
[*Exit Officer.*
Arch. To you, my noble Lord of Westmoreland.
West. I pledge your grace; and, if you knew what pains
I have bestow'd to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely: but my love to ye
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.
Arch. I do not doubt you.
West. I am glad of it.

60. *soul*] *soule* Q. *life* Ff.
66, 67. *redresses.* Lan. *I give*] *redresses.* John. *I give* Ff. *redresses, I give* Q.
66. [Wine brought. Collier (Collier MS.).
68. [drinks, and gives the Cup to the Archbishop. Capell.
69. Hast.] Ff. Prince. Q. [to an Officer. Capell.
71. *I know.....captain*] As in Q. As two lines in Ff.
[Exit Officer.] Capell. Exit. Ff. om. Q. Exit Colevile. Rowe.
72. [drinks, and gives to West. Capell.
73, 74. *I pledge...peace*] As in Q. As three lines in Ff, ending *grace... bestow'd...peace.*
75. *to ye*] *to you* Capell.

Health to my lord and gentle cousin, Mowbray.
Mowb. You wish me health in very happy season;
For I am, on the sudden, something ill.
Arch. Against ill chances men are ever merry;
But heaviness foreruns the good event.
West. Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden sorrow
Serves to say thus, 'some good thing comes to-morrow.'
Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.
Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be true.
[*Shouts within.*
Lan. The word of peace is render'd: hark, how they shout!
Mowb. This had been cheerful after victory.
Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.
Lan. Go, my lord,
And let our army be discharged too. [*Exit Westmoreland.*
And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains
March by us, that we may peruse the men
We should have coped withal.
Arch. Go, good Lord Hastings,
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.
[*Exit Hastings.*
Lan. I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?
West. The leaders, having charge from you to stand,
Will not go off until they hear you speak.
Lan. They know their duties.

84. *Serves...thus*] *Seems...this* S. Walker conj.
86. [Shouts within.] Capell. Shout. Q. om. Ff.
87. *how*] om. Pope.
92. [Exit W.] Rowe. Exit. Ff (after line 94). om. Q.
93. *our*] *your* Capell.
96. [Exit. H.] Exit. Ff. om. Q.
97. *we shall*] *we'll* S. Walker conj.
Re-enter W.] Enter W. QFf.
98. SCENE X. Pope (ed. 1). SCENE V. Pope (ed. 2).

Re-enter HASTINGS.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispersed already:
Like youthful steers unyoked, they take their courses
East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke up,
Each hurries toward his home and sporting-place.
West. Good tidings, my Lord Hastings; for the which
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason:
And you, lord archbishop, and you, lord Mowbray,
Of capital treason I attach you both.
Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honourable?
West. Is your assembly so?
Arch. Will you thus break your faith?
Lan. I pawn'd thee none:
I promised you redress of these same grievances
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a most Christian care.
But for you, rebels, look to taste the due
Meet for rebellion and such acts as yours.
Most shallowly did you these arms commence,
Fondly brought here and foolishly sent hence.
Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray:
God, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.
Some guard these traitors to the block of death,
Treason's true bed and yielder up of breath. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter H.] Enter H. QFf.
102. *My lord...already*] Q. *Our army is dispers'd* Ff.
103. *take their courses*] Q. *tooke their course* Ff.
105. *toward*] Q. *towards* Ff.
112. *thee*] *you* Rowe.
113. *these same*] om. Steevens conj.
117. *and...yours*] Ff. Omitted in Q.
121. *God...hath*] Q. *Heaven... have* Ff. *Heav'n...hath* Theobald.
122. *these traitors*] Ff. *this traitour* Q.

SCENE III. *Another part of the forest.*

Alarum. Excursions. Enter FALSTAFF *and* COLEVILE, *meeting.*

Fal. What's your name, sir? of what condition are you, and of what place, I pray?

Cole. I am a knight, sir; and my name is Colevile of the dale.

Fal. Well, then, Colevile is your name, a knight is your degree, and your place the dale: Colevile shall be still your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, a place deep enough; so shall you be still Colevile of the dale.

Cole. Are not you Sir John Falstaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death: therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

Cole. I think you are Sir John Falstaff, and in that thought yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: my womb, my womb, my womb, undoes me. Here comes our general.

Enter PRINCE JOHN of LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, BLUNT, *and others.*

Lan. The heat is past; follow no further now:

SCENE III.] Capell. SCENE VI. Pope. om. Ff.

Another...] The same. Another part. Capell.

Alarum...] Alarum. Enter Falstaffe excursions. Q. Enter Falstaffe and Colleville. Ff.

...meeting] Capell.

2. *I pray*] Ff. om. Q.

3, 4. *I...dale.*] As prose in Q. As two lines, the first ending *sir*, in Ff.

7. *place*] *dale* Collier (Collier MS.).

8. *a place*] *a dale* Rann (Tyrwhitt conj.).

be still] *still be* Rowe.

22. Enter...] Enter Iohn Westmerland, and the rest. Q. Enter Prince Iohn, and Westmerland. Ff.

23. *further*] Q. *farther* Ff.

Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.

[*Exit Westmoreland.*

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while? 25
When every thing is ended, then you come:
These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break some gallows' back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet but rebuke and check was the reward of 30 valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility; I have foundered nine score and odd posts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure 35 and immaculate valour, taken Sir John Colevile of the dale, a most furious knight and valorous enemy. But what of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say, with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, 'I came, saw, and overcame.' 40

Lan. It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

Fal. I know not: here he is, and here I yield him: and I beseech your grace, let it be booked with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular 45 ballad else, with mine own picture on the top on't, Colevile kissing my foot: to the which course if I be enforced, if you do not all show like gilt two-pences to me, and I in the clear sky of fame o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which show like pins' heads 50 to her, believe not the word of the noble: therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

Lan. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine, then.

26. *then*] *thou* F_2.
33. *have*] om. Rowe.
with] *within* Anon. conj.
34. *inch*] $QF_2F_3F_4$. *ynch* F_1. *edge* Anon. conj.
39. *Rome, 'I came...'*] Ff. *Rome, there cosin, I came ..* Q. *Rome, there, Cæsar, I came...* Johnson. *Rome, your cousin—I came...* Capell conj. *Rome, my cousin, I came...* Collier conj. *Rome, I...overcame.* Lan. *Then, cousin, it...* Anon. conj.
45. *by the Lord,*] Q. *I sweare,* Ff.
46. *else*] Q. om. Ff.
on't] Q. *of it* Ff.

Lan. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

Lan. Is thy name Colevile?

Cole. It is, my lord.

Lan. A famous rebel art thou, Colevile.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are
That led me hither: had they been ruled by me,
You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves: but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away gratis; and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Lan. Now, have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made and execution stay'd.

Lan. Send Colevile with his confederates
To York, to present execution:
Blunt, lead him hence; and see you guard him sure.
[*Exeunt Blunt and others with Colevile.*
And now dispatch we toward the court, my lords:
I hear the king my father is sore sick:
Our news shall go before us to his majesty,
Which, cousin, you shall bear to comfort him;
And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go
Through Gloucestershire: and, when you come to court,
Stand my good lord, pray, in your good report.

Lan. Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition,

64. *won*] *bought* Capell conj.

66. *gratis*] Q. om. Ff. *gratis; and* om. Anon. conj. (reading 65—68 as verse).

67. Re-enter...] Enter... QFf.

68. SCENE VII. Pope.
Now] Q. om. Ff.

70. *Colevile*] *Coleville then* Pope. *Coleville here* Capell.

72. [Exeunt...] Exit with Colevile. Ff. om. Q.

78—80. *My lord,.....report.*] As verse first by Dyce (Collier conj.). As prose in QFf.

78. *I beseech*] *'beseech* S. Walker conj.

80. *Stand...report*] *'pray, stand in your good report, my lord* Pope.
pray] *'pray* Ff. om. Q.

81, 82. *Fare...deserve.*] As verse in Ff. As prose in Q.

Shall better speak of you than you deserve.

[*Exeunt all except Falstaff.*

Fal. I would you had but the wit: 'twere better than your dukedom. Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh; but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never none of these demure boys come to any proof; for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches: they are generally fools and cowards; which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish and dull and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble fiery and delectable shapes; which, delivered o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is, the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice; but the sherris warms it and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme: it illumineth the face, which as a beacon gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, great and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work; and learning a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil, till sack commences it and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it that Prince

82. [Exeunt...] Capell. Exit. Ff. om. Q.
83. *but*] Ff. om. Q.
85. *nor*] om. Pope.
86. *none*] Q. *any* Ff.
87, 88. *drink...fish-meals*] *drink and....fishmeals doth....blood* Anon. conj.
93, 94. *and dull*] *dull* Pope.
94. *crudy*] *cruddie* F_1.
96. *the tongue*] *in the tongue* Hanmer.
97. *becomes*] *become* Hanmer.
102. *extreme*] F_3F_4. *extremes* QF_1F_2. *illumineth*] Q. *illuminateth* Ff.
106. *this retinue*] Q. *his retinue* Ff.
109. *hoard*] F_3F_4. *whoord* Q. *hoord* F_1F_2.
commences] *commerces* Heath conj. *conjures* Jervis conj.

Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean sterile and bare land, manured, husbanded and tilled with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good store of fertile sherris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first humane principle I would teach them should be, to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack.

Enter BARDOLPH.

How now, Bardolph?

Bard. The army is discharged all and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I'll through Gloucestershire; and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow, esquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Westminster. The Jerusalem Chamber.*

Enter the KING, *the* PRINCES THOMAS of CLARENCE *and* HUMPHREY of GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, *and others.*

King. Now, lords, if God doth give successful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.
Our navy is address'd, our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And every thing lies level to our wish:

116. *humane*] Q. om. Ff. *human* Johnson.
117. Enter B.] Ff. Enter B. (after next line) Q.
123. [Exeunt.] Ff. om. Q.
SCENE IV.] Capell. Scæna Secunda. Ff. SCENE VIII. Pope.
Westminster...] The Palace at Westminster. Theobald. See note (XIII).
Enter...] Enter the King, Warwike, Kent, Thomas duke of Clarence, Humphrey of Gloucester. Q. Enter King, Warwicke, Clarence, Gloucester. Ff.
...and others] Capell.
1. *God*] Q. *heaven* Ff.
2. *bleedeth*] *bredeth* Anon. conj.

Only, we want a little personal strength;
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.
War. Both which we doubt not but your majesty
Shall soon enjoy.
King. Humphrey, my son of Gloucester,
Where is the prince your brother?
Glou. I think he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.
King. And how accompanied?
Glou. I do not know, my lord.
King. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?
Glou. No, my good lord; he is in presence here.
Clar. What would my lord and father?
King. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.
How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother?
He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas;
Thou hast a better place in his affection
Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy,
And noble offices thou mayst effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatness and thy other brethren:
Therefore omit him not; blunt not his love,
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace
By seeming cold or careless of his will;
For he is gracious, if he be observed:
He hath a tear for pity and a hand
Open as day for melting charity:
Yet notwithstanding, being incensed, he's flint,
As humorous as winter and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.
His temper, therefore, must be well observed:
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,

12, 13. *Humphrey...brother?*] As prose in QFf. First as verse by Pope.
32. *melting*] Ff. *meeting* Q.
34. *humorous*] *tumourous* Jackson conj.
35. *congealed*] *congested* Singer conj. (withdrawn).

When you perceive his blood inclined to mirth;
But, being moody, give him line and scope,
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working. Learn this, Thomas,
And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,
A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,
That the united vessel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of suggestion—
As, force perforce, the age will pour it in—
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As aconitum or rash gunpowder.

Clar. I shall observe him with all care and love.

King. Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas?

Clar. He is not there to-day; he dines in London.

King. And how accompanied? canst thou tell that?

Clar. With Poins, and other his continual followers.

King. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds;
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overspread with them: therefore my grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death:
The blood weeps from my heart when I do shape
In forms imaginary the unguided days
And rotten times that you shall look upon
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
When means and lavish manners meet together,
O, with what wings shall his affections fly
Towards fronting peril and opposed decay!

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite:
The prince but studies his companions
Like a strange tongue, wherein, to gain the language,
'Tis needful that the most immodest word
Be look'd upon and learn'd; which once attain'd,

39. *line*] Ff. *time* Q.
47. *strong*] *stong* F_2.
51, 53. Clar.] Tho. Q.
52. *canst...that?*] Omitted in Q.

Your highness knows, comes to no further use
But to be known and hated. So, like gross terms,
The prince will in the perfectness of time
Cast off his followers; and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which his grace must mete the lives of others,
Turning past evils to advantages.

King. 'Tis seldom when the bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Who's here? Westmoreland?

West. Health to my sovereign, and new happiness
Added to that that I am to deliver!
Prince John your son doth kiss your grace's hand:
Mowbray, the Bishop Scroop, Hastings and all
Are brought to the correction of your law;
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,
But Peace puts forth her olive every where.
The manner how this action hath been borne
Here at more leisure may your highness read,
With every course in his particular.

King. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day.

Enter HARCOURT.

Look, here's more news.

Har. From enemies heaven keep your majesty;
And, when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of!
The Earl Northumberland and the Lord Bardolph,

72. *further*] Q. *farther* Ff.
77. *others*] Ff. *other* Q.
79. *seldom when*] *seldome when* Q. *seldome, when* $F_1F_2F_3$. *seldom, when* F_4. *seldom-when* Singer.
80. Enter W.] Ff. Enter W. (after the end of the line) Q.
81. SCENE IX. Pope.
82. *that that*] *that, which* Pope.
84. *Bishop Scroop*] Theobald. *Bishop, Scroope* QFf.
90. *his*] *this* Johnson conj.
93. Enter H.] Ff. Enter Harcor. Q (after *news*).
94. *heaven*] Ff. *heavens* Q.

With a great power of English and of Scots,
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown:
The manner and true order of the fight,
This packet, please it you, contains at large.
King. And wherefore should these good news make me sick?
Will Fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach and no food;
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast
And takes away the stomach; such are the rich,
That have abundance and enjoy it not.
I should rejoice now at this happy news;
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy:
O me! come near me; now I am much ill.
Glou. Comfort, your majesty!
Clar. O my royal father!
West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look up.
War. Be patient, princes; you do know, these fits
Are with his highness very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be well.
Clar. No, no, he cannot long hold out these pangs:
The incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure, that should confine it in,
So thin that life looks through and will break out.
Glou. The people fear me; for they do observe
Unfather'd heirs and loathly births of nature:
The seasons change their manners, as the year

99. *sheriff*] F_3F_4. *shrieve* Q. *sherife* F_1F_2.
101. [kneels, and delivers it. Capell.
102. *And...sick?*] As one line in Q. As two, the first ending *news*, in Ff.
104. *write*] Ff. *wet* Q.
letters] Ff. *termes* Q.
107. *are*] om. Pope.
111. [Sinks and falls into a Fit. Capell.
112. Glo.] Ff. Hum. Q (and throughout the Scene).
116. *Stand...well.*] As one line in Q. As two, the first ending *air*, in Ff.
117. *hold out these*] Q. *hold out: these* Ff.
120. *and will break out*] Ff. Omitted in Q.
121. *fear me*] *fear it* Hanmer.
122. *Unfather'd*] *Unfeatur'd* Becket conj.
births] *birds* Johnson.

Had found some months asleep and leap'd them over.
Clar. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between;
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say it did so a little time before
That our great-grandsire, Edward, sick'd and died.
War. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.
Glou. This apoplexy will certain be his end.
King. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other chamber: softly, pray.

SCENE V. *Another Chamber.*

The KING *lying on a bed:* CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, *and others in attendance.*

King. Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;
Unless some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.
War. Call for the music in the other room.
King. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.
Clar. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.
War. Less noise, less noise!

Enter PRINCE HENRY.

Prince. Who saw the Duke of Clarence?
Clar. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.
Prince. How now! rain within doors, and none abroad!
How doth the king?

124. *months*] F_4. *moneths* QF_1F_2. *monthes* F_3.
128. *great-grandsire*] *grand-sire* F_3 F_4.
130. *apoplexy*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *apoplexi* Q. *apoplexie* F_1. *apoplex* Pope.
132. *softly, pray*] *softly 'pray* Ff. Omitted in Q.
SCENE V.] Edd. See note (XIV).
The King lying on a bed: Clarence, Gloucester, Warwick, and others in attendance.] Edd. Attendants, and Lords, take the King up; convey him into an inner Room, and lay him upon a Bed. Capell. om. QFf.
2. *dull and*] *slow and* Pope. *doleing* Warburton. *dulcet* Becket conj.
7. Enter...] Ff. Enter Harry. Q.
SCENE X.] Pope.
9, 10. *How now!...king?*] As in Q. As prose in Ff.

Glou. Exceeding ill.

Prince. Heard he the good news yet?
Tell it him.

Glou. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

Prince. If he be sick with joy, he'll recover without physic.

War. Not so much noise, my lords: sweet prince, speak low;
The king your father is disposed to sleep.

Clar. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will't please your grace to go along with us?

Prince. No; I will sit and watch here by the king.

[*Exeunt all except the Prince.*

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?
O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night! sleep with it now!
Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet
As he whose brow with homely biggen bound
Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather which stirs not:
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down

11, 12. *Heard...him.*] As in Ff. As one line in Q.

12. *Tell it...upon the*] *Tell't...in* Steevens conj.

13. *He*] *He is told, and* Capell (ending the line at *much*).

alter'd] *altred* Q (Capell's copy). *utter'd* Q (apud Collier). *vttred* Q (apud Halliwell).

14, 15. *If he...physic.*] As prose in Q. As two lines, the first ending *joy,* in Ff.

14. *he'll*] *he will* Capell, reading *With joy...physic* as one line.

16. *Not...low*] As in Pope. As prose in Q. As two lines in Ff.

20. Exeunt...] Rowe. om. QFf.

25. *To many*] *Too many* Becket conj.

sleep with it] *he sleeps with 't* Hanmer.

26. *and*] *nor* Anon conj.

27. *whose*] *who his* Keightley conj.

31. *scalds*] Theobald. *scaldst* Q. *scald'st* Ff.

32. *downy*] F_4. *dowlny* Q. *dowlney* $F_1F_2F_3$.

33. *down*] F_4. *dowlne* QF_1F_2. *dowln* F_3.

34. *move. My*] Ff. *move my* Q.

[calling loud, and stirring him. Capell.

Perforce must move. My gracious lord! my father!
This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,
That from this golden rigol hath divorced
So many English kings. Thy due from me
Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously:
My due from thee is this imperial crown,
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,
Which God shall guard: and put the world's whole strength
Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal honour from me: this from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [*Exit.*

King. Warwick! Gloucester! Clarence!

Re-enter WARWICK, GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, *and the rest.*

Clar. Doth the king call?

War. What would your majesty? How fares your grace?

King. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

Clar. We left the prince my brother here, my liege,
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

King. The Prince of Wales! Where is he? let me see him:
He is not here.

War. This door is open; he is gone this way.

Glou. He came not through the chamber where we stay'd.

36. *rigol*] F_4. *rigoll* $QF_1F_2F_3$. *regale* Warburton conj. *ringol* Grant White (Malone conj.).

37. *due*] *deaw* Q.

41. [kneels, and kisses him. Capell.

43. *here*] Ff. *where* Q.

44—47. *Which...to me*] As in Q. As five lines in Ff, ending *guard... arm...from me...leave...to me.*

44. *God*] Q. *Heaven* Ff.

48. SCENE XI. Pope. [waking. Capell.

Re-enter.....] Re-enter Warwick, and the rest, hastily. Capell. Enter Warwicke, Gloucester, Clarence. QFf (before line 48).

50. *How...grace*] Omitted in Q.

52—55. *We left...not here*] As prose in Q.

55. *He is not here*] Q. Omitted in Ff.

56. *This*] *The* Rowe.

King. Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

King. The prince hath ta'en it hence: go, seek him out.
Is he so hasty that he doth suppose
My sleep my death?
Find him, my Lord of Warwick; chide him hither.
[*Exit Warwick.*
This part of his conjoins with my disease,
And helps to end me. See, sons, what things you are!
How quickly nature falls into revolt
When gold becomes her object!
For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with care,
Their bones with industry;
For this they have engrossed and piled up
The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts and martial exercises:
When, like the bee, culling from every flower
The virtuous sweets,
Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,

60—65. *The prince...are!*] Arranged as by Capell. As five lines in Q, ending *out... death?... hither ... disease... are.* As seven lines in Ff, ending *hence...out... suppose... Warwick...conioynes...me...are.* See note (XIV).

67. *object!*] *object! Yet, for this,* Capell conj.

69, 70. *Have...industry*] Arranged as by Pope. As two lines in QFf, the first ending *thoughts.*

69. *sleep...thoughts*] *sleepe...thoughts* Q. *sleepes ... thoughts* Ff. *sleeps ... thought* Rowe.

thoughts] *thoughts, and wearied out* Anon. conj.

71. *piled*] *pilld* Q.

75. *bee*] *bees* Keightley conj.

culling] Ff. *toling* Q. *toyling* Dering MS.

76. *The virtuous sweets*] Ff. Omitted in Q.

76, 77. *The virtuous...honey*] *Their virtuous sweets, all through the day, our thighs Packed with wax, our mouths with honey fill'd* Keightley conj.

76—80. *The...father*] Arranged as by Capell. As five lines in Ff, ending *wax...hive...paines... engrossements... father.*

77. *Our thighs pack'd*] *Our thighes packt* Ff. *Our thigh, packt* Q. *Our thighs are packt* Pope. *Our thighs all pack'd* Hanmer. *Packing our thighs* Capell.

Our...honey] *Our thighs with wax, our mouths with honey pack'd* Dyce conj.

We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,
Are murdered for our pains. This bitter taste
Yield his engrossments to the ending father.

Re-enter WARWICK.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long
Till his friend sickness hath determined me?
War. My lord, I found the prince in the next room,
Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks,
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow
That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.
King. But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY.

Lo, where he comes. Come hither to me, Harry.
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.
[*Exeunt Warwick and the rest.*
Prince. I never thought to hear you speak again.
King. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for mine empty chair
That thou wilt needs invest thee with my honours
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.
Thou hast stolen that which after some few hours
Were thine without offence; and at my death
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:

78. *and*] *we* Capell.
80. *Yield*] Rowe. *Yeelds* Q. *Yields* Ff.
ending] *dying* Pope.
Re-enter W.] Enter W. Ff. Enter W. Q (after line 82).
82. *hath*] Ff. *hands* Q.
89. Re-enter Prince Henry.] Enter Prince Henry. Ff. Enter Harry. Q (after line 88).
91. Exeunt...] Capell. exeunt. Q. Exit. Ff.
95. *mine*] Q. *my* Ff.
96. *my*] Q. *mine* Ff.

Thy life did manifest thou lovedst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assured of it.
Thou hidest a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone and dig my grave thyself,
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head:
Only compound me with forgotten dust;
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form:
Harry the fifth is crown'd: up, vanity!
Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence!
And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness!
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum:
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more;
England shall double gild his treble guilt,
England shall give him office, honour, might;
For the fifth Harry from curb'd license plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth on every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,

107. *hidest*] *hidst* Q. *hid'st* Ff.
108. *which*] Ff. *whom* Q.
109. *life*] *frail life* Pope.
112. *thine*] Q. *thy* Ff.
120. *Harry*] Q. *Henry* Ff.
125. *ruffian*] *ruffin* Q.
dance] *and dance* F_3F_4. *dice* Anon conj.
127. *kind of ways*] *kinds of way* Capell conj.
129. *England...guilt*] Omitted by Pope.
gild] Q. *gill'd* $F_1F_2F_3$. *guil'd* F_4.
guilt] Ff. *gilt* Q.
131. *curb'd*] *cur'b* F_2.
133. *on*] Q. *in* Ff.

What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

Prince. O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears,
The moist impediments unto my speech,
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke
Ere you with grief had spoke and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown;
And He that wears the crown immortally
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more
Than as your honour and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,
Which my most inward true and duteous spirit
Teacheth, this prostrate and exterior bending.
God witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your majesty,
How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,
O, let me in my present wildness die
And never live to show the incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed!
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,
I spake unto this crown as having sense,
And thus upbraided it: 'The care on thee depending
Hath fed upon the body of my father;
Therefore, thou best of gold art worst of gold:
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
Preserving life in medicine potable;
But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,

139. *O...tears*] As in Q. As two lines in Ff.
[Kneeling. Rowe.
140. *moist*] Q. *most* Ff.
143. [kneeling and presenting it. Capell.
148. *inward true and*] Q. *true and inward* Ff.
149. *Teacheth, this*] Capell. *Teacheth this* QFf.
149, 150. *bending. God.....me,*] *bending, God me.* Q. *bending. Heaven...me,* Ff.
158. *this*] Q. *the* Ff.
161. *worst of*] Ff. *worse then* Q.
162. *fine in carat, is more*] *fine in charract, is more* $F_1F_2F_3$. *fine in carract, is more* F_4. *fine, in karrat more* Q.

Hast eat thy bearer up.' Thus, my most royal liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head,
To try with it, as with an enemy
That had before my face murder'd my father,
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did with the least affection of a welcome
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let God for ever keep it from my head
And make me as the poorest vassal is
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!
King. O my son,
God put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou mightst win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it!
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,
By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways
I met this crown; and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head.
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand,
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances;
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,

165. *Hast...liege*] As in Q. As two lines in Ff.
thy bearer] Q. *the bearer* Ff. *thy wearer* Anon. conj.
Thus my most] Q. *Thus my* Ff. *Thus* Pope.
174. *might*] *weight* Collier MS.
175, 179, 184, 219, 236. *God*] Q. *heaven* Ff.
178. *O my son*] Ff. Omitted in Q.
179. *put it*] Ff. *put* Q.
180. *win*] Q. *ioyne* F_1. *joyne* F_2. *joyn* F_3F_4.
185. *crook'd ways*] *crookt waies* Q. *crook'd-wayes* Ff (*ways* F_4).
195. *to*] QF_1. *to a* $F_2F_3F_4$.

Wounding supposed peace: all these bold fears
Thou see'st with peril I have answered;
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument: and now my death
Changes the mode; for what in me was purchased,
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;
So thou the garland wear'st successively.
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;
And all my friends, which thou must make thy friends,
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whose fell working I was first advanced
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
To be again displaced: which to avoid,
I cut them off; and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land,
Lest rest and lying still might make them look
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O God forgive;
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

Prince. My gracious liege,

196. *Wounding.. fears*] As in Q. As two lines in Ff.

these bold fears] *their bold feats* Warburton. *these bold feers* Staunton conj.

200. *mode*] F_3F_4. *mood* Q. *moode* F_1F_2.

purchased] *purchase* Collier MS.

201. *more*] *much* Pope.

202. *So*] *For* Warburton. *And* Capell.

205. *my friends*] Rann (Tyrwhitt conj.). *thy friends* QFf. *thy foes* S. Walker conj. *the foes* Keightley conj.

206. *ta'en*] *tane* Q. *tak'n* F_1. *taken* $F_2F_3F_4$.

210. *I cut them off; and*] *And cut them off, I* Anon. conj.

them] *some* Collier (Mason conj.).

211. *out*] *our* Warburton.

213. *Too...Harry*] As in Q. As two lines in Ff.

unto] *into* Pope.

215. *quarrels*] *wars* Pope.

216. *the former*] *former* Pope.

219, 220. *How...live!*] om. Ingleby conj.

221. *My gracious liege*] Ff. Omitted in Q.

You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right must my possession be:
Which I with more than with a common pain
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter LORD JOHN of LANCASTER.

King. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.
Lan. Health, peace, and happiness to my royal father!
King. Thou bring'st me happiness and peace, son John;
But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare wither'd trunk: upon thy sight
My worldly business makes a period.
Where is my Lord of Warwick?
Prince. My Lord of Warwick!

Enter WARWICK, *and others.*

King. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?
War. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.
King. Laud be to God! even there my life must end.
It hath been prophesied to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem;
Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land:
But bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. [*Exeunt.*

225. Enter...] enter Lancaster. Q. Enter Lord John of Lancaster, and Warwicke. Ff. Enter Prince John of Lancaster, Warwick, Lords, and others. Capell.
226. *Look...Lancaster*] As in Q. As two lines in Ff.
227. *Health...father*] As in Q. As two lines in Ff.
228. *and peace*] QF_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
232. Enter...] Edd. om. QFf.
236. *Laud...end*] As in Q. As two lines in Ff.
241. Exeunt.] Ff. om. Q.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Gloucestershire.* SHALLOW'S *house.*

Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, *and* PAGE.

Shal. By cock and pie, sir, you shall not away to-night. What, Davy, I say!

Fal. You must excuse me, Master Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused. Why, Davy!

Enter DAVY.

Davy. Here, sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy, let me see, Davy; let me see, Davy; let me see: yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither. Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Marry, sir, thus; those precepts cannot be served: and, again, sir, shall we sow the headland with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook: are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, sir. Here is now the smith's note for shoeing and plough-irons.

Shal. Let it be cast and paid. Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had: and, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

Gloucestershire...house.] Glostershire. Pope. Shallow's Seat in Glostershire. Theobald.

Enter...] Enter Shallow, Falstaffe, and Bardolfe. Q. Enter Shallow, Silence, Falstaffe, Bardolfe, Page, and Davy. Ff.

1. *sir*] Q. om. Ff.

8. *Davy*] Four times in Q; thrice in Ff.

9. *yea, marry*] Q. om. Ff.

12. *headland*] *hade land* Q.

15. *Yes*]QF_1. *Yea* F_2. *Yea* F_3F_4.

15, 16. As three lines in Ff.

19. *Now*] Q. om. Ff.

21. *the other day*] Ff. Omitted in Q.

Hinckley] *Hunckly* Q.

Shal. A' shall answer it. Some pigeons, Davy, a couple of short-legged hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

Shal. Yea, Davy. I will use him well: a friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are backbitten, sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy: about thy business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Woncot against Clement Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There is many complaints, Davy, against that Visor: that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship that he is a knave, sir; but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have served your worship truly, sir, this eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.

Shal. Go to; I say he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [*Exit Davy.*] Where are you, Sir John? Come, come, come, off with your boots. Give me your hand, Master Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind Master

24. *tiny*] *tinie* Q. *tine* Ff.
26. *Yea*] Q. *Yes* Ff.
29. *backbitten*] Q. *bitten* Ff.
30. *marvellous*] *marualles* Q.
33. *Woncot*] Ff. *Woncote* Q. *Wancot* Johnson. *Wincot* Reed (1803). *Wilnecot* Collier conj.
34. *is*] Q. *are* Ff.
37. *God*] Q. *heaven* Ff.
40. *this*] Q. *these* Ff. *and if*] Ff. *and* Q.
42. *but a very little*] Ff. *little* Q. *but very little* Pope.
44. *your worship*] Ff. *you* Q.
45—48. *I say...Bardolph*] Printed as three lines in Ff.
46. [Exit Davy.] Capell. om. QFf.
47. *Come, come, come,*] Q. *Come,* Ff.
50. *all*] om. Q.

Bardolph: and welcome, my tall fellow [*to the Page*]. Come, Sir John.

Fal. I'll follow you, good Master Robert Shallow. [*Exit Shallow.*] Bardolph, look to our horses. [*Exeunt Bardolph and Page.*] If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermits' staves as Master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing to see the sembable coherence of his men's spirits and his: they, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving-man: their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society that they flock together in consent, like so many wild-geese. If I had a suit to Master Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their master: if to his men, I would curry with Master Shallow that no man could better command his servants. It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing out of six fashions, which is four terms, or two actions, and a' shall laugh without intervallums. O, it is much that a lie with a slight oath and a jest with a sad brow will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up!

Shal. [*Within*] Sir John!

Fal. I come, Master Shallow; I come, Master Shallow. [*Exit.*

51. [to the Page] Rowe. om. Q Ff.

53, 54. [Exit Shallow.] Capell. Exeunt Shallow, Silence, &c. Theobald. om. QFf.

54, 55. [Exeunt Bardolph...] Capell. om. QFf.

56. *hermits' staves*] *hermit-staves* Capell.

58. *of him*] Ff. *him* Q.

62. *consent*] *concent* Malone.

70. *Harry*] QFf. *Henry* Rowe.

71. *a'*] *a* Q. *he* Ff.

72. *without*] Q. *with* Ff.

76. [Within] Theobald. om. QFf.

77. [Exit.] Exit Falstaff. Theobald. Exeunt. Ff. om. Q.

SCENE II. *Westminster. The palace.*

Enter WARWICK *and the* LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, *meeting.*

War. How now, my lord chief justice! whither away?
Ch. Just. How doth the king?
War. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.
Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.
War. He's walk'd the way of nature;
And to our purposes he lives no more.
Ch. Just. I would his majesty had call'd me with him:
The service that I truly did his life
Hath left me open to all injuries.
War. Indeed I think the young king loves you not.
Ch. Just. I know he doth not, and do arm myself
To welcome the condition of the time,
Which cannot look more hideously upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

Enter LANCASTER, CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, WESTMORELAND, *and others.*

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry:
O that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!
How many nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!

SCENE II. Westminster. The Palace.] Westminster. A room in the Palace. Capell. London. Pope. The Court in London. Theobald.

Enter...] Capell. Enter the Earle of Warwicke, and the Lord Chiefe Iustice. Ff. Enter Warwike, duke Humphrey, L. chiefe Iustice, Thomas Clarence, Prince Iohn, Westmerland. Q.

1. *whither*] *whether* F_1.

3. *Exceeding...ended*] As in Q. As two lines in Ff, the first ending *cares*.

12. *upon*] *on* Pope.

13. Enter...] Enter Iohn of Lancaster, Gloucester, and Clarence. Ff. Enter Iohn, Thomas, and Humphrey. Q.

Westmoreland, and others] Capell.

16. *him*] Ff. *he* Q.

Ch. Just. O God, I fear all will be overturn'd!

Lan. Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow.

Glou. } Good morrow, cousin.
Clar. }

Lan. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

War. We do remember; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

Lan. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

Glou. O, good my lord, you have lost a friend indeed;
And I dare swear you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow, it is sure your own.

Lan. Though no man be assured what grace to find,
You stand in coldest expectation:
I am the sorrier; would 'twere otherwise.

Clar. Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaff fair;
Which swims against your stream of quality.

Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour,
Led by the impartial conduct of my soul;
And never shall you see that I will beg
A ragged and forestall'd remission.
If truth and upright innocency fail me,
I'll to the king my master that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

War. Here comes the prince.

Enter KING HENRY *the fifth, attended.*

Ch. Just. Good morrow; and God save your majesty!

19. *O God*] Q. *Alas* Ff.
20. *Warwick, good morrow*] *Warwick* Pope.
21. Glo. Cla.] Glou. Clar. Ff. Prin. ambo. Q.
27. *you have*] *you've* Pope.
36. *impartial*] Q. *imperiall* Ff.
38. *A ragged and forestall'd*] (*Arraigned and forestall'd*) Becket conj. *ragged*] *rated* Warburton.
38, 39. *remission. If...me,*] Ff. *remission, If...me.* Q.
39. *truth*] Q. *troth* Ff.
42. Enter...] Enter the new King, attended. Capell. Enter the Prince, and Blunt. Q. Enter Prince Henry. Ff.
43. SCENE III. Pope.
Good morrow; and God] Q. *Good morrow: and heaven* Ff. *Heaven* Pope.

King. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,
Sits not so easy on me as you think.
Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear:
This is the English, not the Turkish court;
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers,
For, by my faith, it very well becomes you:
Sorrow so royally in you appears
That I will deeply put the fashion on
And wear it in my heart: why then, be sad;
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burden laid upon us all.
For me, by heaven, I bid you be assured,
I'll be your father and your brother too;
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares:
Yet weep that Harry's dead; and so will I;
But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears
By number into hours of happiness.

Princes. We hope no other from your majesty.

King. You all look strangely on me: and you most;
You are, I think, assured I love you not.

Ch. Just. I am assured, if I be measured rightly,
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

King. No!
How might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
The immediate heir of England! Was this easy?
May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your father;

44. King.] Prince. Q Ff (and throughout the scene).
46. *mix*] F_3F_4. *mixe* F_1F_2. *mixt* Q.
48. *Amurath...Amurath*] Q. *Amurah...Amurah* Ff.
50. *by my faith*] Q. *to speak truth* Ff.
59. *Yet*] Q. *But* Ff.
61. Princes.] Bro. Q. John, &c. Ff.
other] Ff. *otherwise* Q.
63. [to the Ch. Justice. Capell.
67, 68. *No! How might*] Steevens. *No! might* Pope. *No? How might* QFf (reading 67, 68 as one line).
69. *So great*] *So grvss* S. Walker conj.
72. *Lethe*] *lethy* Q.

The image of his power lay then in me:
And, in the administration of his law,
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your highness pleased to forget my place,
The majesty and power of law and justice,
The image of the king whom I presented,
And struck me in my very seat of judgement;
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at nought,
To pluck down justice from your awful bench,
To trip the course of law and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person;
Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image
And mock your workings in a second body.
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;
Be now the father and propose a son,
Hear your own dignity so much profaned,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd;
And then imagine me taking your part
And in your power soft silencing your son:
After this cold considerance, sentence me;
And, as you are a king, speak in your state
What I have done that misbecame my place,
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

King. You are right, justice, and you weigh this well;
Therefore still bear the balance and the sword:
And I do wish your honours may increase,
Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.

83, 84. *ill, Be*] QF$_1$. *ill. Be* F$_2$F$_3$. *ill; Be* F$_4$.

85, 86, 88, 90. *nought,...bench,... person;....body.*] *naught?....bench?.... person?...body?* QFf.

96. *your*] QF$_3$F$_4$. *you* F$_1$F$_2$.

97. *soft*] *so* Theobald.

So shall I live to speak my father's words:
'Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
That dares do justice on my proper son;
And not less happy, having such a son,
That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hands of justice.' You did commit me:
For which, I do commit into your hand
The unstained sword that you have used to bear;
With this remembrance, that you use the same
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand.
You shall be as a father to my youth:
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear,
And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well-practised wise directions.
And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you;
My father is gone wild into his grave,
For in his tomb lie my affections;
And with his spirit sadly I survive,
To mock the expectation of the world,
To frustrate prophecies and to raze out
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now:
Now doth it turn and ebb back to the sea,
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
Now call we our high court of parliament:
And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
That the great body of our state may go
In equal rank with the best govern'd nation;
That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us;

110. *not*] Q. *no* Ff.
112. *justice. You*] Ff. *justice you* Q. *did commit*] *committed* Pope.
123, 124. *My...affections*] *My father's gone into his grave, and in His tomb lye all my wild affections* Hanmer.
123. *wild*] *wail'd* Pope.
125. *And*] *For* Hanmer.
128. *who*] *which* Pope.
129. *The tide of blood in me*] *Tho' my tide of blood* Pope.
132. *state of floods*] *floods of state* Hanmer.

In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.
Our coronation done, we will accite,
As I before remember'd, all our state:
And, God consigning to my good intents,
No prince nor peer shall have just cause to say,
God shorten Harry's happy life one day! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Gloucestershire.* SHALLOW'S *orchard.*

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, DAVY, BARDOLPH, *and the* Page.

Shal. Nay, you shall see my orchard, where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own graffing, with a dish of caraways, and so forth: come, cousin Silence: and then to bed.

Fal. 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, Sir John: marry, good air. Spread, Davy; spread, Davy: well said, Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses; he is your serving-man and your husband.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir John: by the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper: a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down: come, cousin.

Sil. Ah, sirrah! quoth-a, we shall

140. *you*] See note (x).
143. *And, God consigning*] *And* (*God consigning* Q. *And heaven* (*consigning* $F_1F_2F_3$. *And* (*Heaven consigning* F_4.
145. *God*] Q. *Heaven* Ff.
SCENE III.] SCENE IV. Pope.
Gloucestershire.....orchard.] Glostershire. Orchard of S.'s House. Capell.
Davy, Bardolph, and the Page.] Davy, Bardolfe, Page. Q. Bardolfe, Page, and Pistoll. Ff.
1. *my*] Q. *mine* Ff.
2. *my*] Ff. *mine* Q.
5. *'Fore God*] Q. om. Ff.
a goodly] Ff. *goodly* Q.
9. *said*] *spread* Anon. conj.
11. *husband*] QF_1F_2. *husband-man* F_3F_4.
13. *by the mass*] Q. om. Ff.
drunk] *drank* Rowe.
16. *Ah*] $F_1F_3F_4$. *A* QF_2.
16, 17. *we shall Do*] *We* Farmer conj. MS.

Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer, [*Singing.*
And praise God for the merry year;
When flesh is cheap and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there
So merrily,
And ever among so merrily.

Fal. There's a merry heart! Good Master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give Master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

Davy. Sweet sir, sit; I'll be with you anon; most sweet sir, sit. Master page, good master page, sit. Proface! What you want in meat, we'll have in drink: but you must bear; the heart's all. [*Exit.*

Shal. Be merry, Master Bardolph; and, my little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife has all; [*Singing.*
For women are shrews, both short and tall:
'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all,
And welcome merry Shrove-tide.
Be merry, be merry.

Fal. I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who, I? I have been merry twice and once ere now.

17—22. *Do nothing...merrily.*] As prose in QFf. First as verse by Rowe, reading *We shall do nothing.....*

17, 32, 45. [Singing.] Rowe.

18. *God*] Q. *heaven* Ff.

19. *cheap and...dear,*] *cheap: and ...dear* Farmer conj. MS.

20. *And*] *With* Farmer conj. MS. *roam*] *more* F_4.

21. *So merrily*] om. Farmer conj. MS.

23. *heart!...Silence,*] Johnson and Capell. *heart,...Silence.* QFf.

24. *give you a health*] QF_1. *give you health* F_2. *drink your health* F_3F_4.

25. *Give.....some*] Q. *Good M. Bardolfe: some* Ff.

27. *Master page*] *Master page, sit* F_4. *Proface!*] *Perforce!* Johnson conj.

28. [seating them at another table. Capell.

29. *must*] Q. om. Ff. [Exit.] Theobald. om. QFf.

32—36. As verse in Ff. As prose in Q.

32. *wife has all*] QF_4. *wife ha's all* $F_1F_2F_3$. *wife's as all* Rann (Farmer conj.).

34. *wag*] F_3F_4. *wags* Q. *wagge* F_1F_2.

36. *Be merry, be merry.*] See note (XV).

38. *mettle*] Ff. *mettall* Q.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. There's a dish of leather-coats for you.
[*To Bardolph.*

Shal. Davy!

Davy. Your worship! I'll be with you straight [*to Bardolph*]. A cup of wine, sir?

Sil. A cup of wine that's brisk and fine, [*Singing.*
And drink unto the leman mine;
And a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well said, Master Silence.

Sil. An we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet o' the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, Master Silence.

Sil. Fill the cup, and let it come; [*Singing.*
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome: if thou wantest any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart. Welcome, my little tiny thief [*to the Page*], and welcome indeed too. I'll drink to Master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleros about London.

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bard. An I might see you there, Davy,—

Shal. By the mass, you'll crack a quart together, ha! will you not, Master Bardolph?

Bard. Yea, sir, in a pottle-pot.

Shal. By God's liggens, I thank thee: the knave will

Re-enter Davy.] Theobald. om. QFf.

41. *There's*] Q. *There is* Ff.

[To Bard.] setting them, and some wine, on Bardolph's table. Capell.

43, 44. [to Bard.] Capell.

45—47. *A cup...long-a.*] As prose in QFf. As verse first by Rowe.

49. *An...merry,*] Capell. *And... merry,* Q. *If...merry,* Ff. *And... merry;*— Malone.

49, 50. *now...night*] As part of a song by Rann (Malone conj.).

50. *o' the*] *a' th* Q. *of the* Ff.

52, 53. *Fill...bottom.*] As prose in QFf. First as verse by Capell.

52. [Singing.] Capell.

53. *you a mile*] QF_1F_2. *you were't a mile* F_3F_4.

56. *tiny*] Q. *tyne* Ff.

[to the Page] Capell.

57. *cavaleros*] *cabileros* Q. *cavileroes* Ff.

59. *once*] om. Pope.

60. *An*] *And* Q. *If* Ff.

61. *By the mass*] Q. om. Ff.

63. *Yea*] Q. *Yes* Ff.

64. *By...liggens*] Q. om. Ff. *By ...leggins* Collier (ed. 1).

stick by thee, I can assure thee that. A' will not out; he is true bred.

Bard. And I'll stick by him, sir.

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. [*Knocking within.*] Look who's at door there, ho! who knocks? [*Exit Davy.*

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.

[*To Silence, seeing him take off a bumper.*

Sil. Do me right, [*Singing.*
And dub me knight:
Samingo.
Is't not so?

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't so? Why then, say an old man can do somewhat.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. An't please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court! let him come in.

Enter PISTOL.

How now, Pistol!

Pist. Sir John, God save you!

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good. Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in this realm.

65. *thee that. A'*] *thee that. He* Ff. *thee that a* Q.

65, 66. *he is*] Ff. *a tis* Q.

69. [Knocking within.] One knockes at doore. Q (after line 67). Omitted in Ff.

there, ho!] *there ho,* Q. *there, ho:* Ff.

70. [Exit Davy.] Capell. om. Q Ff.

71. [To Silence.....bumper.] Capell.

72—74. As prose in QFf.

72. [Singing.] Rowe.

77. *Is't so?*] QF_1. *Is't?* $F_2F_3F_4$.

78. Re-enter Davy.] Capell. om. QFf.

79. *An't*] *And't* Q. *If it* Ff.

81. [rising. Capell.
Enter Pistol.] Q (after line 80) and Ff.

82. SCENE V. Pope.

83. *God save you*] Q. *'save you sir* Ff.

85. *no man to good*] Q. *none to good* Ff. *no man good* Pope. *good to no man* Capell conj. *to no man good* Rann (Malone conj., withdrawn).

87. *this*] Q. *the* Ff.

Sil. By'r lady, I think a' be, but goodman Puff of Barson.

Pist. Puff!
Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!
Sir John, I am thy Pistol and thy friend,
And helter-skelter have I rode to thee,
And tidings do I bring and lucky joys
And golden times and happy news of price.

Fal. I pray thee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist. A foutre for the world and worldlings base!
I speak of Africa and golden joys.

Fal. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?
Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Sil. And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John. [*Singing.*

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?
And shall good news be baffled?
Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then, lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, sir: if, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it there's but two ways, either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.

Pist. Under which king, Besonian? speak, or die.

Shal. Under King Harry.

Pist. Harry the fourth? or fifth?

Shal. Harry the fourth.

88. *By'r lady*] *Birlady* Q. *Indeed* Ff.
a'] *a* Q. *he* Ff.
89. *Barson*] *Barston* Rann.
91—95. *Puff in...price.*] As prose in QFf. First as verse by Pope.
93. *And*] *and* Q. om. Ff.
96. *pray thee*] Q. *prethee* Ff.
98. *foutre*] *footre* Q. *footra* Ff.
worldlings] *wordlings* F_2.
98—105. As verse in Ff. As prose in Q.
101. *Cophetua*] *Couetua* Q. *Covitha* Ff.
102. *John*] *little John* Hanmer. [Singing.] Steevens.
105. *Furies'*] Capell. *Furies* Q Ff. *Fury's* Rowe.
106. As two lines in Ff.
108. *if, sir,*] *If* Hanmer.
109. *there's*] *there are* Hanmer.
110. *to conceal*] Ff. *conceale* Q.
112. As in Q. As two lines, the first ending *King?* in Ff.
Besonian] Q. *Bezonian* Ff.

Pist. A foutre for thine office!
Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;
Harry the fifth's the man. I speak the truth:
When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me, like
The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What, is the old king dead?

Pist. As nail in door: the things I speak are just.

Fal. Away, Bardolph! saddle my horse. Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine. Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day!
I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

Pist. What! I do bring good news.

Fal. Carry Master Silence to bed. Master Shallow, my Lord Shallow,—be what thou wilt; I am fortune's steward—get on thy boots: we'll ride all night. O sweet Pistol! Away, Bardolph! [*Exit Bard.*] Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and withal devise something to do thyself good. Boot, boot, Master Shallow: I know the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Blessed are they that have been my friends; and woe to my lord chief-justice!

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!
'Where is the life that late I led?' say they:
Why, here it is; welcome these pleasant days! [*Exeunt.*

114. *foutre*] *fowtre* Q. *footra* Ff.

115—118. As verse in Ff. As prose in Q.

120. As two lines in Ff.

121—123. As prose in Q. As four lines, ending *horse...wilt...thee... dignities*, in Ff.

125. *knighthood*] Ff. *knight* Q.

126. *What!....news.*] *What?.... newes.* QFf. *What?...news?* Pope.

129. *steward—get*] *steward, get* Q. *steward. Get* Ff.

130. [Exit Bard.] Capell.

132. *Boot, boot*] *Boots, boots* S. Walker conj.

134, 135. *Blessed...that*] Q. *Happy...which* Ff.

135. *to*] Q. *unto* Ff.

137. *vile*] QF_4. *vil'de* F_1F_2. *vild* F_3.

139. *welcome...days!*] *'welcome... days!'* Grant White conj.

these pleasant days] *these pleasant dayes* Q. *those pleasant dayes* Ff (*days* F_4). *this pleasant day* Pope.

[Exeunt.] Ff. Exit. Q.

SCENE IV. *London. A street.*

Enter Beadles, *dragging in* HOSTESS QUICKLY *and* DOLL TEARSHEET.

Host. No, thou arrant knave; I would to God that I might die, that I might have thee hanged: thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

First Bead. The constables have delivered her over to me; and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her: there hath been a man or two lately killed about her.

Dol. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on; I'll tell thee what, thou damned tripe-visaged rascal, an the child I now go with do miscarry, thou wert better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain.

Host. O the Lord, that Sir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry!

First Bead. If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead that you and Pistol beat amongst you.

Dol. I'll tell you what, you thin man in a censer, I will have you as soundly swinged for this,—you blue-bottle

SCENE IV.] SCENE VI. Pope.

London. A street.] A street in London. Theobald. London. Pope.

Enter...] Malone. Enter Sincklo and three or foure officers. Q. Enter Hostesse Quickly, Dol Teare-sheete, and Beadles. Ff. See note (XVI).

1. *to God that*] Q. om. Ff.

4. First Bead.] Malone. Bead. Rowe. Sincklo. Q. Off. Ff (and throughout the scene).

5. *enough*] Ff. om. Q.

6. *lately*] Ff. om. Q.

7. Dol.] Ff. Whoore. Q (and throughout the scene).

8. *an*] Malone. *and* Q. *if* Ff.

9. *now*] Ff. om. Q.
wert] Q. *had'st* Ff.

11. *the Lord*] Q. om. Ff.
he] Ff. *I* Q.

12. *I pray God*] Q. *I would* Ff.

13. *miscarry*] Q. *might miscarry* Ff.

17. *amongst*] Q. *among* Ff.

18. *you...you*] Q. *thee...thou* Ff.

19. *blue-bottle*] *blewbottle* Q. *blew-Bottel'd* F_1F_2. *blew-Bottl'd* F_3F_4.

rogue, you filthy famished correctioner, if you be not swinged, I'll forswear half-kirtles.

First Bead. Come, come, you she knight-errant, come.

Host. O God, that right should thus overcome might! Well, of sufferance comes ease.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a justice.

Host. Ay, come, you starved blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death, goodman bones!

Host. Thou atomy, thou!

Dol. Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal.

First Bead. Very well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *A public place near Westminster Abbey.*

Enter two Grooms, *strewing rushes.*

First Groom. More rushes, more rushes.

Sec. Groom. The trumpets have sounded twice.

First Groom. 'Twill be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation: dispatch, dispatch. [*Exeunt.*

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, *and* Page.

Fal. Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace: I will leer upon him as a'

22. *errant*] *arrant* QFf.
23. *God*] Q. om. Ff.
overcome] Q. *o'recome* Ff.
26. *Ay, come*] *I come* Q. *Yes, come* Ff.
28. *atomy*] Q. *anatomy* Ff.
SCENE V.] SCENE VII. Pope.
A public...] Theobald.
Enter...] Enter strewers of rushes. Q. Enter two Groomes. Ff.
1. First Groom.] See note (XVII).
3. *'Twill...o'clock*] *Twill...a clocke* Q. *It will...of the clocke* Ff.
clock ere] *clock: here* Anon. conj.
4. *dispatch, dispatch*] Q. om. Ff.
[Exeunt.] Exeunt Grooms. F_3 F_4. Exit Groo. F_1F_2. om. Q.
Enter...] Ff. Trumpets sound, and the King, and his traine pass ouer the stage: after them enter Falstaffe, Shallow, Pistol, Bardolfe, and the Boy. Q. See note (XVIII).
5. *Robert*] Ff. om. Q.

comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Pist. God bless thy lungs, good knight.

Fal. Come here, Pistol; stand behind me. O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But 'tis no matter; this poor show doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. It shows my earnestness of affection,—

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion,—

Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me,—

Shal. It is best, certain.

Fal. But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him; thinking of nothing else, putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

Pist. 'Tis 'semper idem,' for 'obsque hoc nihil est:' 'tis all in every part.

Shal. 'Tis so, indeed.

Pist. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver,
And make thee rage.
Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,
Is in base durance and contagious prison;
Haled thither

9. *God*] Q. om. Ff.
12. *'tis*] *tis* Q. *it is* Ff.
15. Shal.] Ff. Pist. Q.
16. *of*] Q. *in* Ff.
17, 19. Shal.] Hanmer. Pist. Q Ff.
23. *best, certain*] Edd. *best certaine* Q. *most certaine* Ff.
24—27. *But...him*] Continued to Shallow in Q.
26. *affairs else*] Q. *affairs* Ff.
28. *obsque*] QF_1. *absque* $F_2F_3F_4$. See note (VI).
29. *'tis all in every part*] Ff. *tis in every part* Q. *'tis all in all and all in every part* Warburton. Fal. *'Tis... part* Ritson conj.
31—38. *My...truth*] Arranged as by Capell. As prose in QFf.
33—38. *Thy...truth*] First as verse by Pope.
35. *Haled*] *halde* Q. *hall'd* F_1F_2 F_3. *hal'd* F_4. *Hauld* Pope.

By most mechanical and dirty hand:
Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's snake,
For Doll is in. Pistol speaks nought but truth.
Fal. I will deliver her.
[*Shouts within, and the trumpets sound.*
Pist. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.

Enter the KING *and his train, the* LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE *among them.*

Fal. God save thy grace, King Hal! my royal Hal!
Pist. The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame!
Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy!
King. My lord chief-justice, speak to that vain man.
Ch. Just. Have you your wits? know you what 'tis you speak?
Fal. My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!
King. I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers;
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;
But, being awaked, I do despise my dream.
Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace;
Leave gormandizing; know the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men.
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest:
Presume not that I am the thing I was;
For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former self;
So will I those that kept me company.
When thou dost hear I am as I have been,

36. *most mechanical and*] *mechanick* Pope, reading *Hauld...hand:* as one line.
hand] *hands* F_3F_4.
39. [Shouts...] Steevens.
40. Enter...] The trumpets sound. Enter King Henrie the Fift, Brothers, Lord Chiefe Iustice. Ff. Enter the King and his traine. Q.
41. SCENE VIII. Pope.
41, 44. *God*] Q. om. Ff.
46. *Have...speak?*] As in Q. As two lines in Ff.
49. *hairs*] *heires* Q.
become] *becomes* Q.
50. *dream'd*] *dreampt* Q.
52. *awaked*] *awakt* Q. *awake* Ff.
58. *God*] Q. *heaven* Ff.

Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots:
Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,
As I have done the rest of my misleaders,
Not to come near our person by ten mile.
For competence of life I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to evil:
And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,
We will, according to your strengths and qualities,
Give you advancement. Be it your charge, my lord,
To see perform'd the tenour of our word.
Set on. [*Exeunt King, &c.*

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. Yea, marry, Sir John; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, Master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this; I shall be sent for in private to him: look you, he must seem thus to the world: fear not your advancements; I will be the man yet that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot well perceive how, unless you should give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that you heard was but a colour.

Shal. A colour that I fear you will die in, Sir John.

Fal. Fear no colours: go with me to dinner: come, Lieutenant Pistol; come, Bardolph: I shall be sent for soon at night.

66. *mile*] *miles* Pope.
68. *evil*] *evills* Q.
69. *reform*] *reforme* QF_1. *redeeme* F_2. *redeem* F_3F_4.
70. *strengths*] Q. *strength* Ff.
71. *Be it*] *Be't* Pope.
72, 73. *To...on*] Pope. As one line in QFf.
72. *our*] Ff. *my* Q.
73. [Exeunt...] Pope. Exit King. Ff. om. Q.
74. SCENE IX. Pope.
75. *Yea*] Q. *I* Ff.
80. *advancements*] Q. *advancement* Ff.
82. *well*] Ff. om. Q.
should] Ff. om. Q.
88. *that I fear*] Q. *I feare, that* Ff.
89—91. *Fear...night*] As three lines in QFf.

Re-enter PRINCE JOHN, *the* LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE; Officers *with them.*

Ch. Just. Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet:
Take all his company along with him.
Fal. My lord, my lord,—
Ch. Just. I cannot now speak: I will hear you soon.
Take them away.
Pist. Si fortuna me tormenta, spero contenta.
[*Exeunt all but Prince John and the Chief-Justice.*
Lan. I like this fair proceeding of the king's:
He hath intent his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for;
But all are banish'd till their conversations
Appear more wise and modest to the world.
Ch. Just. And so they are.
Lan. The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.
Ch. Just. He hath.
Lan. I will lay odds that, ere this year expire,
We bear our civil swords and native fire
As far as France: I heard a bird so sing,
Whose music, to my thinking, pleased the king.
Come, will you hence? [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter...] Capell. Enter Iustice and prince Iohn. Q. om. Ff.
97. *Si...contenta*] Q. *Si fortuna me tormento, spera me contento* Ff. See note (VI).
[Exeunt...] Exit. Manet Lancaster and Chiefe Iustice. Ff. exeunt. Q (after line 93).
100, 101. *all*] QF_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
102. *to*] QF_1. *in* $F_2F_3F_4$.
108. *heard*] *heare* F_1.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by a Dancer.

First my fear; then my courtesy; last my speech. My fear is, your displeasure; my courtesy, my duty; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me: for what I have to say is of mine own making; and what indeed I should say will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture. Be it known to you, as it is very well, I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it and to promise you a better. I meant indeed to pay you with this; which, if like an ill venture it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here I promised you I would be and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me some and I will pay you some and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment, to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so would I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me: if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will con-

EPILOGUE. Spoken by a Dancer.] Pope. Epilogue. QFf.

1. *courtesy*] *curtsie* F_1. *curtesie* $F_2F_3F_4$. *cursie* Q.

5. *should*] *shall* S. Walker conj.

9. *meant*] Q. *did meane* Ff.

15. *infinitely.*] Ff. *infinitely: and so I kneele downe before you; but indeed, to pray for the Queene.* Q.

19. *would*] Q. *will* Ff.

20. *forgiven*] QF_1. *forgotten* $F_2F_3F_4$.

gentlemen] QF_1. *genilewomen* F_2. *gentlewomen* F_3F_4.

22. *before*] Ff. om. Q.

tinue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France: where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already a' be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night: and so kneel down before you; but, indeed, to pray for the queen.

27. *a'*] *a* Q. *he* Ff.
28. *a martyr*] Ff. *martyre* Q.
30, 31. *and so...queen*] Ff. Omitted in Q.

NOTES.

NOTE I.

THE list of Dramatis Personæ given in the first Folio differs but slightly from that prefixed to our text. Thus Northumberland, &c. are classed as 'Opposites against King Henrie the Fourth:' Warwick, &c. as 'Of the king's partie,' and Pointz, &c. as 'Irregular Humorists.' The Dancer who speaks the Epilogue is called 'Epilogue.' As Blunt is mentioned as present (IV. 3. 73), we have inserted his name in the list. Coleridge, with an especial reference to II. 2. 153, proposes to change 'Doll Tearsheet,' into 'Doll Tearstreet,' and Sidney Walker approves of the suggestion (*Criticisms*, III. 135). The Servant of the Lord Chief-Justice, called by Capell his 'Gentleman,' is not in the list of the Folio.

NOTE II.

INDUCTION. As usual in the Quarto there is no division into acts and scenes. In the Folios the 'Induction' is reckoned as the first scene, the second scene beginning with the entry of Lord Bardolph. We have followed Pope.

NOTE III.

I. 2. 113. Theobald refers to the stage direction of the Quarto in this place as a proof that Falstaff was originally called Oldcastle, and that 'the play being printed from the stage-manuscript, Oldcastle had been all along alter'd into Falstaff, except in this single place by an oversight: of which the printers not being aware, continued these initial traces of the original name.' Steevens suggested that *Old.* might have been the beginning of some actor's name, but this supposition is rejected by Malone, who maintains that 'there is no proof whatsoever that Falstaff ever was called Oldcastle in these plays.' 'The letters prefixed to this speech crept into the first Quarto copy,' he adds, 'I have no doubt, merely from Oldcastle being, behind the scenes, the familiar theatrical appellation of Falstaff, who was his stage-successor.'

NOTE IV.

I. 3. 36—38. We have left this passage as it stands in the Folios, agreeing with Mr Staunton that something has been lost or misprinted. Pope read:

'Yes, if this present quality of war
Impede the instant act; a cause on foot
Lives &c.'

Johnson suggested:

'Yes, in this present quality of war,
Indeed of instant action. A cause &c.'

Capell read:

'Yes, if the present quality of war
Impede the present action. A cause &c.'

Malone, partially adopting Johnson's emendation:

'Yes, in this present quality of war;—
Indeed the instant action, (a cause on foot)
Lives &c.'

Monck Mason proposes:

'Yes, if this prescient quality of war
Induc'd the instant action &c.'

Becket:

'Yes, in this present quality of war
Instance the instant action &c.'

Mr Knight retains the old reading with a new punctuation:

'Yes;—if this present quality of war,—
(Indeed the instant action, a cause on foot,)
Lives &c.'

Mr Collier, following the MS. corrector, in his second edition, reads:

'Yes, in this present quality of war:
Indeed the instant act and cause on foot
Lives &c.'

For 'Indeed' Steevens suggested 'Impel,' and Mason and Henley 'Induc'd.' For 'instant' Tollet would read 'instanc'd.' Delius thinks emendation unnecessary.

NOTE V.

II. 2. 101. In the quarto no distinction is made between the letter of Falstaff and the speaker's remarks, but in the Folios the letter is printed in italics.

NOTE VI.

II. 4. 166. As the quotation is made by Pistol, who has just spoken of 'Cannibals' (for 'Hannibals') and of 'Trojan Greeks,' we have left it uncorrected. It would be scarcely consistent to put correct Italian, or Spanish, into his mouth. All the editors assume that Italian is the language meant, and give it, as such, more or less correctly. If Pistol's sword were a Toledo blade, the motto would be Spanish. In that case 'Si' and 'me' would need no alteration. Mr Douce mentions a sword inscribed with a French version of the motto. On the same ground we have left 'obsque,' for 'absque,' (v. 5. 28).

NOTE VII.

II. 4. 221 sqq. We follow the Quarto in writing *'s* for *is*, *i'* for *in*, *'ll* for *will*, *an* for *if*, *a'* for *he*, &c. as it seems to represent better the language of the speakers, and from this point we cease to record such minute discrepancies between it and the Folios.

NOTE VIII.

II. 4. 342. At this point commences an important variation between different copies of the Quarto. In the earlier impression, which we call Q_1, the whole of Act III. Sc. 1, was omitted, but inserted in the latter (Q_2), and in order to make room for this insertion two new leaves were added to sheet E, but as the new matter did not exactly fill up the two leaves required, the pagination was altered. Hence in Q_2, Sig. E 3 recto is made to terminate at 'how now, what's the matter?' (II. 4. 342) which is seven lines from the bottom in Q_1. The two become again identical at 'strong and of good friends' (III. 2. 99), the first line of Sig. F.

NOTE IX.

III. 2. 126. We retain the reading of the Quarto, understanding 'much' in the ironical sense in which it is often found. See *As You Like It*, IV. 3. 2, and the present play, II. 4. 121.

NOTE X.

III. 2. 293 and 310. Here there are variations in different copies of the Quarto, in line 293, between *genius* and *gemies*, and, in line 310, between *Let* and *Till*. A variation is found also, V. 2. 140, between *you* and *your*.

NOTE XI.

IV. 1. 93, 95. These lines are omitted in the Folios and in some copies of the Quarto. With regard to the former line, Theobald says that his copy of the Quarto read, 'And consecrate Commotion's *civil* Edge:' in his text he altered 'civil edge' to 'civil page.'

IV. 1. 94. Mr Singer supposed that after *commonwealth* a line had been lost, something to the following effect:

'Whose wrongs do loudly call out for redress.'

Mr Julius Lloyd writes to us: "I am sure the lines are transposed and should be read thus:

'I make my quarrel in particular
My brother; general, the commonwealth.'

"The transposition is proved, further, by the separation of the doubtful lines:

'And consecrate commotion's bitter edge
To brother born an household cruelty,'

which are plainly continuous."

Mr Spedding writes: "I think some lines have been lost. If

'And consecrate commotion's bitter edge'

belongs to Westmoreland's speech, there must have been another line following, to complete the cadence both in sound and sense. And again, if

'There is no need of any such redress'

is the beginning of his next speech, it is equally clear that something about 'redress' must have been said between. The opposition between 'brother general' and 'brother born' reads to me like Shakespeare, and not likely to have come in by accident: and though the transposition of the lines [as suggested by Mr Lloyd] is ingenious and intelligible and in another context might be natural, it does not come naturally in the context proposed. Conjecture seems hopeless in such a case."

On the whole, we are of opinion that several lines have been omitted, and those which remain displaced, and that this is one of the many passages in which the true text is irrecoverable.

NOTE XII.

IV. 2. 27. The reading 'seal,' which has been attributed to Mr Collier's MS. corrector, we have assigned to Capell, considering that we are justified in doing so, because in his *Various Readings* (part I.

p. 52) he has the note 'Seal 1st F.—.' We think it clear that he inadvertently attributed a conjecture of his own to the first and following Folios. The manner in which the entry is made in his MS., which we have consulted, confirms this view.

NOTE XIII.

IV. 4, and IV. 5. The Jerusalem Chamber in which the king died belonged, as Holinshed tells us (p. 1162, col. 2, ed. 1577), to the Abbot of Westminster. The same authority states that he was first taken ill not in the Jerusalem Chamber, as Shakespeare says (IV. 5. 233, 234), but when paying his devotions at the shrine of S. Edward.

Although neither the Folios nor any more recent editors make a change of scene after line 132, we have ventured to do so, for, as Mr Dyce says, 'In fact the audience of Shakespeare's time were to suppose that a change of scene took place as soon as the king was laid on the bed.' (On the same principle, all editors except Rowe have made a new scene to begin after IV. 1. 228, where no change is marked in the Folios.)

Capell's stage direction is not satisfactory, for it implies a change of scene, though none is indicated in the text. The king's couch would not be placed in a recess at the back of the stage, because he has to make speeches from it of considerable length. He must therefore be lying in front of the stage where he could be seen and heard by the audience.

NOTE XIV.

IV. 5. 60, &c. We give Pope's arrangement of this passage in full:

'*K. Henry.* The Prince hath ta'en it hence; go seek him out.
Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose
My sleep my death? find him, my lord of *Warwick*,
And chide him hither strait; this part of his
Conjoins with my disease, and helps to end me.
See, sons, what things you are! how quickly nature
Falls to revolt, when gold becomes her object?
For this, the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleeps with thought, their brains with care,
Their bones with industry: for this engrossed
The canker'd heaps of strange-atchieved gold:
For this, they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts and martial exercises:
When, like the Bee, culling from ev'ry Flow'r,
Our thighs are packt with wax, our mouths with honey &c.'

NOTE XV.

v. 3. 36. This, like all Silence's snatches of song, is printed as prose in the Quarto, and ends *shrovetide, be mery, be mery.* The Folios print these words in the same line, but with a full stop at *Shrovetide.* Rowe, and all subsequent editors to Johnson inclusive, printed the last four words as if they were spoken, not sung. Capell corrected the error, and printed, *Be merry, be merry, &c.* In line 75, the word *Samingo* is printed as if spoken, and not sung, by all editors down to Malone.

NOTE XVI.

v. 4. 1. 'Sincklo.' See note IV. to *The Taming of the Shrew.*

NOTE XVII.

v. 5. 1. The Quarto prefixes the numbers 1, 2, 3, to the first three speeches of this scene. Mr Dyce conjectures that the speech given to the first groom at line 3, might be distributed thus:

'*Third Groom.* It will be two of the clock ere they come from the coronation.
First Groom. Dispatch, dispatch.'

NOTE XVIII.

v. 5. 4. It seems probable from the stage-direction of the Quarto, that the king first crossed the stage in procession to his coronation, which is supposed to take place during the dialogue between Falstaff and the others, and that on his second entrance he appeared with the crown on his head.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ[1].

KING HENRY the Fifth.
DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, } brothers to the King.
DUKE OF BEDFORD, }
DUKE OF EXETER, uncle to the King.
DUKE OF YORK, cousin to the King.
EARLS OF SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND, and WARWICK.
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.
BISHOP OF ELY.
EARL OF CAMBRIDGE.
LORD SCROOP.
SIR THOMAS GREY.
SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER, FLUELLEN, MACMORRIS, JAMY, officers in King Henry's army.
BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, soldiers in the same.
PISTOL, NYM, BARDOLPH.
Boy.
A Herald.

CHARLES the Sixth, king of France.
LEWIS, the Dauphin.
DUKES OF BURGUNDY, ORLEANS, and BOURBON.
The Constable of France.
RAMBURES and GRANDPRE, French Lords.
Governor of Harfleur.
MONTJOY, a French Herald.
Ambassadors to the King of England.

ISABEL, Queen of France.
KATHARINE, daughter to Charles and Isabel.
ALICE, a lady attending on her.
Hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap, formerly Mistress Quickly, and now married to Pistol.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, and Attendants.

Chorus.

SCENE: *England; afterwards France.*

[1] DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. First given by Rowe. See note (1).

THE LIFE OF

KING HENRY V.

PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. O for a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention,
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword and fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraised spirits that have dared
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object: can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,

PROLOGUE. Enter Chorus.] Enter Prologue. Ff.

8. *employment*] *employments* Rowe. *But*] om. Pope. *all,*] F_4. *all:* $F_1F_2F_3$.

9. *spirits that have*] Staunton. *Spirits, that hath* Ff. *spirit, that hath* Rowe.

12. *fields*] F_1. *field* $F_2F_3F_4$.

On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confined two mighty monarchies,
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder:
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance;
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth;
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times,
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass: for the which supply,
Admit me Chorus to this history;
Who prologue-like your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play. [*Exit.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. *London. An ante-chamber in the* KING'S *palace.*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY, *and the* BISHOP of ELY.

Cant. My lord, I'll tell you; that self bill is urged,
Which in the eleventh year of the last king's reign
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
But that the scambling and unquiet time
Did push it out of farther question.
Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?

20. *monarchies*] F_1. *monarches* F_2. *monarchs* F_3F_4.
22. *The perilous narrow*] *Perilous, the narrow* Warburton.
27. *receiving*] *receding* Capell conj.
28. *kings*] *king* Johnson conj.
SCENE I. London.....] London. Pope. An antechamber in the English court at Kenilworth. Theobald.
Enter...] Rowe. Enter the two Bishops of Canterbury and Ely. F_1 F_2. Enter the Bishops... F_3F_4.
5. *push*] *put* Pope (ed. 2).

Cant. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
We lose the better half of our possession:
For all the temporal lands which men devout
By testament have given to the church
Would they strip from us; being valued thus:
As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,
Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;
And, to relief of lazars and weak age,
Of indigent faint souls past corporal toil,
A hundred almshouses right well supplied;
And to the coffers of the king beside,
A thousand pounds by the year: thus runs the bill.
Ely. This would drink deep.
Cant. 'Twould drink the cup and all.
Ely. But what prevention?
Cant. The king is full of grace and fair regard.
Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.
Cant. The courses of his youth promised it not.
The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment
Consideration, like an angel, came
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him,
Leaving his body as a paradise,
To envelope and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made;
Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady currance, scouring faults;
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat and all at once
As in this king.
Ely. We are blessed in the change.

8. *half*] *halfe* F_1. *part* $F_2F_3F_4$. *possession*] *possessions* Hanmer.
19. *pounds*] F_1F_2. *pound* F_3F_4.
23. Ely. *And*...] Continued to Cant. Keightley conj.
24. Cant.] Ely. Keightley conj.
34. *currance*] F_1. *currant* F_2F_3. *current* F_4.
35. *never*] *ever* Pope.
36. *all*] *fall* Hanmer.
37. *We are*] *We 're* Pope.

Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And all-admiring with an inward wish
You would desire the king were made a prelate:
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would say it hath been all in all his study:
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music:
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter: that, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences;
So that the art and practic part of life
Must be the mistress to this theoric:
Which is a wonder how his grace should glean it,
Since his addiction was to courses vain,
His companies unletter'd, rude and shallow,
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports,
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:
And so the prince obscured his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.

Cant. It must be so; for miracles are ceased;
And therefore we must needs admit the means
How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill
Urged by the commons? Doth his majesty

42. *You would*] *You'd* Pope.
45. *cause*] *case* Capell conj.
47. *that*] *then* Rowe. om. Pope.
51. *art*] *act* Theobald.
52. *this*] F_1F_2. *his* F_3F_4.
66. *crescive*] F_4. *cressive* $F_1F_2F_3$.

Incline to it, or no?

Cant. He seems indifferent,
Or rather swaying more upon our part
Than cherishing the exhibiters against us;
For I have made an offer to his majesty,
Upon our spiritual convocation
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
As touching France, to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer seem received, my lord?

Cant. With good acceptance of his majesty;
Save that there was not time enough to hear,
As I perceived his grace would fain have done,
The severals and unhidden passages
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms
And generally to the crown and seat of France
Derived from Edward, his great-grandfather.

Ely. What was the impediment that broke this off?

Cant. The French ambassador upon that instant
Craved audience; and the hour, I think, is come
To give him hearing: is it four o'clock?

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in, to know his embassy;
Which I could with a ready guess declare,
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

Ely. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it. [*Exeunt.*

76. *Upon*] *Upon the part of* Keightley conj.

86. *The...passages*] Johnson suspects corruption here.

severals] *several* Pope.

88. *and seat*] om. Pope.

97. *speak*] F_1. *speakes* F_2. *speaks* F_3F_4.

SCENE II. *The same. The Presence chamber.*

Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, *and* Attendants.

K. Hen. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?
Exe. Not here in presence.
K. Hen. Send for him, good uncle.
West. Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?
K. Hen. Not yet, my cousin: we would be resolved,
Before we hear him, of some things of weight
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY *and the* BISHOP of ELY.

Cant. God and his angels guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it!
K. Hen. Sure, we thank you.
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed
And justly and religiously unfold
Why the law Salique that they have in France
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim:
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate, whose right
Suits not in native colours with the truth;
For God doth know how many now in health
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,

SCENE II.] Pope.
The...chamber.] Opens to the Presence. Theobald.
Gloucester] Humfrey. Ff.
and Attendants] Malone. &c. Capell. om. Ff.
6. Enter...] Enter two Bishops. Ff.
7. *your*] *you* F_2.
11. *that they*] *which they* (Qq) Capell.
21. *our person*] *your person* Johnson conj.

How you awake our sleeping sword of war:
We charge you, in the name of God, take heed;
For never two such kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint
'Gainst him whose wrong gives edge unto the swords
That make such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration speak, my lord;
For we will hear, note and believe in heart
That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd
As pure as sin with baptism.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and you peers,
That owe yourselves, your lives and services
To this imperial throne. There is no bar
To make against your highness' claim to France
But this, which they produce from Pharamond,
'In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant:'
'No woman shall succeed in Salique land:'
Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this law and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm
That the land Salique is in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe;
Where Charles the Great, having subdued the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certain French;
Who, holding in disdain the German women
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establish'd then this law; to wit, no female

22. *our sleeping*] *the sleeping* (Qq) Capell.
25. *guiltless*] *guitlesse* F_2.
27. *wrong gives*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *wrongs gives* F_1. *wrongs give* Malone.
27, 28. *swords That make*] Rowe. *swords, That makes* $F_1F_2F_3$. *swords? That makes* F_4. *sword That makes* Capell.
29. *Under*] *After* (Qq).
30. *For*] *And* (Qq) Capell.
32. *with*] *in* (Qq).
34. *yourselves, your lives*] *your lives, your faith,* (Qq) Pope.
38. *'In terram...succedant'*] Omitted by (Qq) and Pope.
succedant] *succedaul* F_1.
44. *is*] *lies* (Qq) Pope.
45, 52. *Elbe*] Capell. *Elve* Ff.
49. *dishonest*] *unhonest* Capell (from Holinshed).
50. *then*] *there* (Qq) Capell.

Should be inheritrix in Salique land:
Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.
Then doth it well appear the Salique law
Was not devised for the realm of France;
Nor did the French possess the Salique land
Until four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of King Pharamond,
Idly supposed the founder of this law;
Who died within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the Great
Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the river Sala, in the year
Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
King Pepin, which deposed Childeric,
Did, as heir general, being descended
Of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clothair,
Make claim and title to the crown of France.
Hugh Capet also, who usurp'd the crown
Of Charles the duke of Lorraine, sole heir male
Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great,
To find his title with some shows of truth,
Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,
Convey'd himself as heir to the Lady Lingare,
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son
Of Charles the Great. Also King Lewis the tenth,
Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied
That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,
Was lineal of the Lady Ermengare,

54. *Then*] *Thus* (Qq) Pope.
67. *King*] om. Anon. conj.
69. *who*] *that* (Qq) Capell.
72. *find*] Ff. *fine* (Qq) Pope. *line* Johnson conj. (withdrawn). *found* Collier MS. *fend* or *fence* Anon. conj. *shows*] *shewes* F_1F_2. *shews* F_3F_4. *show* (Qq) Capell.
73. *Though*] *When* (Qq) Capell.
74. *as heir*] (Qq) Pope. *as th' heir* Ff.
76. *and Lewis*] *which was* Pope.
77. *tenth*] Ff (and Holinshed). *ninth* Pope (from Hall).

Daughter to Charles the foresaid duke of Lorraine:
By the which marriage the line of Charles the Great
Was re-united to the crown of France.
So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
King Pepin's title and Hugh Capet's claim,
King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear
To hold in right and title of the female:
So do the kings of France unto this day;
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law
To bar your highness claiming from the female,
And rather choose to hide them in a net
Than amply to imbar their crooked titles
Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

K. Hen. May I with right and conscience make this claim?

Cant. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!
For in the book of Numbers is it writ,
When the man dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
Look back into your mighty ancestors:
Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandsire's tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,
And your great-uncle's, Edward the Black Prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France,
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility.

83. *foresaid*] *faresaid* F_2.
84. *marriage*] *match* Pope.
88. *satisfaction*] *possession* Pope (from Hall).
90. *unto*] F_1. *upon* $F_2F_3F_4$. *until* (Qq) Pope.
94. *amply to imbar*] *openly imbrace* Pope.
imbar] F_3F_4. *imbarre* F_1F_2. *imbace* (Q_1Q_2). *embrace* (Q_3). *make bare* Rowe (ed. 1). *imbare* Theobald (Warburton). *unbare* Capell (Theobald conj.), corrected in MS. to *imbare*.
98. *is it*] (Qq) F_1F_2. *it is* F_3F_4.
99. *man*] Ff. *sonne* (Qq). *son* Pope.
102. *into*] *unto* Capell.
103. *tomb*] *grave* (Qq) Capell.
105. *uncle's*] *uncle* (Qq) Pope.
108. *Whiles*] *While* Pope.
110. *Forage in*] *Foraging* (Q_1). *Forraging* (Q_2). *Foraging the* (Q_3).

O noble English, that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work and cold for action!

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead
And with your puissant arm renew their feats:
You are their heir; you sit upon their throne;
The blood and courage that renowned them
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

Exe. Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.

West. They know your grace hath cause and means and might;
So hath your highness; never king of England
Had nobles richer and more loyal subjects,
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

Cant. O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
With blood and sword and fire to win your right;
In aid whereof we of the spiritualty
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.

K. Hen. We must not only arm to invade the French,
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

112. *pride*] *power* (Qq) Pope.

114. *for action*] *for want of action* Long MS.

125. *your grace hath*] *your race had* Warburton.

cause and.....might;] *cause, and...might;* Ff. *cause; and...might,* Theobald. *cause and.....might*— Keightley conj.

125, 126. *grace hath cause...So hath*] *cause hath grace...So hath* or *grace hath cause...So haste* Staunton conj.

129. *fields*] F_1. *field* $F_2F_3F_4$.

130, 131. *O, let...right;*] Continued to Westmoreland by Warburton.

131. *blood*] F_3F_4. *bloods* F_1. *blouds* F_2.

132. *spiritualty*] *spirituality* F_3F_4.

137. *defend*] *defend us* Anon. conj.

Cant. They of those marches, gracious sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.
K. Hen. We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us;
For you shall read that my great-grandfather
Never went with his forces into France
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulness of his force,
Galling the gleaned land with hot assays,
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns;
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath shook and trembled at the ill neighbourhood.
Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my liege;
For hear her but exampled by herself:
When all her chivalry hath been in France
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended
But taken and impounded as a stray
The King of Scots; whom she did send to France,
To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings
And make her chronicle as rich with praise
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck and sumless treasuries.
West. But there's a saying very old and true,
'If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin:'

140. *gracious sovereign*] Omitted by Pope.
143. *snatchers*] *sneakers* (Qq).
145. *giddy*] *greedy* Collier MS.
147. *Never... forces*] *Ne'er... full forces* Warburton.
151. *assays*] *essays* Malone.
154. *ill neighbourhood*] *bruit thereof* (Qq) Boswell.
156. *but*] *best* Warburton.
162. *fame*] *train* Collier (Collier MS.).
163. *her chronicle*] Capell (Johnson conj.). *their chronicle* Ff. *your chronicles* (Qq). *his chronicle* Rowe. *your chronicle* Steevens.
praise] *prize* Warburton.
164. *ooze and*] *owse and* (Qq) Ff. *ouzy* Rowe.
166. West.] Capell. Lord. (Qq). Bish. Ely. Ff. Exe. Warburton.
167, 168. As one line in Ff.

For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
Comes sneaking and so sucks her princely eggs,
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,
To tear and havoc more than she can eat.

Exe. It follows then the cat must stay at home:
Yet that is but a crush'd necessity,
Since we have locks to safeguard necessaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
The advised head defends itself at home;
For government, though high and low and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like music.

Cant. Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience: for so work the honey-bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king and officers of sorts;
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,

173. *tear*] Rowe (ed. 2) and Egerton MS. *tame* Ff. *spoil* (Qq) Rowe (ed. 1). *taint* Theobald.

174. Exe.] Ely. Warburton.

175. *but a crush'd*] Ff. *but a curst* (Qq) Pope. *but a 'scus'd* Theobald (Warburton). *not o' course a* Hanmer. *but a coward's* Heath conj. *but a crude* Capell (Johnson conj.). *not a curs'd* Mason conj. *not a crush'd* Collier MS. *but a cras'd* Jervis conj. *but accursed* Anon. conj. *but a shrewd* Bullock conj.

177. *pretty*] *petty* Steevens conj.

180. *though*] *through* Keightley conj.

181. *consent*] *concent* Malone.

182. *Congreeing*] *Congruing* Pope (from Qq).

close] *cloze* F_2.

183. *Therefore*] *True: therefore* (Qq) Capell. *And therefore* S. Walker conj.

188. *rule in*] *ruling* Warburton.

189. *act*] *art* Pope.

190. *sorts*] *sort* (Qq) Theobald. *state* Collier MS. *all sorts* Keightley conj.

192. *merchants, venture*] *merchant-venturers* Warburton.

194. *buds*] *bud* (Qq) Capell.

Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor;
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,
That many things, having full reference
To one consent, may work contrariously:
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Come to one mark; as many ways meet in one town;
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;
As many lines close in the dial's centre;
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege.
Divide your happy England into four;
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
If we, with thrice such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried and our nation lose
The name of hardiness and policy.

K. Hen. Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin.

[*Exeunt some Attendants.*

Now are we well resolved; and, by God's help,

197. *majesty*] (Qq) Rowe. *majesties* Ff.

198. *masons*] F_1. *mason* $F_2F_3F_4$.

199. *kneading*] Ff. *lading* (Qq). *heading* Warburton.

208. *Come*] Ff. *Fly* (Qq) Capell. *as many ways*] *and ways* Hanmer. *As many several ways* Capell (from Qq), reading 208 as two lines, ending *mark...town.* *meet in one town*] *unite* Collier MS.

209. *meet in one salt*] *run in one self* (Qq) Capell.

211. *actions, once*] *acts at once* Hanmer. *actions, 't once* Warburton.

212. *End*] (Qq) Pope. *And* Ff.

213. *defeat*] Ff. *defect* (Qq).

221. *Dauphin*] *Dolphin* Ff (and passim). [Exeunt some Attendants.] Capell. om. Ff. [King takes his Throne. Capell.

And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces: or there we'll sit,
Ruling in large and ample empery
O'er France and all her almost kingly dukedoms,
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombless, with no remembrance over them:
Either our history shall with full mouth
Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors *of France.*

Now are we well prepared to know the pleasure
Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for we hear
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.
First Amb. May't please your majesty to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge;
Or shall we sparingly show you far off
The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy?
K. Hen. We are no tyrant, but a Christian king;
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons:
Therefore with frank and with uncurbed plainness
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.
First Amb. Thus, then, in few.
Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, King Edward the third.
In answer of which claim, the prince our master
Says that you savour too much of your youth,

225. *or there*] *there* Pope.
230. *full*] *a full* Collier MS.
232. *mute*] *mutes* S. Walker conj.
233. *waxen*] Ff. *paper* (Qq) Malone. *lasting* Malone conj.
Enter...] Enter certain Embassadors, and Train, usher'd. Capell.
234. SCENE III. Pope.
237. First Amb.] Amb. Ff (and throughout the scene).
May 't] Ff. *Pleaseth* (Qq) Capell.
243. *are*] (Qq) Rowe. *is* Ff.
245. *then*] *than* F_1.
248. *King Edward the third*] (Qq) Ff. *Edward the third* Pope. *Edward third* Collier MS.

And bids you be advised there's nought in France
That can be with a nimble galliard won;
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,
Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

K. Hen. What treasure, uncle?

Exe. Tennis-balls, my liege.

K. Hen. We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us;
His present and your pains we thank you for:
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With chaces. And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valued this poor seat of England;
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself
To barbarous license; as 'tis ever common
That men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the Dauphin I will keep my state,
Be like a king and show my sail of greatness
When I do rouse me in my throne of France:
For that I have laid by my majesty
And plodded like a man for working-days,
But I will rise there with so full a glory
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
And tell the pleasant prince this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones; and his soul

251. *advised there's*] *advis'd, there's* Steevens. *advis'd: there's* Ff.
257. *This*] *Thus* Anon. conj.
264. *he hath*] *h'ath* Pope.
270. *hence*] *here* Hanmer.
274. *sail*] *sayle* $F_1F_2F_3$. *sayl* F_4. *seal* Jackson conj. *soul* Collier (Collier MS.).
276. *that*] *this* (Qq). *here* Collier (Collier MS.).

Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance
That shall fly with them: for many a thousand widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands;
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;
And some are yet ungotten and unborn
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal; and in whose name
Tell you the Dauphin I am coming on,
To venge me as I may and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
So get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin
His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep more than did laugh at it.
Convey them with safe conduct. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Ambassadors.*

Exe. This was a merry message.

K. Hen. We hope to make the sender blush at it.
Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour
That may give furtherance to our expedition;
For we have now no thought in us but France,
Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected and all things thought upon
That may with reasonable swiftness add
More feathers to our wings; for, God before,
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore let every man now task his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought.

[*Exeunt. Flourish.*

284. *for many a*] *many* Pope.
287. *yet*] F_1F_4. *it* F_2F_3.
296. *weep more*] *weepe, more* (Qq).
297. *you*] *ye* F_3F_4.
299. [coming from his throne. Capell.
302. *thought*] *thoughts* Pope.
305. *things*] om. Pope.
306. *reasonable*] *seasonable* Collier (Collier MS.).
310. Flourish.] Ff (before 'Enter Chorus'). om. (Qq) Pope.

ACT II.

PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies:
Now thrive the armorers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man:
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
For now sits Expectation in the air,
And hides a sword from hilts unto the point
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,
Promised to Harry and his followers.
The French, advised by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear and with pale policy
Seek to divert the English purposes.
O England! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
With treacherous crowns; and three corrupted men,
One, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the second,
Henry Lord Scroop of Masham, and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,
Have, for the gilt of France,—O guilt indeed!—

ACT II. PROLOGUE.] om. Ff. ACT II. SCENE I. Johnson.

1. Pope places the Chorus after Act II. Scene I.

3. *thrive*] *strive* Collier (Collier MS.).

20, 21. *see thy fault! France...out A nest*] Capell. *see, thy fault France ...out, A nest* Ff.

21. *he*] *she* Hanmer.

Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;
And by their hands this grace of kings must die,
If hell and treason hold their promises,
Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on; and we'll digest
The abuse of distance; force a play:
The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
The king is set from London; and the scene
Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton;
There is the playhouse now, there must you sit:
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,
We'll not offend one stomach with our play.
But, till the king come forth, and not till then,
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene. [*Exit.*

SCENE I. *London. A street.*

Enter Corporal NYM *and* Lieutenant BARDOLPH.

Bard. Well met, Corporal Nym.
Nym. Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.
Bard. What, are Ancient Pistol and you friends yet?
Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little; but when

28—35. *And by.....Southampton*] Johnson proposed to arrange these lines in the following order: 28, 29, 33, 34, 35, 30, 31, 32.

30. *France, and in Southampton.*] *France; and in Southampton.* $F_1F_2F_3$. *France; and in Southampton,* F_4. *France. Then in Southampton* Pope. *France, e'en in Southampton* Capell.

31, 32. *Linger...play*] See note (II).

and we'll...force] *and you'll ...for we'll force* Lloyd conj.

31. *we'll*] F_3F_4. *wee'l* F_1F_2. *well* Pope.

32. *distance; force*] Ff. *distance, while we force* Pope. *distance, while we farce* Warburton conj. *distance, and so force* Collier (Collier MS.). *distance; foresee* Staunton conj.

33. *The...agreed;*]This line should follow line 27, Keightley conj.

41. *But, till...come*] *But when... comes* Hanmer.

But...not] *Not...but* Malone conj.

not] *but* Roderick conj.

SCENE I.] Hanmer. ACT I. SCENE IV. Pope.

London...] Capell. Before Quickly's house in East-cheap. Theobald.

time shall serve, there shall be smiles; but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink and hold out mine iron: it is a simple one; but what though? it will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will: and there's an end.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends; and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France: let it be so, good Corporal Nym.

Nym. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly: and, certainly, she did you wrong; for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell: things must be as they may: men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and some say knives have edges. It must be as it may: though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter PISTOL *and* HOSTESS.

Bard. Here comes Ancient Pistol and his wife: good corporal, be patient here. How now, mine host Pistol!

Pist. Base tike, call'st thou me host?
Now, by this hand, I swear, I scorn the term;
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Host. No, by my troth, not long; for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought

5. *be smiles*] *be*—[Smiles.] Hanmer (Warburton). *be smites* Collier (Farmer conj.). *similes* Jackson conj.

9. *an end*] Ff. *the humour of it* (Qq) Steevens.

11. *be all...to*] *all go...to* or *all be ...in* Johnson conj.

let it] Rowe. *let't* $F_1F_2F_3$. *let's* F_4.

15. *do*] *die* Mason conj.

rendezvous] F_4. *rendevous* F_2F_3.

21. *throats*] *thoughts* Jackson conj.

23. *mare*] (Qq) Theobald. *name* Ff. *dame* Hanmer. *jade* Collier MS.

24. Hostess.] Quickly. Ff. Hostes Quickly his wife. (Qq).

27. *tike*] *tick* Malone conj.

27—29. As in (Qq) Johnson. As prose in Ff.

we keep a bawdy house straight. [*Nym and Pistol draw.*] O well a day, Lady, if he be not drawn now! we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed.

Bard. Good lieutenant! good corporal! offer nothing here.

Nym. Pish!

Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland!

Host. Good Corporal Nym, show thy valour, and put up your sword.

Nym. Will you shog off? I would have you solus.

Pist. 'Solus,' egregious dog? O viper vile!
The 'solus' in thy most mervailous face;
The 'solus' in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy,
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!
I do retort the 'solus' in thy bowels;
For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbason; you cannot conjure me. I have an humour to knock you indifferently well. If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms: if you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may: and that's the humour of it.

Pist. O braggart vile and damned furious wight!

33. [Nym...draw.] Nym draws his sword. Malone. Nym, and Pistol, eye one another and draw. Capell. om. Ff.

34. *O...drawn now!*] Hanmer. *O ...drawn! Now* Theobald. *O...hewne now,* Ff (*hewn* F_3F_4). *O...if he be not hewing now!* Steevens conj. *O... Lord here's Corporal Nym's*— Malone (from Q_1). *O...here. Now* Knight. *O Lord here's Corporal Nym's— O well-a day...hewn now!* Halliwell.

Lady] om. Malone conj.

36. Bard. *Good lieutenant*] Ff. Bar. *Good ancient* Capell. *Good lieutenant Bardolph* Malone (continuing the speech to Host.).

38. *Pish!*] *Push* (Qq).

39. *Iceland*] Steevens (Johnson conj.). *Island* Ff. *Iseland* (Qq), once only.

40. *thy valour*] *the valour of a man* (Qq) Capell.

42. [sheathing his sword. Malone.

43—50. *'Solus'...follow*] Arranged as by Pope. As prose in Ff.

44. *mervailous*] F_1F_2. *marvellous* F_3F_4.

47. *nasty*] Ff. *mesfull* (Qq).

49. *take*] *talke* (Qq). *talk* Capell.

The grave doth gape, and doting death is near;
Therefore exhale.

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I say: he that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier. [*Draws.*

Pist. An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate.
Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give:
Thy spirits are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms: that is the humour of it.

Pist. 'Couple a gorge!'
That is the word. I thee defy again.
O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?
No; to the spital go,
And from the powdering-tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,
Doll Tearsheet she by name, and her espouse:
I have, and I will hold, the quondam Quickly
For the only she; and—pauca, there's enough.
Go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master, and you, hostess: he is very sick, and would to bed. Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan. Faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue!

Host. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days. The king has killed his heart. Good husband, come home presently. [*Exeunt Hostess and Boy.*

58. *doting*] *groaning* (Qq) Pope.
59. [Pistol and Nym draw. Malone.
61. [Draws.] Malone.
63, 64. *Give...tall*] As in Pope. As prose in Ff.
64. *most*] *more* Pope.
67. *Couple a*] Ff. *Couple* (Qq). *Coupe a* Rowe (ed. 2). *Coupe le* Capell. *Coupe la* Dyce.
68—76. As prose in Ff. As verse in (Qq) and Pope.
68. *thee defy*] (Qq) Capell. *defie thee* Ff.
76. *Go to*] Pope. *to go to* Ff. om. (Qq) Capell. *so, go to* Collier conj.
77. *you,*] Hanmer. *your* Ff.
79. *face*] *nose* (Qq) Pope.
84. [Exeunt...] Capell. Exit. Ff.

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together: why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pist. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have: that's the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound: push home.

[*They draw.*

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends: an thou wilt not, why, then, be enemies with me too. Prithee, put up.

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay;
And liquor likewise will I give to thee,
And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood:
I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me;
Is not this just? for I shall sutler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well, then, that's the humour of't.

Re-enter HOSTESS.

Host. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to

93. [They draw.] (Qq). Draw. Ff.

96, 97. *an...an*] &...*and* Ff.

100, 101. Nym. *I shall...betting?*] (Qq) Capell. Omitted in Ff.

102—108. Arranged as by Pope. As prose in Ff.

104. *combine, and*] *combind our* Q_3.

111. *that's*] *that* F_1.
of't] Ff. *of it* (Qq) Capell.
Re-enter...] Enter... Ff.

112. *came*] (Qq) $F_2F_3F_4$. *come* F_1.

Sir John. Ah, poor heart! he is so shaked of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The king hath run bad humours on the knight; that's the even of it.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right;
His heart is fracted and corroborate.

Nym. The king is a good king: but it must be as it may; he passes some humours and careers.

Pist. Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins we will live.

SCENE II. *Southampton. A council-chamber.*

Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, *and* WESTMORELAND.

Bed. 'Fore God, his grace is bold, to trust these traitors.

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves!
As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
Crowned with faith and constant loyalty.

Bed. The king hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours,
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery.

Trumpets sound. Enter KING HENRY, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE, GREY, *and* Attendants.

K. Hen. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.

113. *Ah*] Pope. *A* Ff.

118, 119. Arranged as by Capell. As prose in Ff.

122. *lambkins we*] Malone. *lambkins, we* Ff.

SCENE II.] Pope. SCENE III. Johnson. om. Ff.

Southampton.] Pope.

A council-chamber.] Malone. A Hall of council. Capell.

8—11. Exe. *Nay...treachery.*] Ff. Glost. *I...trechery.* Exe. *O the Lord of Masham* (Qq).

9. *dull'd*] F_1F_2. *lull'd* F_3F_4. *dol'd* Steevens conj.

dull'd and cloy'd] *cloy'd and grac'd* (Qq) Steevens.

11. Trumpets sound.] Sound Trumpets. Ff.

King Henry] the King, Ff.

and Attendants.] Theobald. om. Ff.

My Lord of Cambridge, and my kind Lord of Masham,
And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts:
Think you not that the powers we bear with us
Will cut their passage through the force of France,
Doing the execution and the act
For which we have in head assembled them?
Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.
K. Hen. I doubt not that; since we are well persuaded
We carry not a heart with us from hence
That grows not in a fair consent with ours,
Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.
Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd and loved
Than is your majesty: there's not, I think, a subject
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.
Grey. True: those that were your father's enemies
Have steep'd their galls in honey and do serve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.
K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness;
And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit
According to the weight and worthiness.
Scroop. So service shall with steeled sinews toil,
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your grace incessant services.
K. Hen. We judge no less. Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person: we consider
It was excess of wine that set him on;
And on his more advice we pardon him.
Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security:
Let him be punish'd, sovereign, lest example

13. *kind*] om. (Qq) Pope.
18. *head*] *aid* Warburton.
22. *consent*] *concent* Malone.
23. *Nor*] Ff. *And* Pope.
25. *monarch*] *a monarch* F_3F_4.
26. *I think*] om. Pope.
29. Grey.] Gray. F_4. Kni. $F_1F_2F_3$.
True: those] *Even those* (Qq) Capell.
30. *do serve*] *observe* Pope.
35. *the weight*] Ff. *their cause* (Qq). *their weight* Anon. conj.
43. *his*] *our* Collier (Collier MS.).

Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.
K. Hen. O, let us yet be merciful.
Cam. So may your highness, and yet punish too.
Grey. Sir,
You show great mercy, if you give him life,
After the taste of much correction.
K. Hen. Alas, your too much love and care of me
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch!
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd and digested,
Appear before us? We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop and Grey, in their dear care
And tender preservation of our person,
Would have him punish'd. And now to our French causes:
Who are the late commissioners?
Cam. I one, my lord:
Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.
Scroop. So did you me, my liege.
Grey. And I, my royal sovereign.
K. Hen. Then, Richard Earl of Cambridge, there is yours;
There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham; and, sir knight,
Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:
Read them; and know, I know your worthiness.
My Lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter,
We will aboard to night. Why, how now, gentlemen!
What see you in those papers that you lose
So much complexion? Look ye, how they change!
Their cheeks are paper. Why, what read you there,
That hath so cowarded and chased your blood
Out of appearance?
Cam. I do confess my fault;

47. *merciful*] *merciful, my lord* (Collier MS.).
49, 50. *Sir, You*] Dyce. *Sir, you* Ff. *You* (Qq) Pope.
57. *yet*] om. Pope.
60. *And*] om. Pope.
61. *late*] *state* Collier (Collier MS.). *lord* Keightley conj.
65. *I*] Ff. *me* (Qq) Capell. *royal*] om. Pope.
67. *Lord*] F_1F_4. *Lords* F_2F_3.
75. *hath*] (Qq) F_4. *have* $F_1F_2F_3$.
76. *do confess*] *confess* Pope.

And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

Grey. } To which we all appeal.
Scroop. }

K. Hen. The mercy that was quick in us but late,
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.
See you, my princes and my noble peers,
These English monsters! My Lord of Cambridge here,
You know how apt our love was to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspired,
And sworn unto the practices of France,
To kill us here in Hampton: to the which
This knight, no less for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But, O,
What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop? thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage and inhuman creature!
Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost mightst have coin'd me into gold,
Wouldst thou have practised on me for thy use,
May it be possible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
That might annoy my finger? 'tis so strange,
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.
Treason and murder ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
Working so grossly in a natural cause,
That admiration did not whoop at them:

82. *into*] *upon* (Qq) Pope.
83. *you*] *them* (Qq) Capell.
85. *of*] om. Pope.
87. *him*] om. F_1.
103. *stands*] F_1. *stand* $F_2F_3F_4$.
104. *and white*] Ff. *from white* (Qq) Capell.
107. *grossly*] *closely* Hanmer. *a natural*] *an naturall* F_1. *unnatural* Nicholson conj.
cause] *course* Collier MS.
108. *whoop*] Theobald. *hoope* F_1 F_2. *hoop* F_3F_4.

But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
Wonder to wait on treason and on murder:
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
That wrought upon thee so preposterously
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence:
All other devils that suggest by treasons
Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch'd
From glistering semblances of piety;
But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that same demon that hath gull'd thee thus
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
He might return to vasty Tartar back,
And tell the legions 'I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman's.'
O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful?
Why, so didst thou: seem they grave and learned?
Why, so didst thou: come they of noble family?
Why, so didst thou: seem they religious?
Why, so didst thou: or are they spare in diet,
Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger,
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,
Not working with the eye without the ear,
And but in purged judgement trusting neither?
Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem:
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,

110. *and on*] F_1. *and no* F_2F_3 F_4.
112. *thee*] *these* Warburton.
113. *Hath*] *H'ath* Capell.
114. *All*] Hanmer. *And* Ff. *For* Malone conj.
by treasons] Ff. *by-treasons* Rowe. *to treasons* Mason conj.
116. *being*] om. Keightley conj.
118. *temper'd*] *tempted* Johnson conj.
122. *lion gait*] *Lyon-gate* Ff.
128. *seem*] *or seem* Pope.
133. *not*] *nor* Rowe (ed. 2).
134. *complement*] *compliment* Theobald.
135. *eye without the ear*] *ear but with the eye* Theobald (Warburton).

To mark the full-fraught man and best indued
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee;
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man. Their faults are open:
Arrest them to the answer of the law;
And God acquit them of their practices!

Exe. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Richard Earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry Lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland.

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd;
And I repent my fault more than my death;
Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me, the gold of France did not seduce;
Although I did admit it as a motive
The sooner to effect what I intended:
But God be thanked for prevention;
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,
Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damned enterprise:
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

K. Hen. God quit you in his mercy! Hear your sentence.

139, 140. *To mark the...With*] Malone. *To mark the...the best endu'd With* Theobald. *To make thee full fraught man, and best indued With* Ff. *To make the full-fraught man, the best, endu'd With* Pope. *To mark the...the best endow'd* Capell conj. *To mock...and best indued With* Malone conj. (withdrawn). *To mark the ful! fraught man and least inclined With* Mitford conj. See note (111).

140. *I*] *and I* F_4.

147. *Henry*] (Qq) Theobald. *Thomas* Ff.

150. *knight, of*] Collier. *knight of* (Qq) Ff.

155. *seduce*] *seduce me* Keightley conj.

159. *I*] om. F_1.
will rejoice] *will rejoice for* Rowe. *rejoice for* Pope. *will rejoice at* Capell conj.

You have conspired against our royal person,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd and from his coffers
Received the golden earnest of our death;
Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,
His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt
And his whole kingdom into desolation.
Touching our person seek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death:
The taste whereof, God of his mercy give
You patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences! Bear them hence.
[*Exeunt Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, guarded.*
Now, lords, for France; the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason lurking in our way
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now
But every rub is smoothed on our way.
Then forth, dear countrymen: let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:
No king of England, if not king of France, [*Exeunt.*

168. *proclaim'd*] om. Pope.
173. *into*] *unto* Capell.
176. *you have*] (Qq) Knight. *you three* $F_2F_3F_4$. *you* F_1. See note (IV).
177. *Get you*] *Go* Pope.
181. [Exeunt...] Exeunt. $F_2F_3F_4$. Exit. Ff.
184. *war,*] Ff. *war;* Capell.
186. *way*] F_3F_4. *way,* F_1. *way.* F_2. *path* Anon. conj.
187. *beginnings. We*] F_1. *beginning. We* $F_2F_3F_4$. *beginnings, we* Capell.
We doubt not now] *Now we doubt not* Pope.
188. *on*] *in* F_4.
192. *sea;*] Theobald. *sea,* Ff. *sea* Rowe.

SCENE III. *London. Before a Tavern.*

Enter PISTOL, HOSTESS, NYM, BARDOLPH, *and* Boy.

Host. Prithee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

Pist. No; for my manly heart doth yearn.
Bardolph, be blithe: Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins:
Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead,
And we must yearn therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell!

Host. Nay, sure, he's not in hell: he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. A' made a finer end and went away an it had been any christom child; a' parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets and play with flowers and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babbled of green fields.

SCENE III.] Pope. SCENE IV. Johnson. om. Ff.

London.....Tavern.] Capell. London. Pope. Quickly's house in Eastcheap. Theobald.

1. *honey-sweet*] Theobald. *honey sweet* F_1F_2. *honey, sweet* F_3F_4.

3—6. *No;...therefore*] As verse by Pope. As prose in Ff.

3, 6. *yearn*] *erne* F_1F_2. *yern* F_3F_4.

5. *Boy*] om. Rann (Capell conj.).

5, 6. Capell ends the lines *up... therefore.*

8. *either...hell*] om. Farmer conj. MS.

9. *he's...hell*] om. Farmer conj. MS.

10, 11. *a finer*] F_1F_2. *finer* F_3F_4. *a fine* Capell.

11. *an it*] Pope. *and it* Ff. *as it* (Qq).

christom] F_4. *christome* $F_1F_2F_3$. *crysombd* (Q_1Q_3). *chrisombd* (Q_2). *chrisom* Johnson. *chryssom'* Capell. *chrisom'd* Steevens (1778).

12. *even just*] *ev'n just* F_1F_2. *just* F_3F_4.

12, 13. *even at the*] *ev'n at the* Ff. *e'en at* Capell.

13. *o'*] *of* Capell.

14. *play with*] Ff. *talk of* (Qq). *play with the* Anon. conj.

15. *ends*] (Qq) Capell. *end* Ff.

16. *and a' babbled of green fields.*] Theobald. Omitted in (Qq). *and a Table of greene fields.* F_1F_2. *and a Table of green fields.* F_3. *and a Table of green Fields.* F_4. Omitted by Pope. *and a' talked of green fields.* Anon. MS. conj. apud Theobald. *and a' fabled of green fields.* W. N. conj.

'How now, Sir John!' quoth I: 'what, man! be o' good cheer.' So a' cried out 'God, God, God!' three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him a' should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So a' bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone, and so upward and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nym. They say he cried out of sack.

Host. Ay, that a' did.

Bard. And of women.

Host. Nay, that a' did not.

Boy. Yes, that a' did; and said they were devils incarnate.

Host. A' could never abide carnation; 'twas a colour he never liked.

Boy. A' said once, the devil would have him about women.

Host. A' did in some sort, indeed, handle women; but then he was rheumatic, and talked of the whore of Babylon.

Boy. Do you not remember, a' saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and a' said it was a black soul burning in hell-fire?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintained that fire: that's all the riches I got in his service.

Nym. Shall we shog? the king will be gone from Southampton.

apud Long MS. *in a table of green fields.* Malone conj. *upon a table of green fells.* Smith conj. *on a table of green frieze.* Collier MS. *or as stubble on shorn fields.* Anon. (Fras. Mag.) conj. See note (v).

17. *be o' good*] *be a good* Ff. *be of good* Theobald.

23. *cold as any*] F_1F_2. *cold as a* F_3F_4.

24. *knees, and...stone, and so*] (Qq) Capell. *knees, and so* Ff.

25. *upward and upward*] (Qq) F_3 F_4. *up-peer'd and upward* F_1. *up-war'd and upward* F_2. *up'ard and up'ard* Grant White.

26. *of*] Ff. *on* (Qq).

28. Bard.] Ff. Boy. (Qq) Warburton.

30. *devils*] *Deules* F_1.

32. Host.] Woman. Ff.

34. *devil*] Capell. *Deule* Ff.

40. *hell-fire*] (Q_1Q_2) Capell. *hell* (Q_3) Ff.

Pist. Come, let's away. My love, give me thy lips.
Look to my chattels and my movables:
Let senses rule; the word is 'Pitch and Pay:'
Trust none;
For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck:
Therefore, Caveto be thy counsellor.
Go, clear thy crystals. Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to France; like horse-leeches, my boys,
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!
Boy. And that's but unwholesome food, they say.
Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.
Bard. Farewell, hostess. [*Kissing her.*
Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but, adieu.
Pist. Let housewifery appear: keep close, I thee command.
Host. Farewell; adieu. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *France. The* KING'S *Palace.*

Flourish. Enter the FRENCH KING, *the* DAUPHIN, *the* DUKES of BERRI *and* BRETAGNE, *the* CONSTABLE, *and others.*

Fr. King. Thus comes the English with full power upon us;
And more than carefully it us concerns

45—54. Arranged as by Capell. As verse, first by Pope. As prose in Ff.

47. *senses rule*] *sense us rule* Johnson conj. *sentences rule* Mason conj.
word] (Q_1Q_3) Rowe (ed. 2). *world* (Q_2) Ff.
Pitch] *Pinch* Johnson conj.

51. *Caveto*] Ff. *cophetua* (Qq).

52. *Yoke-fellows*] *Yoke-yoke-fellows* Pope.

55. *that's*] *that is* Hanmer.

57. [Kissing her.] Capell.

SCENE IV.] Pope. SCENE V. Johnson. om. Ff.
France.] Pope. The...Palace. Theobald.
Flourish.] F_1. om. $F_2F_3F_4$.
Enter...] Enter King of France, Bourbon, Dolphin, and others. (Qq). Enter the French King, the Dolphin, the Dukes of Berry and Britaine. Ff.
...Dauphin ..] ...Dauphin, the Duke of Burgundy... Rowe.

1. *comes*] Ff. *come* Rowe. See note (VI).

2. *carefully*] *carelessly* Hanmer (Warburton).

To answer royally in our defences.
Therefore the Dukes of Berri and of Bretagne,
Of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make forth,
And you, Prince Dauphin, with all swift dispatch,
To line and new repair our towns of war
With men of courage and with means defendant;
For England his approaches makes as fierce
As waters to the sucking of a gulf.
It fits us then to be as provident
As fear may teach us out of late examples
Left by the fatal and neglected English
Upon our fields.

Dau. My most redoubted father,
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe;
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
Though war nor no known quarrel were in question,
But that defences, musters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled and collected,
As were a war in expectation.
Therefore, I say 'tis meet we all go forth
To view the sick and feeble parts of France:
And let us do it with no show of fear;
No, with no more than if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance:
For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
Her sceptre so fantastically borne
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, Prince Dauphin!
You are too much mistaken in this king:
Question your grace the late ambassadors,
With what great state he heard their embassy,
How well supplied with noble counsellors,
How modest in exception, and withal
How terrible in constant resolution,

5. *Orleans*] Rowe. *Orleance* Ff.
13. *fatal and*] *fatally* Hanmer.
23. *And*] *But* (Qq).
28. *shallow, humorous*] *shallow-humorous* S. Walker conj.

And you shall find his vanities forespent
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly;
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
That shall first spring and be most delicate.
Dau. Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable;
But though we think it so, it is no matter:
In cases of defence 'tis best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems:
So the proportions of defence are fill'd;
Which of a weak and niggardly projection
Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting
A little cloth.
Fr. King. Think we King Harry strong;
And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us;
And he is bred out of that bloody strain
That haunted us in our familiar paths:
Witness our too much memorable shame
When Cressy battle fatally was struck,
And all our princes captived by the hand
Of that black name, Edward, Black Prince of Wales;
Whiles that his mountain sire, on mountain standing,
Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,
Saw his heroical seed, and smiled to see him,
Mangle the work of nature and deface
The patterns that by God and by French fathers
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
Of that victorious stock; and let us fear
The native mightiness and fate of him.

42. *think it*] *think not* Roderick conj.
43. *cases*] F_1. *causes* $F_2F_3F_4$.
46. *Which of*] *While oft* Malone conj. *Which, oft* Rann. *Of which* Knight. *Which if* Staunton conj.
projection] *protection* Jackson conj.
52. *haunted*] *hunted* Warburton.
57. *Whiles*] *While* Rowe (ed. 2).
mountain] *Mountaine* F_1F_2. *Mountain* F_3F_4. *mounting* Theobald. *monarch* Coleridge conj. *mighty* Anon. conj. (Gent. Mag. 1845).
58. *Up...sun*] Inclosed in brackets, as spurious, by Warburton.
59. *heroical*] *heroick* Rowe.
64. *fate*] *force* Hanmer.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from Harry King of England
Do crave admittance to your majesty.
Fr. King. We'll give them present audience. Go, and bring them.
[*Exeunt Messenger and certain Lords.*
You see this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.
Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit; for coward dogs
Most spend their mouths when what they seem to threaten
Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
Take up the English short, and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head:
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.

Re-enter Lords, *with* EXETER *and train.*

Fr. King. From our brother England?
Exe. From him; and thus he greets your majesty.
He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you divest yourself, and lay apart
The borrow'd glories that by gift of heaven,
By law of nature and of nations, 'long
To him and to his heirs; namely, the crown
And all wide-stretched honours that pertain
By custom and the ordinance of times
Unto the crown of France. That you may know
'Tis no sinister nor no awkward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
Nor from the dust of old oblivion raked,
He sends you this most memorable line,

65. *Harry*] *Henry* Steevens.
67. [Exeunt...] Capell. om. Ff.
71. *far*] *fear'd* Capell conj.
72. *the English*] *this English* (Qq). *these English* Capell conj.
75. Re-enter...] Capell. Enter Exeter. Ff.
SCENE V. Pope. SCENE VI. Johnson. om. Ff.
brother England] (Q_1Q_2) Pope. *brother of England* (Q_3) Ff.
80. *'long*] Pope. *longs* Ff.
88. *this...line*] Ff. *these...lines* (Qq).

In every branch truly demonstrative;
Willing you overlook this pedigree:
And when you find him evenly derived
From his most famed of famous ancestors,
Edward the third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows?

Exe. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
In thunder and in earthquake, like a Jove,
That, if requiring fail, he will compel;
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy
On the poor souls for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws; and on your head
Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,
For husbands, fathers and betrothed lovers,
That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
This is his claim, his threatening and my message;
Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this further:
To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother England.

Dau. For the Dauphin,
I stand here for him: what to him from England?

89. [Gives the French King a Paper. Theobald.

90. *this*] *his* Rowe.

99. *Therefore in fierce*] (Qq) Ff. *And therefore in fierce* Rowe. *Therefore in fiercest* Mitford conj. *Therefore in fiery* S. Walker conj.

101. *will*] *may* Pope.

102. *And bids*] *He bids* Rowe.

105. *and on*] *upon* Pope.

106. *Turning*] *Turns he* (Qq) Capell.

106, 107. *the widows' tears...groans*] *the dead men's blood, the widows' tears The orphans' cries, the pining maidens' groans* Johnson conj.

107. *pining*] (Qq) Pope. *privy* Ff. *primy* Theobald conj. *'prived* Warburton conj.

112. *greeting too*] (Qq) $F_2F_3F_4$. *greeting to* F_1.

115. *England*] (Q_1Q_2) Pope. *of England* (Q_3) Ff.

Exe. Scorn and defiance; slight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus says my king; an if your father's highness
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
He'll call you to so hot an answer of it,
That caves and womby vaultages of France
Shall chide your trespass and return your mock
In second accent of his ordnance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair return,
It is against my will; for I desire
Nothing but odds with England: to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with the Paris balls.

Exe. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
Were it the mistress-court of mighty Europe:
And, be assured, you'll find a difference,
As we his subjects have in wonder found,
Between the promise of his greener days
And these he masters now: now he weighs time
Even to the utmost grain: that you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our mind at full.

Exe. Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our king
Come here himself to question our delay;
For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King. You shall be soon dispatch'd with fair conditions:

120. *an if*] Dyce (S. Walker conj.). *and if* Ff.
123. *hot*] *loud* (Qq) Capell.
of it] *for it* Pope.
125. *chide*] *hide* Theobald.
126. *of*] Ff. *to* Pope.
ordnance] *ordenance* (Qq). *ordinance* Ff.
127. *render*] *tender* F_4.
return] *reply* (Qq) Pope.
129, 130. Arranged as by Rowe. Line 129 ends at *England* in Ff.
131. *the*] *those* Pope.
132. *Louvre*] Pope. *Louer* (Qq) F_1. *Loover* F_2. *Lover* F_3. *Louver* F_4.
137. *masters*] *musters* (Qq).
138. *that*] *which* (Qq) Pope.
139. *he*] *we* (Q_2Q_3).
140. *shall you*] *you shall* Rowe (ed. 2).

A night is but small breath and little pause
To answer matters of this consequence. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT III.

PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Thus with imagined wing our swift scene flies
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning:
Play with your fancies, and in them behold
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;
Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
To sounds confused; behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge: O, do but think
You stand upon the rivage and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow:
Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,
And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
Guarded with grandsires, babies and old women,

145. *breath*] F_4. *breathe* $F_1F_2F_3$.

146. [Flourish.] Ff, after line 140. Transferred by Dyce.

ACT III. PROLOGUE.] Actus Secundus. Ff. ACT II. SCENE I. Rowe. ACT III. SCENE I. Pope.

Enter Chorus.] Flourish. Enter Chorus F_1. Enter Chorus. $F_2F_3F_4$.

2, 3. *In...thought*] Arranged as by Rowe. As one line in Ff.

4. *Hampton*] Theobald. *Dover* Ff.

6. *fanning*] Rowe. *fayning* F_1 F_2. *faining* F_3F_4.

11. *Borne*] *Blown* Collier MS.

17. *Harfleur*] Rowe. *Harflew* Ff (and passim).

18. *sternage*] *steerage* Malone conj.

Either past or not arrived to pith and puissance;
For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege;
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
Suppose the ambassador from the French comes back;
Tells Harry that the king doth offer him
Katharine his daughter, and with her, to dowry,
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner
With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,
[*Alarum, and chambers go off.*
And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind. [*Exit.*

SCENE I. *France. Before Harfleur.*

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER, *and* Soldiers, *with scaling-ladders.*

K. Hen. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,

21. *Either*] *Or* Pope.
pith] *pitch* Rowe (ed. 1).
26. *ordnance*] F_4. *ordenance* F_1 F_2F_3.
28. *the French*] *France* Pope.
33. Alarum...] Omitted by Theobald.
chambers] cannon Pope.
34. *them*] F_1F_2. *him* F_3F_4.
35. *eke*] Pope. *eech* F_1. *ech* F_2 F_3F_4.

SCENE I.] Hanmer. SCENE II. Pope.
France...scaling-ladders.] Enter the King, Exeter, Bedford, and Gloucester. Alarum: Scaling Ladders at Harflew. Ff.
1. *Once...more*] As in Pope. As two lines in Ff.
once more;] *once more in, in;* Keightley conj.
1, 2. Between these lines Johnson supposes a line to have been omitted.

Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit
To his full height. On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument:
Dishonour not your mothers; now attest
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
Cry 'God for Harry, England, and Saint George!'

[*Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.*

7. *summon*] Rowe. *commune* Ff.
11. *cannon; let*] $F_1F_2F_3$. *cannon, let* F_4. *cannon let* Pope.
13. *O'erhang*] *O'erhand* [illegible] (1803).
15. *nostril*] Rowe. *nosthriil* F_1F_2. *nosthril* F_3F_4.
17. *On, on*] F_1. *On* $F_2F_3F_4$. *Now on* Pope.
noblest] $F_2F_3F_4$. *noblish* F_1. *noble* Malone. *nobless* Knight.
18. *fet*] *fetcht* Pope.
24. *men*] F_4. *me* $F_1F_2F_3$.
27. *mettle*] F_4. *mettell* F_1F_2. *mettel* F_3.
32. *Straining*] Rowe. *Straying* Ff.
34. *Harry, England,*] Ff. *Harry! England!* Warburton. *Harry! England* Delius.
[Exeunt.] Exeunt King and Train. Theobald.
chambers...] cannon... Pope.

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, *and* Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!

Nym. Pray thee, corporal, stay: the knocks are too hot; and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives: the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

Pist. The plain-song is most just; for humours do abound:

Knocks go and come; God's vassals drop and die;
And sword and shield,
In bloody field,
Doth win immortal fame.

Boy. Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.

Pist. And I:

If wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me,
But thither would I hie.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly,
As bird doth sing on bough.

SCENE II.] Hanmer. SCENE III. Pope. Dyce continues the scene.

The same. Enter...] The same. Enter other Forces, and pass over; then Nym... Capell.

2. *corporal*] *lieutenant* Capell.

6—9. As verse first by Pope. As prose in Ff.

6. *God's...die*] *To all and some, God's vassals feel the same* Collier (Collier MS.).

9. *Doth*] *Do* Collier (ed. 2).

11—25. Arranged as by Capell. As verse first by Pope. As prose in Ff.

13. *prevail*] *avail* Johnson conj.

13, 14. *prevail with me, My...with me*] *prevail, I wou'd not stay* (Qq) Pope.

15. *hie*] *hye* F_3F_4. *high* F_1F_2. *now* Collier (Collier MS.).

16. *As*] *And as* Collier (Collier MS.).

16, 17. *As...bough*] As in Capell. As prose in Ff. Omitted by Pope.

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. Up to the breach, you dogs! avaunt, you cullions! [*Driving them forward.*

Pist. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould.
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage,
Abate thy rage, great duke!
Good bawcock, bate thy rage; use lenity, sweet chuck!

Nym. These be good humours! your honour wins bad humours. [*Exeunt all but Boy.*

Boy. As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. I am boy to them all three: but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for indeed three such antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph, he is white-livered and red-faced; by the means whereof a' faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword; by the means whereof a' breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym, he hath heard that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest a' should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are matched with as few good deeds; for a' never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three halfpence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel: I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their handkerchers: which makes much against my manhood, if I

Enter Fluellen.] Ff. Enter Flewellen, and beates them in. (Qq).

18, 19. *Up...cullions*] *Got's plud! —Up to the preaches you rascals! will you not up to the preaches?* Capell, from (Qq). See note (VII).

18. *breach*] Ff. *preach* Hanmer.

19. [Driving them forward.] Driving them forward with his Partizan. Capell.

20—23. As verse by Pope. As prose in Ff.

22. *Abate thy rage, great duke!*] Omitted by Pope.

24. *wins*] *runs* Capell conj.

25. [Exeunt...] Exit. Ff. Exeunt Nym, Pistol, and Bardolph, driven in by Fluellen. Capell.

27. *they three*] *the three* Malone conj.

45, 46. *if I should*] *if I would* Rowe. *for if I should* Pope.

should take from another's pocket to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villany goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. [*Exit.*

Re-enter FLUELLEN, GOWER *following.*

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines; the Duke of Gloucester would speak with you.

Flu. To the mines! tell you the duke, it is not so good to come to the mines; for, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war: the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary, you may discuss unto the duke, look you, is digt himself four yard under the countermines: by Cheshu, I think a' will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

Gow. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman, a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

Flu. It is Captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gow. I think it be.

Flu. By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the world: I will verify as much in his beard: he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter MACMORRIS *and* Captain JAMY.

Gow. Here a' comes; and the Scots captain, Captain Jamy, with him.

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition and knowledge in

46. *for*] om. Pope.

49. Re-enter...] Steevens. Re-enter Fluellen; to him Gower. Capell. Enter Gower and Fluellen. Theobald. Enter Gower. Ff.

54. *the war*] F_3F_4.

56. *digt*] *dig'd* Pope. *dight* Reed (1803).

yard] *yards* F_4.

62. Flu.] Welch. Ff (and throughout the scene).

64. *as in*] *as is in* or *as any in* S. Walker conj.

67. Enter...] Enter...at a distance. Capell.

70. *falorous*] *valorous* F_4.

th' aunchient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

Jamy. I say gud-day, Captain Fluellen.

Flu. God-den to your worship, good Captain James.

Gow. How now, Captain Macmorris! have you quit the mines? have the pioners given o'er?

Mac. By Chrish, la! tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trompet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over: I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la! in an hour: O, tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done!

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I beseech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline; that is the point.

Jamy. It sall be vary gud, gud feith, gud captains bath: and I sall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion; that sall I, marry.

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me: the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes: it is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and the trumpet call us to the breach; and we talk, and, be Chrish, do nothing: 'tis shame for us all: so God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand: and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la!

Jamy. By the mess, ere theise eyes of mine take them-

76. Jamy.] Scot. Ff (and throughout the scene).
77. *James*] Ff. *Jamy* Capell.
78. *now*] *how* F_2.
79. *pioners*] *pioneers* Rowe.
80. Mac.] Irish. Ff (and throughout the scene).
88. *war*] *wars* Collier (Collier MS.).
98. *dukes*] *duke* F_4.
no] *not* F_4.

selves to slomber, ay'll de gud service, or ay'll lig i' the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and ay'll pay 't as valorously as I may, that sall I suerly do, that is the breff and the long. Marry, I wad full fain hear some question 'tween you tway.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation—

Mac. Of my nation! What ish my nation? Ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal. What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as good a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of war, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mac. I do not know you so good a man as myself: so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. A! that's a foul fault.

[*A parley sounded.*

Gow. The town sounds a parley.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you I know the disciplines of war; and there is an end. [*Exeunt.*

105, 106. *ay'll...ay'll...ay'll*] *ayle ...Ile...Ile* Ff.
107. *that is*] om. F_3F_4.
108. *hear*] Edd. (S. Walker conj.). *heard* Ff. *ha' heard* Anon. conj.
111. *nation*—] Pope. *nation.* Ff.
112—114. See note (VIII).
123. *you will*] *you still* S. Walker conj. (reading as verse).
124. *A!*] *A*, Ff. *An*, Hanmer. [A parley sounded.] Rowe. A Parley. Ff.
128. *war*] *wars* Collier. *there is*] *there's* Pope. [Exeunt.] Rowe. Exit. Ff.

SCENE III. *The same. Before the gates.*

The Governor *and some* Citizens *on the walls; the English forces below. Enter* KING HENRY *and his train.*

K. Hen. How yet resolves the governor of the town?
This is the latest parle we will admit:
Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves;
Or like to men proud of destruction
Defy us to our worst: for, as I am a soldier,
A name that in my thoughts becomes me best,
If I begin the battery once again,
I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur
Till in her ashes she lie buried.
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up,
And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand shall range
With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass
Your fresh-fair virgins and your flowering infants.
What is it then to me, if impious war,
Array'd in flames like to the prince of fiends,
Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats
Enlink'd to waste and desolation?
What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,
If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation?
What rein can hold licentious wickedness
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
We may as bootless spend our vain command

SCENE III.] Hanmer. SCENE IV. Pope. SCENE II. Dyce.

The same...] Governor, and Others, upon the walls; below, the English Forces. Flourish. Enter... Capell. Enter the King and all his Traine before the Gates. Ff.

2. *parle we will*] Ff. *parley weele* (Qq).

5. *to our worst*] om. Steevens conj.

for, as I am] *as I'm* Pope.

14. *flowering*] *stowring* F_4.

16. *flames*] F_1. *games* $F_2F_3F_4$.

Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil
As send precepts to the leviathan
To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
Take pity of your town and of your people,
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
Of heady murder, spoil and villany.
If not, why, in a moment look to see
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls,
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confused
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.
What say you? will you yield, and this avoid,
Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dauphin, whom of succours we entreated,
Returns us that his powers are yet not ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great king,
We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy.
Enter our gates; dispose of us and ours;
For we no longer are defensible.

K. Hen. Open your gates. Come, uncle Exeter,
Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:

26, 27. *As...ashore*] Arranged as in Rowe. As one line in Ff.

26. *send precepts*] *sends precepts* Rowe (ed. 2). *send our precepts* Pope.

29, 30. *Whiles*] *While* Pope.

31. *O'erblows*] *Disperse* Griffiths conj.

32. *heady*] F_3 F_4. *headdy* F_2. *headly* F_1. *deadly* Reed, 1803 (Capell conj.). *heedless* Collier conj. See note (IX).

35. *Defile*] Rowe (ed. 2). *Desire* Ff.

43. After this line the Folios have 'Enter Governour.'

45. *whom of succours*] Ff. *of whom succours* Rowe. *whom of succour* (Qq) Capell.

46. *us that*] *us word* (Qq).
yet not] *not yet* (Qq) Capell.

47. *great*] *dread* (Qq) Capell.

52. [Gates opened. Collier (Collier MS.).

Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,
The winter coming on and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais.
To-night in Harfleur we will be your guest;
To-morrow for the march are we addrest.

[*Flourish. The King and his train enter the town.*

SCENE IV. *The* FRENCH KING'S *Palace.*

Enter KATHARINE *and* ALICE.

Kath. Alice, tu as été en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.

Alice. Un peu, madame.

Kath. Je te prie, m'enseignez; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez-vous la main en Anglois?

Alice. La main? elle est appelée de hand.

Kath. De hand. Et les doigts?

Alice. Les doigts? ma foi, j'oublie les doigts; mais je me souviendrai. Les doigts? je pense qu'ils sont appelés de fingres; oui, de fingres.

Kath. La main, de hand; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense que je suis le bon écolier; j'ai gagné deux mots d'Anglois vîtement. Comment appelez-vous les ongles?

Alice. Les ongles? nous les appelons de nails.

Kath. De nails. Ecoutez; dites-moi, si je parle bien: de hand, de fingres, et de nails.

Alice. C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort bon Anglois.

Kath. Dites-moi l'Anglois pour le bras.

Alice. De arm, madame.

54. *all. For...uncle,*] Pope. *all for...unckle.* Ff.
dear] *good* Capell.
56. *we will*] *we'll* Pope.
58. *are we*] *we are* Rowe.
[Flourish...] Flourish, and enter the Towne. Ff.

SCENE IV.] Capell. SCENE V. Pope. SCENE III. Dyce. The whole scene is put in the margin, as spurious, by Hanmer.

The.....palace.] The French Court. Theobald. Roan. A Room in the Palace. Capell. Rouen... Malone.

Enter K. and Alice.] (Qq). Enter K., and an old Gentlewoman. Ff.

1. *parles bien*] Warburton. *parte fort bon* (Qq). *bien parlas* F_1. *parlois bien* F_2F_4. *parlois* F_3. See note (x).

Kath. Et le coude?

Alice. De elbow.

Kath. De elbow. Je m'en fais la répétition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris dès à présent.

Alice. Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.

Kath. Excusez-moi, Alice; écoutez: de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arma, de bilbow.

Alice. De elbow, madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, je m'en oublie! de elbow. Comment appelez-vous le col?

Alice. De neck, madame.

Kath. De nick. Et le menton?

Alice. De chin.

Kath. De sin. Le col, de nick; le menton, de sin.

Alice. Oui. Sauf votre honneur, en vérité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droit que les natifs d'Angleterre.

Kath. Je ne doute point d'apprendre, par la grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps.

Alice. N'avez vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ai enseigné?

Kath. Non, je reciterai à vous promptement: de hand, de fingres, de mails,—

Alice. De nails, madame.

Kath. De nails, de arm, de ilbow.

Alice. Sauf votre honneur, de elbow.

Kath. Ainsi dis-je; de elbow, de nick, et de sin. Comment appelez-vous le pied et la robe?

Alice. De foot, madame; et de coun.

Kath. De foot et de coun! O Seigneur Dieu! ce sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, gros, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user: je ne voudrais prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs de France pour tout le monde. Foh! le foot et le coun! Néanmoins, je reciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble: de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun.

38. *N'aves vous pas déjà*] *N'aue vos y desia* Ff.

41. *de mails*] *de maylees* F_1. *de nayles, Madame* $F_2F_3F_4$. om. Johnson conj.

52. *Foh!*] *fo* F_1. *Il faut* $F_2F_3F_4$.

Alice. Excellent, madame!
Kath. C'est assez pour une fois: allons-nous à dîner.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same.*

Enter the KING of FRANCE, *the* DAUPHIN, *the* DUKE of BOURBON, *the* CONSTABLE of FRANCE, *and others.*

Fr. King. 'Tis certain he hath pass'd the river Somme.
Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in France; let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.
Dau. O Dieu vivant! shall a few sprays of us,
The emptying of our fathers' luxury,
Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,
Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds,
And overlook their grafters?
Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards!
Mort de ma vie! if they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,
To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm
In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.
Con. Dieu de batailles! where have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw and dull,
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,
A drench for sur-rein'd jades, their barley-broth,

56. [Exeunt.] Exit. F_1.
SCENE V.] Capell. SCENE VI. Pope. SCENE IV. Hanmer.
Duke of Bourbon] Theobald. Bourbon (Qq). om. Ff. See note (XI).
2. *And if*] *An if* Anon. conj.
6. *luxury*] *nursery* Rann conj.
7. *stock*] *stocks* Keightley conj.
8. *Spirt*] *Sprout* Pope.
9. *overlook*] *outgrow* (Qq). *overgrow* Capell.
10, 32. Bour.] Rowe. Bur. (Qq). Brit. Ff. See note (XI).
11. *de*] *du* F_1.
if] *if thus* Rowe. *an if* Anon. conj.
13. *slobbery*] *slobbry* Ff. *foggy* (Qq) Pope. *slabby* W. N. conj. apud Long MS.
14. *nook-shotten*] *short nooke* (Qq). *hook-shotten* Rowe (ed. 2). *short, nooky* Pope.
15. *where*] *why whence* Pope.
17. *despite*] *disdain* (Qq).

Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? O, for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields!—
Poor we may call them in their native lords.

Dau. By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us, and plainly say
Our mettle is bred out and they will give
Their bodies to the lust of English youth
To new-store France with bastard warriors.

Bour. They bid us to the English dancing-schools,
And teach lavoltas high and swift corantos;
Saying our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are most lofty runaways.

Fr. King. Where is Montjoy the herald? speed him hence:
Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.
Up, princes! and, with spirit of honour edged
More sharper than your swords, hie to the field:
Charles Delabreth, high constable of France;
You Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berri,
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;
Jaques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,
Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg,
Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois;
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords and knights,

23. *roping*] *frozen* (Qq) Pope.
24. *Upon our*] *Upon the* Steevens (1778).
houses' thatch] *house-tops* (Qq) Pope. *house-thatch* Steevens conj.
whiles a] *while* Pope.
25. *gallant youth*] *youthful blood* (Qq). *gallant blood* Pope.
26. *we may call*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *we call* F_1.
33. *corantos*] Johnson. *carranto's* Ff. *curranto's* Rowe.
39. *More*] *Yet* Pope.
40. *Delabreth*] *De-la-bret* Capell. See note (XII).
44. *Grandpré*] Steevens. *Grand Pree* Ff. *Grandpree* Rowe. *Grand-prée* Capell.
Fauconberg] Capell (from Holinshed). *Faulconbridge* Ff.
45. *Foix*] Capell. *Loys* Ff.
46. *lords*] *earls* Capell conj.
knights] Pope ed. 2 (Theobald). *kings* Ff.

For your great seats now quit you of great shames.
Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur:
Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat
The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon:
Go down upon him, you have power enough,
And in a captive chariot into Rouen
Bring him our prisoner.
Con. This becomes the great.
Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
His soldiers sick and famish'd in their march,
For I am sure, when he shall see our army,
He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear
And for achievement offer us his ransom.
Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste on Montjoy,
And let him say to England that we send
To know what willing ransom he will give.
Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.
Dau. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.
Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.
Now forth, lord constable and princes all,
And quickly bring us word of England's fall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The English camp in Picardy.*

Enter GOWER *and* FLUELLEN, *meeting.*

Gow. How now, Captain Fluellen! come you from the bridge?

47. *seats*] *states* Collier MS.
54, 64. *Rouen*] Malone. *Rone* (Qq). *Roan* Ff.
60. *for*] *'fore* Staunton conj.
for...his ransom] *his achievement offer us for ransom* Mason conj.
SCENE VI.] Capell. SCENE VII. Pope. SCENE V. Hanmer. The...Picardy.] Malone. The English Camp. Theobald. Camp of the English Forces in Picardy. Capell.
Enter.....meeting.] Capell. Enter Gower. (Q_1Q_2). Enter Gower and

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent services committed at the bridge.

Gow. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermost power: he is not—God be praised and blessed!—any hurt in the world; but keeps the bridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an aunchient lieutenant there at the pridge, I think in my very conscience he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no estimation in the world; but I did see him do as gallant service.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is called Aunchient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter PISTOL.

Flu. Here is the man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours: The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise God; and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,
And of buxom valour, hath, by cruel fate,

Flewellen. (Q_3). Enter Captaines, English and Welch, Gower and Fluellen. Ff (Welch and English, F_3F_4).

3. *services*] *service* (Qq) Capell.

8. *life*] (Qq) Rowe. *live* Ff. *living*] *livings* (Qq) Capell.

9. *power*] *powers* (Qq) Capell.

10. *but keeps*] *he is maintain* (Qq) Pope.

11, 12. *aunchient lieutenant there*] *ensign* (Qq) Malone. *auncient there* Dyce.

15. *as gallant service.*] *gallant services.* Pope. *gallant service.* (Qq) Capell. *as gallant service*— S. Walker conj. *us gallant service.* Anon. conj.

19. *Here is*] *Do you not know him? Here comes* (Qq) Capell.

20, 21. As verse in Qq. As prose in Ff.

24—28. As irregular verse in (Qq^1). As prose in Ff.

25. *And of*] *And* Pope. *Of* Capell.

And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone—

Flu. By your patience, Aunchient Pistol. Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler afore her eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is blind; and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls: in good truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of it: Fortune is an excellent moral.

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;
For he hath stolen a pax, and hanged must a' be:
A damned death!
Let gallows gape for dog; let man go free
And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate:
But Exeter hath given the doom of death
For pax of little price.
Therefore, go speak; the duke will hear thy voice;
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny cord and vile reproach:
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Aunchient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pist. Why then, rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, aunchient, it is not a thing to rejoice at: for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the

27, 28. Arranged as in Capell. As one line in (Qq) Pope.

28. *stone*—] Rowe. *stone.* Ff.

30. *painted blind,*] *painted plinde* (Qq). *painted* Warburton.

afore her] Capell. *before her* (Qq) Rowe. *afore his* Ff.

33. *mutability, and variation*] *variation; and mutabilities* (Qq). *mutabilities and variations* Pope. *variations, and mutabilities* Capell.

35, 36. *in...excellent*] *surely, the poet is make an excellent* (Qq) Capell.

36. *of it: Fortune is*] *of Fortune; Fortune, look you, is* (Qq) Capell.

37—47. Arranged as in Capell. As verse in (Qq). As prose in Ff. Warburton prints 37—39 *Fortune... death!* as prose.

38, 43. *pax*] Ff. *packs* (Qq). *pix* Theobald (from Holinshed).

39. *A*] (Qq). *a* F_1. om. F_2F_3 F_4.

duke to use his good pleasure, and put him to execution; for discipline ought to be used.

Pist. Die and be damn'd! and figo for thy friendship!

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain! [*Exit.*

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal; I remember him now; a bawd, a cutpurse.

Flu. I'll assure you, a' uttered as brave words at the bridge as you shall see in a summer's day. But it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself at his return into London under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names: and they will learn you by rote where services were done; at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: and what a beard of the general's cut and a horrid suit of the camp will do among foaming bottles and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, Captain Gower; I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the world he is: if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [*Drum heard.*] Hark you, the king is coming, and I must speak with him from the pridge.

52, 54. *execution...discipline*] *executions...disciplines* (Qq) Pope.
55. *and figo*] Ff. *and figa* (Q_1Q_2). *a fig* (Q_3). *and fico* Collier.
61. *a'*] *a* Ff. *he* Pope.
67. *And*] om. Pope.
68. *perfect*] (Qq). *perfit* Ff. *the*] om. (Qq) Capell.
72. *perfectly*] (Qq). *perfitly* Ff. *the*] om. (Qq) Capell.
73. *new-tuned*] *new-turned* Pope. *new-coined* Collier (Collier MS.).
74. *suit*] *sute* Ff. *shout* (Qq) Capell.
81. [Drum heard] Capell.
82. *from the pridge*] om. Pope.

Drum and Colours. Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, *and* Soldiers.

God pless your majesty!

K. Hen. How now, Fluellen! camest thou from the bridge?

Flu. Ay, so please your majesty. The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge: the French is gone off, look you; and there is gallant and most prave passages: marry, th' athversary was have possession of the pridge; but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is master of the pridge: I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man.

K. Hen. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames o' fire: and his lips blows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

K. Hen. We would have all such offenders so cut off: and we give express charge, that in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the French upbraided or abused in disdainful language; for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. You know me by my habit.

Drum and Colours.] Ff. om. Capell.

Enter...] Malone. Enter King, Clarence, Gloster, and others. (Qq). Enter the King and his poore Souldiers. Ff.

83. SCENE VIII. Pope. SCENE VI. Hanmer.

93. *reasonable*] *very reasonably* (Qq) Johnson. *very reasonable* Pope.

94. *like to be*] om. Rann (Malone conj.).

96. *bubukles*] Ff. *pumples* (Qq). *pupuncles* Capell.

97. *o' fire*] Dyce. *a fire* Ff. *of fire* Pope. *afire* Anon. conj.

100—106. As verse in (Qq) and Pope. See note (XIII).

104. *lenity*] (Qq) Rowe. *Leuitie* F_1. *Levity* $F_2F_3F_4$.

K. Hen. Well then I know thee: what shall I know of thee?

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Hen. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus says my king: Say thou to Harry of England: Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep: advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him we could have rebuked him at Harfleur, but that we thought not good to bruise an injury till it were full ripe: now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial: England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add defiance: and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master; so much my office.

K. Hen. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mont. Montjoy.

K. Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,
And tell thy king I do not seek him now;
But could be willing to march on to Calais
Without impeachment: for, to say the sooth,
Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,
My people are with sickness much enfeebled,
My numbers lessened, and those few I have
Almost no better than so many French;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought upon one pair of English legs

111—128. As verse in Qq and Pope. See note (XIV).

112. *did*] *bid* F_2. om. Long MS.

116. *our cue*] *our kue* (Qq). *our Q.* Ff.

140. *health*] Ff. *heart* (Qq).

Did march three Frenchmen. Yet, forgive me, God,
That I do brag thus! This your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent.
Go therefore, tell thy master here I am;
My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk,
My army but a weak and sickly guard;
Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himself and such another neighbour
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy.
Go, bid thy master well advise himself:
If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
Discolour: and so, Montjoy, fare you well.
The sum of all our answer is but this:
We would not seek a battle, as we are;
Nor, as we are, we say we will not shun it:
So tell your master.

Mont. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness.
[*Exit.*

Glou. I hope they will not come upon us now.

K. Hen. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.
March to the bridge; it now draws toward night:
Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves,
And on to-morrow bid them march away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The French camp, near Agincourt.*

Enter the CONSTABLE of France, *the* LORD RAMBURES, ORLEANS, DAUPHIN, *with others.*

Con. Tut! I have the best armour of the world. Would it were day!

150. [Giving a chain. Collier (Collier MS.).
157. *Nor*] *Yet* Pope.
159. [Exit.] Rowe. om. Ff.
SCENE VII.] Hanmer. SCENE IX. Pope. SCENE VI. Dyce.
The...Agincourt.] Theobald.
2. *Would it were day!*] Omitted by Pope.

Orl. You have an excellent armour; but let my horse have his due.

Con. It is the best horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

Dau. My Lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable, you talk of horse and armour?

Orl. You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world.

Dau. What a long night is this! I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. Ça, ha! he bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs; le cheval volant, the Pegasus, chez les narines de feu! When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus: he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him: he is indeed a horse; and all other jades you may call beasts.

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch and his countenance enforces homage.

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the sea: turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument

8. *armour?*] Ff. *armour,*—Capell.

12. *pasterns*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *postures* F_1.
Ça, ha!] Theobald. *Ch' ha:* Ff. om. Pope. *Ha, ha!* Rann.

13. *he bounds...hairs*] Transposed after *feu!* by Theobald.
hairs] *air* Collier MS. *eyries* Long MS.

13, 14. *le cheval...feu!*] Omitted by Pope.

14. *chez*] Theobald. *ches* Ff. *qu'il a* Rowe. *qui a* Capell. *voyez* Heath conj. *Ch' ha!* Anon. conj.

18. *the nutmeg*] *a nutmeg* Rowe (ed. 2).

23. *jades....beasts*] *beasts....jades* Warburton.

32. *theme*] *threame* F_2.

for them all: 'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world, familiar to us and unknown to lay apart their particular functions and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus: 'Wonder of nature,'—

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser, for my horse is my mistress.

Orl. Your mistress bears well.

Dau. Me well; which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

Con. Nay, for methought yesterday your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

Dau. So perhaps did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O then belike she was old and gentle; and you rode, like a kern of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait strossers.

Con. You have good judgement in horsemanship.

Dau. Be warned by me, then: they that ride so and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs. I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

Con. I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

Dau. I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears his own hair.

Con. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to my mistress.

Dau. 'Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au bourbier:' thou makest use of any thing.

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress, or any such proverb so little kin to the purpose.

Ram. My lord constable, the armour that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars or suns upon it?

36. *unknown*] *known* Capell.
43. Dau.] Well. F_2.
45. *Nay, for methought yesterday*] *Methought yesterday* Pope. *Ma foi! the other day, methought,* (Qq) Steevens.
51. *your*] *you* F_3F_4.
strossers] *trossers* Theobald. *troussers* Hanmer.
57. *his*] *her* (Qq) Pope.
62. *truie*] Rowe. *levye* Ff.

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear a many superfluously, and 'twere more honour some were away.

Con. Even as your horse bears your praises; who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

Dau. Would I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way: but I would it were morning; for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

Dau. 'Tis midnight; I'll go arm myself. [*Exit.*

Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Con. I think he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

Orl. He is simply the most active gentleman of France.

Con. Doing is activity; and he will still be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow: he will keep that good name still.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he?

Con. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said he cared not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not; it is no hidden virtue in him.

70. *a many*] *many* Pope.
80. *to hazard*] *hazard* F_3F_4.
81. *prisoners*] *English prisoners* (Qq) Pope.
85. *morning*] *the morning* Keightley conj.
101—115. *He needs...overshot*] Put in the margin by Pope.

Con. By my faith, sir, but it is; never any body saw it but his lackey: 'tis a hooded valour; and when it appears, it will bate.

Orl. Ill will never said well.

Con. I will cap that proverb with 'There is flattery in friendship.'

Orl. And I will take up that with, 'Give the devil his due.'

Con. Well placed: there stands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb with 'A pox of the devil.'

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much 'A fool's bolt is soon shot.'

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were overshot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

Con. Who hath measured the ground?

Mess. The Lord Grandpré.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman. Would it were day! Alas, poor Harry of England! he longs not for the dawning as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge!

Con. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orl. Foolish curs, that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear and have their heads crushed like rotten

116. SCENE X. Pope. SCENE VIII. 124. *followers*] *fellowers* F$_4$. Hanmer.

apples! You may as well say, that's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Con. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives: and then give them great meals of beef and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

Con. Then shall we find to-morrow they have only stomachs to eat and none to fight. Now is it time to arm: come, shall we about it?

Orl. It is now two o'clock: but, let me see, by ten
We shall have each a hundred Englishmen. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp through the foul womb of night
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fixed sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch:
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face;
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear, and from the tents
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,

135. *dare eat*] *dare to eat* F_3F_4. *dares eat* Pope.

145. *It is now two*] *'Tis two* Pope.

ACT IV. PROLOGUE.] Actus Tertius. Ff. ACT III. SCENE I. Rowe. ACT IV. SCENE I. Pope. om. Theobald.

With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation:
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently and inly ruminate
The morning's danger, and their gesture sad
Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry 'Praise and glory on his head!'
For forth he goes and visits all his host,
Bids them good morrow with a modest smile
And calls them brothers, friends and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night,
But freshly looks and over-bears attaint
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,

16. *And...name.*] Steevens (Tyrwhitt conj.). *And...nam'd*, Ff. *And (the...morning nam'd)* Pope. *And the...morning's nam'd.* Hanmer.

19. *Do*] *For* Hanmer.

20. *cripple tardy-gaited*] *creeple-tardy-gated* Ff.

22. *away*] om. Pope.

26. *Investing*] *In wasted* Hanmer. *Invest in* Warburton. *In fasting* Heath conj. *Infesting*, Becket conj. *Inverting* Jackson conj. *Infestive* Staunton conj.

Investing...coats] *And war-worn coats, investing lank-lean cheeks* Capell.

27. *Presenteth*] Hanmer. *Presented* Ff.

28. *O now, who will behold*] *Who now beholds* Pope.

35. *his*] *this* F_4.

Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:
A largess universal like the sun
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all,
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night.
And so our scene must to the battle fly;
Where—O for pity!—we shall much disgrace
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous,
The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see,
Minding true things by what their mockeries be. [*Exit.*

SCENE I. *The English camp at Agincourt.*

Enter KING HENRY, BEDFORD, *and* GLOUCESTER.

K. Hen. Gloucester, 'tis true that we are in great danger;
The greater therefore should our courage be.
Good morrow, brother Bedford. God Almighty!
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out.
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful and good husbandry:
Besides, they are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all, admonishing
That we should dress us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham:

45. *fear, that*] Ff. *fear. Then,* Theobald. See note (XV).
47. *night*] *fight* Staunton conj.
SCENE I.] Hanmer. SCENE II. Pope.
The English...] Theobald. King Henry] the King Ff. Bedford] om. Johnson.
10. *dress*] *'dress* Malone.

A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of France.
Erp. Not so, my liege: this lodging likes me better,
Since I may say 'Now lie I like a king.'
K. Hen. 'Tis good for men to love their present pains
Upon example; so the spirit is eased:
And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave and newly move,
With casted slough and fresh legerity.
Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas. Brothers both,
Commend me to the princes in our camp;
Do my good morrow to them, and anon
Desire them all to my pavilion.
Glou. We shall, my liege.
Erp. Shall I attend your grace?
K. Hen. No, my good knight;
Go with my brothers to my lords of England:
I and my bosom must debate a while,
And then I would no other company.
Erp. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry!
[*Exeunt all but King.*
K. Hen. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st cheerfully.

Enter PISTOL.

Pist. Qui va là?
K. Hen. A friend.
Pist. Discuss unto me; art thou officer?
Or art thou base, common, and popular?
K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.
Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike?

18. *pains*] *paines* F_1. *paine* F_2. *pain* F_3F_4.
19. *the spirit is*] *is the spirit* Anon. conj.
23. *legerity*] *celerity* F_3F_4.
33. [Exeunt all...] Exeunt. Ff.
35. SCENE III. Pope. SCENE II. Hanmer.
Qui va là?] Rowe. *Che vous la?* Ff.
37, 38. *Discuss.....popular?*] As verse first by Pope. As prose in Ff.

K. Hen. Even so. What are you?
Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.
K. Hen. Then you are a better than the king.
Pist. The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame;
Of parents good, of fist most valiant:
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heart-string
I love the lovely bully. What is thy name?
K. Hen. Harry le Roy.
Pist. Le Roy! a Cornish name: art thou of Cornish crew?
K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman.
Pist. Know'st thou Fluellen?
K. Hen. Yes.
Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate
Upon Saint Davy's day.
K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.
Pist. Art thou his friend?
K. Hen. And his kinsman too.
Pist. The figo for thee, then!
K. Hen. I thank you: God be with you!
Pist. My name is Pistol call'd. [*Exit.*
K. Hen. It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter FLUELLEN *and* GOWER.

Gow. Captain Fluellen!
Flu. So! in the name of Jesu Christ, speak lower. It is the greatest admiration in the universal world, when the true and aunchient prerogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept: if you would take the pains but to examine the wars

43. *Then*] *Why, then* S. Walker conj.
44—48. *The king's...name?*] As verse first in Pope. As prose in Ff.
45. *an imp*] *and eke an imp* Keightley conj.
47. *heart-string*] *my heart-string* Pope. *my heart-strings* (Qq) Capell.
48. *What is*] *What's* Pope.
54, 55. *Tell...day*] As in Pope. As prose in Ff.
55. *Davy's*] *David's* Rowe (ed. 2).
63. [Manet King. Ff. Enter...] Ff. Enter...meeting. Capell.
65. *lower*] (Q_3) Malone. *fewer* Ff. *lewer* (Q_1Q_2).

of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle nor pibble pabble in Pompey's camp; I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you hear him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb? in your own conscience, now?

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you and beseech you that you will.

[*Exeunt Gower and Fluellen.*

K. Hen. Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

Enter three soldiers, JOHN BATES, ALEXANDER COURT, *and* MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be: but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Will. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we shall never see the end of it. Who goes there?

K. Hen. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you?

K. Hen. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

K. Hen. Even as men wrecked upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king?

K. Hen. No; nor it is not meet he should. For, though

72. *sobriety*] *sobrieties* Pope.
80. [Exeunt...] Exeunt. Rowe. Exit. Ff.
83. SCENE IV. Pope. SCENE III. Hanmer.
91. *Thomas*] Pope ed. 2 (Theobald). *John* Ff.
97. *it is not*] *is it* Rowe.

I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element shows to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions: his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing. Therefore when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may show what outward courage he will; but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Hen. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king: I think he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

K. Hen. I dare say you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this to feel other men's minds: methinks I could not die any where so contented as in the king's company; his cause being just and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects: if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs and arms and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day and cry all 'We died at such a place;' some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe,

110. *Thames*] Ff. *the Thames* (Qq) Rowe.
115. *I would*] F_1. *would* $F_2F_3F_4$.
116. *a many*] *many* Pope.
123. Bates.] Court. Malone conj.
129. *in a*] F_1. *in* $F_2F_3F_4$.

some upon their children rawly left. I am afeard there are few die well that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

K. Hen. So, if a son that is by his father sent about merchandise do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation: but this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers: some peradventure have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished for before-breach of the king's laws in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish: then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore

134. *a battle*] *a Battaile* F_1. *Battaile* F_2. *Battel* F_3F_4.

137. *whom*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *who* F_1.

140. *sinfully miscarry upon the sea*] *fall into some lewd action and miscarry* Pope.

149. *purpose*] *crave* Pope.

160. *before-breach*] Capell. *before breach* Ff. *former breach* Pope.

160, 161. *now the king's quarrel*] *the king's quarrell now* Pope.

should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience: and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained: and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that, making God so free an offer, He let him outlive that day to see His greatness and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head, the king is not to answer it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Hen. I myself heard the king say he would not be ransomed.

Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully: but when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then. That's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and private displeasure can do against a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too round: I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove: give me another of thine.

166. *do*] om. F_4.
167. *mote*] Malone. *moth* Ff. *moath* (Qq).
170. *blessedly lost*] *well spent* (Qq) Pope.
171. *not sin*] *sin not* Long MS.
174. Will.] Court. or Bates. Capell conj.
upon] *is upon* F_4.
185. *You*] *'Mass, you'll* (Qq) Malone.
186. *and private*] *private* F_3F_4.

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, 'This is my glove,' by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. Hen. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou darest as well be hanged.

K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends: we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one, they will beat us; for they bear them on their shoulders: but it is no English treason to cut French crowns, and to-morrow the king himself will be a clipper.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives,
Our children and our sins lay on the king!
We must bear all. O hard condition,
Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath
Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel
But his own wringing! What infinite heart's-ease
Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy!
And what have kings, that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?

203. *take*] *give* F_3F_4.

211—214. *Indeed...clipper*] Put in the margin by Pope.

214. [Exeunt...] Johnson. Exeunt... $F_2F_3F_4$ (after line 210). Exit... F_1 (after line 210).

215. SCENE V. Pope. SCENE IV. Hanmer.

Upon the king!] *Upon the King! upon the King!* (ending the line at *us*) Anon. conj.

215—222. *Upon.....enjoy!*] Edd. In Ff the lines end *soules,...wives,... king.. all...greatnesse...sence...wringing...neglect,...enjoy?* Rowe ends the lines 215—219 *souls,....and....all.... greatness.*

218. *We*] *He* F_3F_4.

219. *Twin-born*] *and twin-born* Pope.

subject] *Subjected* Hanmer, ending the line at *fool.*

to] *unto* Keightley conj.

the] om. Pope.

221. *heart's-ease*] *heart-ease* F_3F_4.

224. *save general ceremony*] Omitted by Pope, who reads *That private ...save ceremony* as two lines, the first ending *kings.*

And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings in?
O ceremony, show me but thy worth!
What is thy soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else but place, degree and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd
Than they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!
Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;
I am a king that find thee, and I know
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farced title running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world,
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,

228, 229. Lettsom conjectures that these lines should be transposed.

229. *show*] *tell* Hanmer.

230. *What is...adoration?*] Knight. *What? is thy Soule of Odoration* F_1. *What? is thy Soule of Adoration?* F_2 F_3F_4 (*soul* F_3F_4). *What!...adoration?* Rowe. *What is thy toll, O adoration?* Theobald (Warburton). *What is thy skew of adoration?* Hanmer. *What is thy soul, O adoration?* Johnson. *What is this coyl of adoration* Heath conj. *What is thy roul of adornion?* Capell. *What is the soul of adoration?* Malone. *What is thy soulless adoration?* Lettsom conj. *What is thy soul but adulation?* Collier (Collier MS.). *What is thy source of adoration?* Keightley conj.

238. *Think'st*] Rowe. *Thinks* Ff.

240. *Will*] *Wilt* F_2.

243. *That*] *Thou* F_3F_4.

251. *these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony*] *these, thrice-gorgeous ceremonie* F_1. *these, thrice-gorgeous ceremonies* $F_2F_3F_4$. *these thrice-gorgeous ceremonies* Rowe.

Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day after dawn,
Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,
And follows so the ever-running year,
With profitable labour, to his grave:
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
Seek through your camp to find you.
K. Hen. Good old knight,
Collect them all together at my tent:
I'll be before thee.
Erp. I shall do't, my lord. [*Exit.*
K. Hen. O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts;
Possess them not with fear; take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers

253. *wretched*] *wretched'st* S. Walker conj.
255. *distressful*] *distasteful* Collier MS. *disrestful* Staunton conj.
256. *Never*] *He never* Keightley conj.
257. *a lackey*] *his lackey* Seward conj.
260. *Hyperion*] *Hiperio* F_1.
265. *Had*] *Hath* Collier MS.
270. SCENE VI. Pope. SCENE V. Hanmer.
271, 273. *Good...thee.*] Arranged as by Pope. As two lines in Ff, the first ending *together.*
276, 277. *reckoning, if...numbers Pluck.....them.*] Steevens (Tyrwhitt conj.). *reck'ning of...numbers: Pluck ...them.* Ff. *reck'ning of th' opposed numbers Which stand before them.* Pope from (Qq). *reck'ning; lest th' opposed numbers Pluck...them.* Theobald. *reckoning; oft...them.* Jackson conj. *reckoning, or.....them.* Anon. conj. See note (XVI).

Pluck their hearts from them. Not to-day, O Lord,
O, not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown!
I Richard's body have interred new;
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears
Than from it issued forced drops of blood:
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a-day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do;
Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Glou. My liege!

K. Hen. My brother Gloucester's voice? Ay;
I know thy errand, I will go with thee:
The day, my friends and all things stay for me.

[*Exeunt.*

277. *Pluck...them. Not...Lord,*] *Pluck their hearts from them not to day, O Lord.* Knight.

278. *to-day, think*] *to-day. Think* Knight.

285—287. *Toward...do*] Arranged as by Pope. In Ff the lines end *blood:...chauntries,...still...doe.*

289. *Since*] *Save* Theobald conj.

all] *call* Theobald (Warburton).

291. *Ay*] *Ay, ay* Anon. conj.

291, 292. *Ay; I know*] *I; I know* F_1F_2. *I know* F_3F_4. Glo. *Ay.* K. Hen. *I know* Anon. conj.

293. *friends*] (Qq) Theobald. *friend* Ff.

SCENE II. *The French camp.*

Enter the DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, *and others.*

Orl. The sun doth gild our armour; up, my lords!
Dau. Montez à cheval! My horse! varlet! laquais! ha!
Orl. O brave spirit!
Dau. Via! les eaux et la terre.
Orl. Rien puis? l'air et le feu.
Dau. Ciel, cousin Orleans.

Enter CONSTABLE.

Now, my lord constable!
Con. Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh!
Dau. Mount them, and make incision in their hides,
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And dout them with superfluous courage, ha!
Ram. What, will you have them weep our horses' blood?
How shall we, then, behold their natural tears?

Enter Messenger.

Mess. The English are embattled, you French peers.
Con. To horse, you gallant princes! straight to horse!

SCENE II.] Capell. SCENE VII. Pope. SCENE VI. Hanmer.
The French camp.] Theobald.
and others.] Capell. and Beaumont. Ff.
1. *armour; up,*] *armour, up* F_2 F_3F_4. *armour up,* F_1.
2—14. *Montez...peers*] Put in the margin by Pope.
2. *Montez à*] Steevens (Capell conj.). *Monte* Ff. *Montez* Theobald. *Mon* Heath conj.
varlet] *verlot* F_1. *valet* F_2F_3. F_4.
4. *Via!*] *Via* Ff. *Voyer* Rowe. *Voyez!* Heath conj.
les eaux] Theobald. *les eues* Ff. *les cieux* Rowe. *l'eau* Capell.
la terre] Rowe. *terre* Ff.
5. *Rien puis? l'air*] Malone. *Rien puis! l'air* Theobald. *Rien puis le air* Ff. *L'air et le feu—Rien puis?* Johnson conj. *Rien plus! l'air* Capell. *Bien—puis l'air* Heath conj.
le feu] Rowe. *feu* Ff.
6. *Ciel*] Theobald. *Cein* F_1F_2. *Cien* F_3F_4.
11. *dout*] Rowe (ed. 2). *d'out* Rowe (ed. 1). *doubt* Ff. *daunt* Pope. *out* Jackson conj. *daub* Keightley and Bullock conj. *paint* Anon. conj.
14. *you*] *yon,* Anon. conj.

Do but behold yon poor and starved band,
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands;
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins
To give each naked curtle-axe a stain,
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
And sheathe for lack of sport: let us but blow on them,
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,
That our superfluous lackeys and our peasants,
Who in unnecessary action swarm
About our squares of battle, were enow
To purge this field of such a hilding foe,
Though we upon this mountain's basis by
Took stand for idle speculation:
But that our honours must not. What's to say?
A very little little let us do,
And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound
The tucket sonance and the note to mount;
For our approach shall so much dare the field
That England shall couch down in fear and yield.

Enter GRANDPRE.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?
Yon island carrions, desperate of their bones,
Ill-favouredly become the morning field:
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully:
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps:
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,

21. *curtle-axe*] *cuttle-ax* Pope. *coutelas* Hanmer.
23. *let us*] *let's* Pope.
25. *'gainst*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *against* F_1. *exceptions*] F_1 F_2. *exception* F_3F_4.
28. *enow*] *enough* Capell.
35. *tucket sonance*] Johnson. *tucket-sonnance*] Collier. *Tucket Sonnance* Ff. *tucket-sonaunce* Knight.

With torch-staves in their hand; and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes,
And in their pale dull mouths the gimmal bit
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless;
And their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.
Description cannot suit itself in words
To demonstrate the life of such a battle
In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

Con. They have said their prayers, and they stay for death.

Dau. Shall we go send them dinners and fresh suits
And give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight with them?

Con. I stay but for my guidon: to the field!
I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come, away!
The sun is high, and we outwear the day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The English camp.*

Enter GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, ERPINGHAM, *with all this host:* SALISBURY *and* WESTMORELAND.

Glou. Where is the king?

Bed. The king himself is rode to view their battle.

46. *hand*] *hands* Capell conj.

47. *dropping the hides*] F_1. *drooping the hide* $F_2F_3F_4$.

49. *pale dull*] *palled* Capell. *pull'd dull* Rann.

gimmal] Johnson. *Iymold* Ff. *grimmal* Rann.

52. *them, all*] Rowe. *them all*, Ff.

54. *To...battle*] *The life of such a battle to demonstrate* Hanmer.

55. *lifeless*] Capell. *livelesse* $F_1F_2F_3$. *liveless* F_4.

56. *They have.....death*] As two lines in Ff. *They've...* Pope, reading as one line.

60, 61. Arranged as in Rowe. As two lines in Ff, the first ending *guard: on.*

60. *guidon:*] Anon. apud Rann conj. *Guard: on* Ff. See note (XVII).

SCENE III.] Capell. SCENE VIII. Pope. SCENE VII. Hanmer.

The English camp.] Theobald.

West. Of fighting men they have full three score thousand.

Exe. There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.

Sal. God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.
God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge:
If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford,
My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,
And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu!

Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!

Exe. Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day:
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art framed of the firm truth of valour.
[*Exit Salisbury.*

Bed. He is as full of valour as of kindness;
Princely in both.

Enter the KING.

West. O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day!

K. Hen. What's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;

4. *all are*] *are all* Rowe.
6. *be wi'*] Rowe. *buy'* Ff.
13, 14. *And yet...valour*] These lines follow line 11, *go with thee:* in Ff. Transposed by Theobald (Thirlby conj.). See note (XVIII).
14. *framed*] *fram'd* F_1. *fam'd* $F_2F_3F_4$. *made* (Qq) Pope.
[Exit Salisbury.] Rowe. om. Ff.
19. *Westmoreland?*] Rowe. *Westmerland.* Ff.
20. *enow*] *enough* Capell.
24. *Jove*] *Heaven* Malone conj.
for] *of* Pope.

Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour
As one man more, methinks, would share from me
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more!
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian:'
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day.'
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day: then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,

30. *coz*] *couze* Ff. *lord* Pope.

33. *hope*] *hopes* Pope.

O, do not wish] *Don't wish* Pope. *Wish not* Ritson conj.

44. *shall live.....and see*] Pope. *shall see...and live* Ff. *outlives...and sees* (Qq) Warburton. *shall see...and live to* Keightley conj.

45. *neighbours*] *friends* (Qq) Capell.

48. *And.....day.*] (Qq) Malone. Omitted in Ff.

49, 50. *yet all shall be forgot, But he'll*] Malone. *yet all shall be forgot: But hee'le* F_1. *yet all shall not be forgot: But hee'le* $F_2F_3F_4$. *yet shall not all forget But they'll* Pope. *all shall not be forgot; But he'll* Capell. *yet all shall be forgot, But they'll* Steevens (1778). *yea, all shall be forgot; But he'll* Malone conj.

51. *he*] *they* Pope.

52. *his mouth*] Ff. *their mouths* (Qq) Malone. *their mouth* Pope. See note (XIX).

Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Re-enter SALISBURY.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed:
The French are bravely in their battles set,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

West. Perish the man whose mind is backward now!

K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help from England, coz?

West. God's will! my liege, would you and I alone,
Without more help, could fight this royal battle!

K. Hen. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand men;
Which likes me better than to wish us one.
You know your places: God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,

66. *whiles*] *while* Pope.
67. *Crispin's*] *Crispian's* Pope. Re-enter S.] Enter S. Ff.
69. *battles*] *battle* Anon. conj.
73. *coz*] *couze* Ff. *cousin* (Qq) Pope.
75. *could fight this royal battle*] *might fight this battle out* (Qq) Capell.
76. *five*] *twelve* Hanmer. *me fifteen* Capell conj.
79. SCENE IX. Pope. SCENE VIII. Hanmer.

If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured overthrow:
For certainly thou art so near the gulf,
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,
The constable desires thee thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields, where, wretches, their poor bodies
Must lie and fester.

K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The Constable of France.

K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer back:
Bid them achieve me and then sell my bones.
Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?
The man that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast lived, was killed with hunting him.
A many of our bodies shall no doubt
Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work:
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
They shall be famed; for there the sun shall greet them,
And draw their honours reeking up to heaven;
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
Mark then abounding valour in our English,
That being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Break out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of mortality.
Let me speak proudly: tell the constable
We are but warriors for the working-day;
Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd

83. *Besides*] *Thus* Pope.

95. *A*] *And* (Q_3) Pope.

104—107. *Mark...mortality.*] Put in the margin by Pope.

104. *abounding*] Ff. *abundant* (Qq). *a bounding* Theobald. *rebounding* Knight conj.

105. *bullet's*] Hanmer. *bullets* Ff. *grazing*] *grasing* F_2 F_3 F_4. *crasing* F_1.

107. *relapse*] *reliques* Johnson conj. *relays* Jackson conj. *reflex* Collier MS.

of mortality] Omitted by Capell.

With rainy marching in the painful field;
There's not a piece of feather in our host—
Good argument, I hope, we will not fly—
And time hath worn us into slovenry:
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim;
And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
They'll be in fresher robes, or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads
And turn them out of service. If they do this,—
As, if God please, they shall,—my ransom then
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour;
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald:
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints;
Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,
Shall yield them little, tell the constable.

Mont. I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee well:
Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. I fear thou 'lt once more come again for ransom.

Enter YORK.

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward.

K. Hen. Take it, brave York. Now, soldiers, march away:
And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day! [*Exeunt.*

117. *or*] *for* Hanmer.
119. *this*] om. Pope.
120. *As*] *And* Rowe (ed. 2).
121. *Will...labour*] As two lines in Ff. As one in Pope, omitting *thou.*
124. *'em*] *um* $F_1F_2F_3$. *'um* F_4. *them*] *to them* Steevens.
125. *yield*] *leave* Pope.
128. *I fear...ransom.*] Omitted by Pope.
thou'lt...again] *thou wilt... here* Collier (Collier MS.).
thou'lt ...for ransom] Theobald. *thou wilt...for a ransome* Ff. *thou wilt once more come for a ransom* Edd. conj.

SCENE IV. *The field of battle.*

Alarum. Excursions. Enter PISTOL, French Soldier, *and* Boy.

Pist. Yield, cur!

Fr. Sol. Je pense que vous êtes gentilhomme de bonne qualité.

Pist. Qualtitie calmie custure me! Art thou a gentleman? what is thy name? discuss.

Fr. Sol. O Seigneur Dieu!

Pist. O, Signieur Dew should be a gentleman:
Perpend my words, O Signieur Dew, and mark;
O Signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,
Except, O signieur, thou do give to me
Egregious ransom.

Fr. Sol. O, prenez miséricorde! ayez pitié de moi!

Pist. Moy shall not serve; I will have forty moys;
Or I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat
In drops of crimson blood.

Fr. Sol. Est-il impossible d'échapper la force de ton bras?

Pist. Brass, cur!
Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,
Offer'st me brass?

SCENE IV.] Capell. SCENE X. Pope. SCENE IX. Hanmer.

The...battle.] Theobald.

2. *êtes*] *estes le* Ff.

4. *Qualtitie*] F_1. *Qualtity* F_2F_3. *Quality* F_4.

calmie custure me] F_1. *calitv—consture me* Warburton. *calitv!—construe me* Capell. *call you me?—Construe me* Steevens (Edwards conj.). *calmly:—Construe me* Rann (Ritson conj.). *Calen, o custure me* Malone. *Callino, castore me* Boswell.

7—11. *O, Signieur...ransom*] As in Pope. As prose in Ff.

9. *fox*] *faulchion* Johnson conj.

13—15. *Moy...blood*] As in Johnson. As prose in Ff.

14. *Or*] Hanmer (Theobald conj.). *For* Ff.

rim] Capell. *rym* F_4. *rymme* $F_1F_2F_3$. *ransom* Warburton (Theobald conj.). *rheum* Steevens conj. *ryno* Mason conj. *rime* Knight conj.

at] *of* Warburton conj.

18—20. *Brass.....brass?*] As in Johnson. As prose in Ff. As two lines in Pope, ending *cur.. brass.*

Fr. Sol. O pardonnez moi!

Pist. Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of moys?
Come hither, boy: ask me this slave in French
What is his name.

Boy. Écoutez: comment êtes-vous appelé?

Fr. Sol. Monsieur le Fer.

Boy. He says his name is Master Fer.

Pist. Master Fer! I'll fer him, and firk him, and ferret him: discuss the same in French unto him.

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firk.

Pist. Bid him prepare; for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. Que dit-il, monsieur?

Boy. Il me commande de vous dire que vous faites vous prêt; car ce soldat ici est disposé tout à cette heure de couper votre gorge.

Pist. Owy, cuppele gorge, permafoy,
Peasant, unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns;
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

Fr. Sol. O, je vous supplie, pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison: gardez ma vie, et je vous donnerai deux cents écus.

Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to save his life: he is a gentleman of a good house; and for his ransom he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. Petit monsieur, que dit-il?

Boy. Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de pardonner aucun prisonnier, néanmoins, pour les écus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.

22—24. *Say'st...name*] As in Pope. As prose in Ff.

35. *à cette heure*] Theobald. *asture* Ff. *à l'heure* Anon. conj.

37—39. *Owy...sword*] Edd. As verse first by Johnson, ending first line at *pesant*. As prose in Ff.

38. *give me*] *give unto me* Keightley conj.

41. *suis*] Theobald. *suis le* Ff.

47, 48. *Tell...take*] As in Johnson. As prose in Ff.

Fr. Sol. Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille remercîmens; et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, vaillant, et très distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.

Pist. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks; and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one, as he thinks, the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur of England.

Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy show. Follow me!

Boy. Suivez-vous le grand capitaine. [*Exeunt Pistol, and French Soldier.*] I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true, 'The empty vessel makes the greatest sound.' Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i' the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger; and they are both hanged; and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp: the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it but boys. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *Another part of the field.*

Enter CONSTABLE, ORLEANS, BOURBON, DAUPHIN, *and* RAMBURES.

Con. O diable!

Orl. O seigneur! le jour est perdu, tout est perdu!

55. *suis tombé*] Theobald. *intombe* Ff.
60. *and he*] F_1. *and* $F_2F_3F_4$.
63. *As I...show.*] As in Pope. As prose in Ff.
64. *me!*] *me.* Ff. *me, cur.* (Qq) Pope.
65. [Exeunt...] Pope. om. Ff.
66. *full*] F_1. *wofull* F_2F_3. *woful* F_4.
67. *saying*] F_1. *song* $F_2F_3F_4$.
70. *that*] om. Pope.
71. *and they*] *yet they* Pope.
74. *he*] *they* Collier MS.
SCENE V.] Capell. SCENE XI. Pope. SCENE X. Hanmer.
Another part...] Theobald.
Enter...] Alarums, &c. Enter D., O., C., B., and divers others. Capell.

Dau. Mort de ma vie! all is confounded, all!
Reproach and everlasting shame
Sits mocking in our plumes. O méchante fortune!
Do not run away. [*A short alarum.*
Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.
Dau. O perdurable shame! let's stab ourselves.
Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?
Orl. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?
Bour. Shame and eternal shame, nothing but shame!
Let us die in honour: once more back again;
And he that will not follow Bourbon now,
Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand,
Like a base pander, hold the chamber-door
Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,
His fairest daughter is contaminated.
Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!
Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.
Orl. We are enow yet living in the field
To smother up the English in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.
Bour. The devil take order now! I'll to the throng:
Let life be short; else shame will be too long. [*Exeunt.*

3. *de*] *du* (Qq). *Dieu* Ff.

4. *Reproach*] *Reproach, reproach* Capell. *Reproach, contempt* S. Walker conj. *Reproach, rebuke* Anon. conj.

5, 6. *Sits...away*] As in Capell. The lines end *plumes...away* in Ff.

11. *Let...again*] Omitted by Pope.
Let us die in honour: once] *Let's die in honour: once* Knight, from (Qq). *Let us dye in once* F_1. *Let us flye in once* $F_2F_3F_4$. *Let us dye, instant:—once* Theobald. *Let us die in fight: once* Malone. *Let us hie instant: once* Becket conj. *Let us not fly:—in! —once* Collier (Collier MS.).
honour] *fight* or *arms* Mason conj.

12. *And he*] *The man* Pope.

15. *by a slave*] (Qq) Pope. *a base slave* F_1. *by a base slave* $F_2F_3F_4$.

16. *contaminated*] *contamuracke* (Qq). *contaminate* Capell.

18. *on heaps*] Ff. *in heaps* (Qq) Steevens. Reed (1803).
Steevens adds from (Qq) *Unto these English or else die with fame.*

19. *enow*] *enough* Capell.

SCENE VI. *Another part of the field.*

Alarums. Enter KING HENRY *and forces,* EXETER, *and others.*

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice valiant countrymen:
But all's not done; yet keep the French the field.

Exe. The Duke of York commends him to your majesty.

K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour
I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting;
From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

Exe. In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,
Larding the plain; and by his bloody side,
Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies.
Suffolk first died: and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;
And cries aloud 'Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven;
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast,
As in this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our chivalry!'
Upon these words I came and cheer'd him up:
He smiled me in the face, raught me his hand,
And, with a feeble gripe, says 'Dear my lord,
Commend my service to my sovereign.'
So did he turn and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm and kiss'd his lips;
And so espoused to death, with blood he seal'd

SCENE VI.] Capell. SCENE XII. Pope. SCENE XI. Hanmer.

Enter King Henry...] Capell. Enter the king and his trayne, with Prisoners. Ff.

2. *yet keep the French*] *the French yet keep* Pope.

6. *blood he was*] *bleeding o'er* (Qq) Pope.

8. *Larding*] *Loading* Collier MS.

15. *And* (Qq) Pope. *He* Ff.
dear (Qq) Steevens. *my* Ff.

16. *thine keep*] *keep thine* S. Walker conj.

21. *raught*] *gave* Pope.

A testament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and sweet manner of it forced
Those waters from me which I would have stopp'd;
But I had not so much of man in me,
And all my mother came into mine eyes
And gave me up to tears.
K. Hen. I blame you not;
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
With mistful eyes, or they will issue too. [*Alarum.*
But, hark! what new alarum is this same?
The French have reinforced their scatter'd men:
Then every soldier kill his prisoners;
Give the word through. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Another part of the field.*

Enter FLUELLEN *and* GOWER.

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage! 'tis expressly against the law of arms: 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offer't; in your conscience, now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly rascals that ran from the battle ha' done this slaughter: besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the king's tent; wherefore the king, most worthily, hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O, 'tis a gallant king!

Flu. Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, Captain Gower.

27. *noble-ending*] *never ending* (Qq).
31. *And all*] *But all* (Qq) Pope.
34. *mistful*] Theobald (Warburton). *mixtful* Ff.
35. [Enter a Messenger who whispers the King. Malone conj.
36, 37. *The French... Then*] Enter a Messenger. Mess. *The French...* K. Hen. *Then* Upton conj.
36. *reinforced*] *re-enfor'd* F_3.
37. *Then*] *Bid* (Qq).
prisoners] *prisoner* (Qq).
38. [Exeunt.] Rowe (ed. 2).
SCENE VII.] Capell. ACTUS QUARTUS. Ff. ACT IV. SCENE I. Rowe. SCENE XIII. Pope. SCENE XII. Hanmer.
Enter...] Ff. Alarums continued, after which Enter... Theobald.
3. *offer't; in*] *offert in* Ff. *desir'd in* (Qq) Pope.
6. *and carried*] *or carried* Pope.

What call you the town's name where Alexander the Pig was born?

Gow. Alexander the Great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig great? the pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon: his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is porn. I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant you sall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander, God knows, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his best friend, Cleitus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that: he never killed any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: as Alexander killed his friend Cleitus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgements, turned away the fat knight with the

22. *you*] *that you* Rowe.
24. *and there is also moreover*] *there is also moreover* Rowe (ed. 2). *there is also* Pope.
27. *but 'tis*] Ff. *but it is* Pope. *alike*] Ff. *as like* Rowe. *is to*] *to* Rowe.
35, 41. *Cleitus*] *Clitus* (Qq). *Clytus* Ff.
39. *made*] *made an end* (Qq) Capell.
40. *the figures*] Ff. *figures* Pope.
43. *turned*] *is turn* (Qq) Capell.

great belly-doublet: he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he: I'll tell you there is good men porn at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY, *and forces;* WARWICK, GLOUCESTER, EXETER, *and others.*

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came to France
Until this instant. Take a trumpet, herald;
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill:
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our sight:
If they'll do neither, we will come to them,
And make them skirr away, as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings:
Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have,
And not a man of them that we shall take
Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

Enter MONTJOY.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

Glo. His eyes are humbler than they used to be.

K. Hen. How now! what means this, herald? know'st thou not
That I have fined these bones of mine for ransom?
Comest thou again for ransom?

Mont. No, great king:
I come to thee for charitable license,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field

45. *have forgot*] *am forget* (Qq) Capell.

49. Alarum.] Alarums. Capell. Enter...] Capell. Enter King Harry and Burbon with prisoners. Flourish. Ff.

50. SCENE XIV. Pope. SCENE XIII. Hanmer.

50—60. Johnson proposes to place these lines at the beginning of Scene VI.

56. *skirr*] *sker* Ff.

63. *means this, herald*] Steevens. *meanes this herald* F_1. *meanes their herald* F_2. *means their herald* F_3F_4. *mean'st thou, herald* Hanmer.

To look our dead, and then to bury them;
To sort our nobles from our common men.
For many of our princes—woe the while!—
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
In blood of princes; and their wounded steeds
Fret fetlock deep in gore and with wild rage
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,
To view the field in safety and dispose
Of their dead bodies!

K. Hen. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer
And gallop o'er the field.

Mont. The day is yours.

K. Hen. Praised be God, and not our strength, for it!
What is this castle call'd that stands hard by?

Mont. They call it Agincourt.

K. Hen. Then call we this the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the Plack Prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

K. Hen. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your majesty says very true: if your majesties is remembered of it, the Welshmen did good service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps; which, your majesty know, to this hour is an honourable badge of the service; and I do believe your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

K. Hen. I wear it for a memorable honour;
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

68. *look*] Grant White, (Collier MS.). *book* Ff.

73. *and their*] Malone. *and with* Ff. *while their* Pope. *and the* Capell.

80. *horsemen peer*] *horse appear* Capell.

91. *majesties*] *majesty* Keightley conj.

95. *know*] *knows* Pope.

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: God pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too!

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Jeshu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the 'orld: I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

K. Hen. God keep me so! Our heralds go with him: Bring me just notice of the numbers dead On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Points to Williams. Exeunt Heralds with Montjoy.*

Exe. Soldier, you must come to the king.

K. Hen. Soldier, why wearest thou that glove in thy cap?

Will. An't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Hen. An Englishman?

Will. An't please your majesty, a rascal that swaggered with me last night; who, if alive and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' th' ear: or if I can see my glove in his cap, which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear if alive, I will strike it out soundly.

K. Hen. What think you, Captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your majesty, in my conscience.

K. Hen. It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a gentleman as the devil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your

102. *pless it*] *pless* F_4.
104. *countryman*] *countrymen* F_1.
109. *God*] F_3F_4. *Good* F_1F_2.
God...him] As in Capell. As two lines in Ff.
111. [Points to Williams.] Malone. Seeing Williams among the troops. Capell. Enter Williams. Ff (after *so!* line 109).
[Exeunt...] Theobald. om. Ff.
112. SCENE XV. Pope. SCENE XIV. Hanmer.
114, 117. *An't*] Hanmer. *And't* Ff.
118. *alive* Ff. *a' live* Capell.
ever] *if ever he* Pope.
119, 162. *o' th'*] *a' th'* Ff.
124. *an't*] Pope. *and't* Ff.

grace, that he keep his vow and his oath: if he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain and a Jacksauce, as ever his black shoe trod upon God's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la!

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meetest the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Hen. Who servest thou under?

Will. Under Captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a good captain, and is good knowledge and literatured in the wars.

K. Hen. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Will. I will, my liege. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me and stick it in thy cap: when Alençon and myself were down together, I plucked this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon, and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love.

Flu. Your grace doo's me as great honours as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggrieved at this glove; that is all; but I would fain see it once, an please God of his grace that I might see.

K. Hen. Knowest thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, an please you.

K. Hen. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick, and my brother Gloucester,
Follow Fluellen closely at the heels:

132. *ever*] *even* Warburton.
140. *literatured*] *litterature* Pope.
148. *an...me love*] *an...love me* Capell. *and...me love* Ff. *if...love me* Pope.
149. *doo's*] F_1F_2. *do's* F_3. *does* F_4.
151. *aggriefed*]*agreefd* F_1. *agreev'd* F_2. *agriev'd* F_3F_4.
152. *but I would fain*] *I would fain but* Dyce conj.
153. *an*] Pope. *and* Ff.
155. *an*] Theobald. *and* Ff. *an't* Delius.

The glove which I have given him for a favour
May haply purchase him a box o' th' ear;
It is the soldier's; I by bargain should
Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:
If that the soldier strike him, as I judge
By his blunt bearing he will keep his word,
Some sudden mischief may arise of it;
For I do know Fluellen valiant
And, touched with choler, hot as gunpowder,
And quickly will return an injury:
Follow, and see there be no harm between them.
Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *Before* KING HENRY'S *pavilion.*

Enter GOWER *and* WILLIAMS.

Will. I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. God's will and his pleasure, captain, I beseech you now, come apace to the king: there is more good toward you peradventure than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove! I know the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this; and thus I challenge it.

[*Strikes him.*

Flu. 'Sblood! an arrant traitor as any is in the universal world, or in France, or in England!

Gow. How now, sir! you villain!

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

166. *his*] *this* F_3F_4.
170. *will'*] *he'll* Pope.
171. *no*] *not* Rowe.
172. *Go*] *Come* Pope.
SCENE VIII.] Capell. SCENE XVI. Pope. SCENE XV. Hanmer. Before...] Theobald.
8. *'Sblood*] *'Sblud* F_1F_2. *'Slbud* F_3. *'Sbud* F_4.
any is] *any es* $F_1F_2F_3$. *any's* F_4.
9. *or in France*] *in France* Pope.

Flu. Stand away, Captain Gower; I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat. I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him: he's a friend of the Duke Alençon's.

Enter WARWICK *and* GLOUCESTER.

War. How now, how now! what's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of Warwick, here is—praised be God for it!—a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

Enter KING HENRY *and* EXETER.

K. Hen. How now! what's the matter?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Will. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change promised to wear it in his cap: I promised to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your majesty hear now, saving your majesty's manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lousy knave it is: I hope your majesty is pear me testimony and witness, and will avouchment, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me; in your conscience, now?

K. Hen. Give me thy glove, soldier: look, here is the fellow of it.

'Twas I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike;
And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

13. *into*] *in two* Heath conj. *in* Capell. *in due* Steevens conj.

21. *Here...*] Glo. *Here...* Anon. conj.

29. *have*] *have have* F_2.

33, 34. *testimony and witness, and will avouchment*] *testimonies, and witnesses, and avouchments* Pope, from Q_3. *testimony, and witness, and avouchments* Capell.

36, 37. *Give...of it*] As in Pope. As two lines in Ff, the first ending *soldier*.

36. *thy*] *my* Johnson conj.

38, 39. As prose in Pope.

38. *I*] *me* Pope.

Flu. An please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my lord, come from the heart: never came any from mine that might offend your majesty.

K. Hen. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your majesty came not like yourself: you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you take it for your own fault and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,
And give it to this fellow. Keep it, fellow;
And wear it for an honour in thy cap
Till I do challenge it. Give him the crowns:
And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his belly. Hold, there is twelve pence for you; and I pray you to serve Got, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a good will; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes: come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so good: 'tis a good silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter an English Herald.

K. Hen. Now, herald, are the dead number'd?

Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French.

K. Hen. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the king;

40. *An*] Pope. *And* Ff.
43. *lord*] Ff. *liege* (Qq) Capell.
49. *your own*] *your* Rowe.
50. *made*] *had made* (Qq).
53. *And*] *Add* F_2.
58. *belly*] *body* Rowe (ed. 2).
66. Enter an English Herald.] Malone. Enter Herauld. Ff. Enter a Herald, and others. Capell.
67. SCENE XVII. Pope. SCENE XVI. Hanmer.
number'd] *on both sides number'd* Steevens conj.
68. [kneeling, and delivering Papers. Capell.

John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt:
Of other lords and barons, knights and squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.
K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French
That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty six: added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights:
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;
The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of those their nobles that lie dead:
Charles Delabreth, high constable of France;
Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France;
The master of the cross-bows, Lord Rambures;
Great Master of France, the brave Sir Guichard Dolphin,
John Duke of Alençon, Anthony Duke of Brabant,
The brother to the Duke of Burgundy,
And Edward Duke of Bar: of lusty earls,
Grandpré and Roussi, Fauconberg and Foix,
Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Lestrale.
Here was a royal fellowship of death!
Where is the number of our English dead?
[*Herald shews him another paper.*
Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire:
None else of name; and of all other men
But five and twenty. O God, thy arm was here;
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,

71. *Bouciqualt*] *Bouchiquald* Ff.
75. *That...slain*] *Slain in the field* Pope.
87. *Jaques of Chatillon*] *Jaques Chatillon* S. Walker conj.
90. *Anthony*] *Anthonie* F_1. *Anthonio* $F_2F_3F_4$.
93. *Fauconberg*] Capell. *Fauconbridge* Ff. *Foix*] Capell. *Foy* (Qq). *Foyes* Ff.
94. *Vaudemont*] *Vandemont* F_1.
96. [Herald...] Capell.
97—100. *Edward...twenty. O God*] F_1. *Edward...twenty.* King. *O God* $F_2F_3F_4$. Exe. *Edward...twenty.* K. Henry. *O God* (Q_2Q_3) Pope.
100. *five*] *four* Farmer conj. MS.

Ascribe we all! When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss
On one part and on th' other? Take it, God,
For it is none but thine!

Exe. 'Tis wonderful!

K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to the village:
And be it death proclaimed through our host
To boast of this or take that praise from God
Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell how many is killed?

K. Hen. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgement,
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great good.

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites;
Let there be sung 'Non nobis' and 'Te Deum;'
The dead with charity enclosed in clay:
And then to Calais; and to England then;
Where ne'er from France arrived more happy men.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,
That I may prompt them: and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit the excuse
Of time, of numbers and due course of things,

104, 105. *loss...other? Take*] Pope *losse?...other, take* Ff.
106. *none but*] *none's but* F_4. *only* (Qq) Pope.
107. *we*] *me* F_1.
ACT V. PROLOGUE.] Actus Quintus. Ff. ACT V. SCENE I. Rowe. Theobald continues the scene.
111. *an*] Pope. *and* Ff. *and it* (Qq).
118. *enclosed*] *enterred* (Qq).
119. *And*] *We'll* (Qq) Capell.
120. *happy*] *happier* (Qq) Capell.
1. *to those*] *all those* Collier MS.
2. *of such*] Ff. *to such* Pope. *for such* Capell.

Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here presented. Now we bear the king
Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts
Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives and boys,
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea,
Which like a mighty whiffler 'fore the king
Seems to prepare his way: so let him land,
And solemnly see him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath thought that even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath;
Where that his lords desire him to have borne
His bruised helmet and his bended sword
Before him through the city: he forbids it,
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride;
Giving full trophy, signal and ostent
Quite from himself to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens!
The mayor and all his brethren in best sort,
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,
Go forth and fetch their conquering Cæsar in:
As, by a lower but loving likelihood,
Were now the general of our gracious empress,
As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him! much more, and much more cause,
Did they this Harry. Now in London place him;
As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the King of England's stay at home;

7. *there; there*] F_1. *there; and there being* $F_2F_3F_4$.
seen] *seen awhile* Steevens conj.
10. *with wives*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *wives* F_1. *and wives* Anon. conj.
26. *the antique*] *antique* Pope.
29. *lower but*] Edd. (Seymour conj.). *lower, but by* Ff. *low, but* Pope.
36. *As yet*] *Pass o'er* Hanmer. *And here* Capell.
37. *Invites the...home*] *In thought, the...home* Hanmer. *Invites,—the... home,*— Capell.

The emperor's coming in behalf of France,
To order peace between them; and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanced,
Till Harry's back-return again to France:
There must we bring him; and myself have play'd
The interim, by remembering you 'tis past.
Then brook abridgement, and your eyes advance,
After your thoughts, straight back again to France. [*Exit.*

SCENE I. *France. The English Camp.*

Enter FLUELLEN *and* GOWER.

Gow. Nay, that's right; but why wear you your leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you, asse my friend, Captain Gower: the rascally, scald, beggarly, lousy, pragging knave, Pistol, which you and yourself and all the world know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits, he is come to me and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek: it was in a place where I could not breed no contention with him; but I will be so bold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Enter PISTOL.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings nor his turkey-cocks. God pless you, Aunchient Pistol! you scurvy, lousy knave, God pless you!

38. *emperor's*] *emperor* Delius (Heath and Mason conj.).

39. *them; and*] *them:—But these now We pass in silence over; and* Capell.

SCENE I.] Hanmer. SCENE II. Pope. Johnson would place this scene at the end of Act IV.

France...] The English Camp in France. Theobald. France. A Court of Guard. Capell.

2. *Davy's*] *Davies* Ff. *David's* Rowe.

4. *asse my*] Ff. *asse a* Rowe (ed. 2). *as a* Pope.

6. *yourself*] *myself* Anon. conj.

10. *not*] om. Pope.
contention] *contentions* Pope.

14. *swellings*] *swelling* F_4.

15. *pless you*] *plesse* F_3F_4.

Pist. Ha! art thou bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Trojan,
To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?
Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lousy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek: because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections and your appetites and your disgestions doo's not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you. [*Strikes him.*] Will you be so good, scauld knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scauld knave, when God's will is: I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals: come, there is sauce for it. [*Strikes him.*] You called me yesterday mountain-squire; but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to: if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain: you have astonished him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days. Bite, I pray you; it is good for your green wound and your ploody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly, and out of doubt and out of question too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge: I eat and eat, I swear—

17—19. *Ha!...leek*] As in Pope. As prose in Ff.
17. *bedlam*] *beldam* Johnson.
20. [taking the Leek from his Cap. Capell.
22. *nor*] *and* Pope.
23. *disgestions*] Ff. *digestions* Rowe.
24. *doo's*] $F_1F_2F_3$. *docs* F_4.
26. [Strikes him.] Ff.
31. [Strikes him] Pope. om. Ff.
33. [beating again. Capell.
37. *days*] *and four nights* (Qq) Pope.
[giving the Leek into his Hand. Capell.
40. *certainly, and*] om. Pope.
question] *questions* Pope.
42. [eating of it. Capell.
42, 43. As verse in Dyce. As three lines, ending *leek...I eat...swear.* Capell conj.
I eat and eat, I swear—] *I eate and eate I sweare.* Ff. *I eat and swear—* Pope. *I eat and eke I swear.* Rann (Johnson conj.). *I eat, and eating swear* Holt White conj. *I eat and—* Flu. *Eat!* Pist. *I swear—* Delius conj. *I eat! an I eat, I swear—* Edd. conj.

Flu. Eat, I pray you: will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see I eat.

Flu. Much good do you, scauld knave, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away; the skin is good for your broken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em; that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is good: hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat!

Flu. Yes, verily and in truth, you shall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels: you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God b' wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [*Exit.*

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well. [*Exit.*

Pist. Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now?
News have I, that my Doll is dead i' the spital
Of malady of France;

50. *'em*] *them* Capell. *that is*] *that's* Rowe.
60. *God b' wi'*] Capell. *God bu 'y* F_1F_2. *Gud bu 'y* F_3F_4. *God pe wi'* Rowe (ed. 2).
64. *begun*] Capell. *began* Ff.
70. *it*] *'tis* Warburton.
72. *ye*] *you* Pope.
73—79. *Doth.....hand*] As verse first by Pope. As prose in Ff.
74. *Doll*] Ff. *Nell* Capell. See note (xx).
i' the spital] om. Pope.
75. *malady*] Pope. *a malady* Ff. *France;*] *France; mine hostess too* Farmer conj. MS.

And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.
Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs
Honour is cudgelled. Well, bawd I'll turn,
And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.
To England will I steal, and there I'll steal:
And patches will I get unto these cudgell'd scars,
And swear I got them in the Gallia wars. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *France. A royal palace.*

Enter, at one door, KING HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, *and other* Lords; *at another, the* FRENCH KING, QUEEN ISABEL, *the* PRINCESS KATHARINE, ALICE *and other* Ladies; *the* DUKE OF BURGUNDY, *and his train.*

K. Hen. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!
Unto our brother France, and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day; joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;
And, as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contrived,
We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy;
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!
Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Most worthy brother England; fairly met:
So are you, princes English, every one.

78. *cudgelled*] Collier. *cudgeld* F_1 F_2. *cudgell'd* F_3F_4.
I'll] *will I* (Qq) Pope.
81. *cudgell'd*] om. (Qq) Pope.
82. *swear*] F_3F_4. *swore* F_1F_2.
SCENE II.] Hanmer. SCENE III. Pope. ACT V. SCENE I. Johnson conj.
France...] The same. A Room in some Palace. Capell. The French Court, at Trois in Champaigne. Theobald. Troyes. S. Peter's Church. Delius conj. (from Holinshed).
Gloucester] Malone. om. Ff.
Westmoreland] Capell. om. Ff.
the Princess Katharine,] Malone. the Lady Catharine, Capell.
the Duke of Burgundy and his train.] Capell. the Duke of Burgougne, and other French. Ff (Bourgoigne, F_2. Burgoign, F_3F_4).
7. *Burgundy*] Rowe. *Burgogne* F_1. *Burgoigne* F_2F_4. *Bargoigne* F_3.
10. *fairly*] *fairely* F_1. *faire* F_2. *fair* F_3F_4.

Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England,
Of this good day and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks:
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality, and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.
K. Hen. To cry amen to that, thus we appear.
Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute you.
Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great Kings of France and England! That I have labour'd,
With all my wits, my pains and strong endeavours,
To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.
Since then my office hath so far prevail'd
That, face to face and royal eye to eye,
You have congreeted, let it not disgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor and mangled Peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties and joyful births,
Should not in this best garden of the world
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
Alas, she hath from France too long been chased,
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies; her hedges even-pleach'd,

12. *England*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *Ireland* F_1.
15, 16. *borne in them Against*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *borne In them against* F_1.
19. *Have lost their*] *Hath lost its* Long MS.
24. *I have*] *I've* Pope.
28. *mightiness...best can*] *mightinesses ..best can* Rowe. *mightinesses . .can* Pope.
37. *put*] *lift* Collier MS.
40. *its*] *it's* F_3F_4. *it* F_1F_2.
42. *dies*] *lyes* Theobald (Warburton).
even-pleach'd] Hanmer. *even pleach'd* F_1F_2. *even, pleach'd* F_3F_4.

Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs; her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock and rank fumitory
Doth root upon, while that the coulter rusts
That should deracinate such savagery;
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness and nothing teems
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility.
And as our vineyards, fallows, meads and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness,
Even so our houses and ourselves and children,
Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country;
But grow like savages,—as soldiers will
That nothing do but meditate on blood,—
To swearing and stern looks, diffused attire
And every thing that seems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favour
You are assembled: and my speech entreats
That I may know the let, why gentle Peace
Should not expel these inconveniences
And bless us with her former qualities.

K. Hen. If, Duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,
Whose want gives growth to the imperfections
Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
With full accord to all our just demands;
Whose tenours and particular effects
You have enscheduled briefly in your hands.

45. *fumitory*] F4. *femetary* F1F2F3.
46. *Doth*] *Do* Hanmer. *coulter*] Johnson. *culter* Ff.
50. *all*] Rowe (ed. 2). *withall* Ff.
52. *kecksies*] F3F4. *keksyes* F1F2.
54. *as*] Capell (Roderick conj.).
54, 55. *as...wildness,*] Capell (Roderick conj.). *all...wildnesse* Ff.
55. *natures*] *nurtures* Theobald (Warburton).
59. *grow*] *gow* F2.
61. *diffused*] *diffus'd* F3F4. *defus'd* F1F2.
68. *Burgundy*] Rowe. *Burgonie* F1. *Burgony* F2F3F4.
72. *tenours*] Theobald. *tenures* Ff.

Bur. The king hath heard them; to the which as yet
There is no answer made.
K. Hen. Well then the peace,
Which you before so urged, lies in his answer.
Fr. King. I have but with a cursorary eye
O'erglanced the articles: pleaseth your grace
To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed
To re-survey them, we will suddenly
Pass our accept and peremptory answer.
K. Hen. Brother, we shall. Go, uncle Exeter,
And brother Clarence, and you, brother Gloucester,
Warwick and Huntingdon, go with the king;
And take with you free power to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
Any thing in or out of our demands;
And we'll consign thereto. Will you, fair sister,
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?
Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them:
Haply a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles too nicely urged be stood on.
K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us:
She is our capital demand, comprised
Within the fore-rank of our articles.
Q. Isa. She hath good leave.
[*Exeunt all except Henry, Katharine, and Alice.*
K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and most fair,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms

77. *have*] *have as yet* Hanmer.
cursorary] (Q_3) Pope. *curselarie* F_1. *curselary* $F_2F_3F_4$. *cursenary* (Q_1Q_2). *cursory* Hanmer.
80. *us once more, with*] *us, once more with* Rowe.
82. *Pass our accept*] *Pass, or accept* Theobald (Warburton). *Pass, or except* Malone conj. *Pass our exact* Jervis conj.
84. *and you*] F_1. *and* $F_2F_3F_4$. om. Pope.
85. *Huntingdon*] *Huntington* Ff.
88. *advantageable*] *advantage* Collier (Collier MS.).
89. *Any...demands*] Omitted by Pope.
93. *Haply*] F_4. *Happily* F_1. *Happely* F_2F_3.
98. [Exeunt all...] Exeunt omnes. Manet King and Katherine. Ff. Exeunt. Manet King Henry, Katharine, and a Lady. Rowe (ed. 1).
SCENE IV. Pope. SCENE III. Hanmer.
and] om Pope.

Such as will enter at a lady's ear
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot speak your England.

K. Hen. O fair Katharine, if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Kath. Pardonnez-moi, I cannot tell vat is 'like me.'

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like an angel.

Kath. Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?

Alice. Oui, vraiment, sauf votre grace, ainsi dit-il.

K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine; and I must not blush to affirm it.

Kath. O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.

K. Hen. What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Alice. Oui, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de princess.

K. Hen. The princess is the better Englishwoman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad thou canst speak no better English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say 'I love you:' then if you urge me farther than to say 'do you in faith?' I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i' faith, do: and so clap hands and a bargain: how say you, lady?

Kath. Sauf votre honneur, me understand vell.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verses or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure, and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting

107. *vat*] Rowe. *wat* Ff.
116. *the tongues*] *tongues* F_4.
119. *is de princess*] *says de princess* Mason conj. *is de princess say* Keightley conj.
129. *understand*] *understand not* Keightley conj.
134. *vaulting*] F_3F_4. *vawting* F_1 F_2.

into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off. But, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: if thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy; for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow: but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me; and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king. And what sayest thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France?

K. Hen. No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate: but, in loving me, you should love

141. *no*] om. Pope.
142. *nor*] *and* Pope.
146. *to thee*] *thee* Rowe. om. Pope.
148. *by the Lord*] *by the L.* Ff.
149. *dear*] om. Warburton.
151. *places*] *paces* Anon., apud Dyce, conj.
160. *would*] *would'st* Rowe.
161. *take me; and take me, take a soldier; take*] *take me? and take me; take a souldier: take* Ff. *take me; take* Pope.

the friend of France; for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. Je quand sur le possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moi,—let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed!—donc votre est France et vous êtes mienne. It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. Sauf votre honneur, le François que vous parlez, il est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.

K. Hen. No, faith, is't not, Kate: but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly-falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English, canst thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me: and at night, when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou beest mine, Kate, as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt, I get thee with scambling, and thou must

170. *then*] *thine* Capell (corrected in notes and MS.).

172. *vat*] *wat* Ff. *vhat* Rowe.

174. *new-married*] *married* Warburton. See note (XXI).

175, 176. *Je quand sur*] Ff. *Quand j'ay* Pope. *Je dis, quand j'ay* Long MS. *Je conte sur* Anon. conj.

176, 177. *le...le*] Ff. *la...la* Capell. See note (XXII).

183. *il est*] *il &* Ff. *est* Pope. *meilleur*] Hanmer. *melieus* F_1F_2. *melius* F_3F_4. *melieur* Rowe. *mellieur* Pope.

185. *thine*] *of thine* Keightley conj. *truly-falsely*] Edd. (S. Walker conj.). *truly falsely* Ff.

therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder: shall not thou and I, between Saint Denis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

Kath. I do not know dat.

K. Hen. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy; and for my English moiety take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très cher et devin déesse?

Kath. Your majestee ave fausse French enough to deceive de most sage demoiselle dat is en France.

K. Hen. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now, beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me: therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better: and therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say 'Harry of England, I am thine:' which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud 'England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine;' who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou

208. *cher et devin*] Ff. *chere et divine* Rowe.

209. *ave*] Ff. *have* Collier.

210. *demoiselle*] *damoiseil* F_1F_2. *damoisel* F_3F_4.

215. *untempering*]*untempting* Warburton.

231. *with the best king,*] *with the best kings,* Hanmer.

shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katherine, break thy mind to me in broken English; wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is as it sall please de roi mon père.

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it sall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

Kath. Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez: ma foi, je ne veux point que vous abaissiez votre grandeur en baisant la main d'une de votre seigneurie indigne serviteur; excusez-moi, je vous supplie, mon très-puissant seigneur.

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. Les dames et demoiselles pour être baisées devant leur noces, il n'est pas la coutume de France.

K. Hen. Madam my interpreter, what says she?

Alice. Dat it is not be de fashion pour les ladies of France,—I cannot tell vat is baiser en Anglish.

K. Hen. To kiss.

Alice. Your majesty entendre bettre que moi.

K. Hen. It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice. Oui, vraiment.

K. Hen. O Kate, nice customs courtesy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouth of all find-faults; as I will do yours, for uphold-

234. *all, Katharine,*] *all Catharines,* Capell conj.

236, 239. *sall...sall*] *shall...sall* Ff. *shall...shall* Rowe.

244. *d'une de votre seigneurie indigne*] Edd. *d'une nostre Seigneur indignie* Ff. *d'une vostre indigne* Pope.

248. *noces*] Dyce and Staunton. *nopcese* Ff.

251. *vat*] *wat* $F_1F_2F_3$. *what* F_4. *baiser*] Hanmer. *buisse* Ff. *to bassie* (Qq). *baisser* Theobald.

254. *It is*] F_1F_2. *Is it* F_3F_4.

257. *courtesy*] *cursie* Ff.

261. *upholding*] *the upholding* Rowe.

ing the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Re-enter the FRENCH KING *and his* QUEEN, BURGUNDY, *and other* Lords.

Bur. God save your majesty! my royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

Bur. Is she not apt?

K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition is not smooth; so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Bur. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle; if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind. Can you blame her then, being a maid yet rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

K. Hen. Yet they do wink and yield, as love is blind and enforces.

Bur. They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.

263. [Kissing her] Rowe.

265. *sugar*] om. Pope.

268. Re-enter...] Enter the French Power, and the English Lords. Ff.

269. SCENE V. Pope. SCENE IV. Hanmer.

269, 270. As prose in Ff. As two lines, the first ending *cousin*, in Capell.

273. *not*] F_1F_2. om. F_3F_4.

274. *coz,*] om. Pope.

276. *flattery*] *hatred* Rowe (ed. 2). See note (XXIII).

282. *rosed*] *rosy'd* Capell.

K. Hen. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking.

Bur. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summered and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. Hen. This moral ties me over to time and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end and she must be blind too.

Bur. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. Hen. It is so: and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French city for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turned into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls that war hath never entered.

K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Hen. I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her: so the maid that stood in the way for my wish shall show me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Hen. Is't so, my lords of England?

West. The king hath granted every article:
His daughter first, and then in sequel all,
According to their firm proposed natures.

Exe. Only he hath not yet subscribed this:
Where your majesty demands, that the King of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form and with this addition, in French, Notre très-cher fils Henri, Roi d'Angleterre, Héritier de

291. *winking*] F_1. *to winking* F_2 F_3F_4.
293. *for*] om. Rowe (ed. 2).
297. *ties*] F_3F_4 *tyes* F_1F_2. *turns* Capell conj.
306. *never*] Rowe. om. Ff. *not* Capell.
310, 311. *for my*] *of my* Heath conj.
315. *and then in sequel*] $F_2F_3F_4$. *and in sequele* F_1. *and in the sequel* Keightley conj.
316. *natures*] *nature* Pope.
321. *Héritier*] *heretere* Ff.

France; and thus in Latin, Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, Rex Angliæ, et Hæres Franciæ.

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,
But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Hen. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,
Let that one article rank with the rest;
And thereupon give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair, son and from her blood raise up
Issue to me; that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred, and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and Christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Now, welcome, Kate: and bear me witness all,
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen. [*Flourish.*

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league;
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other. God speak this Amen!

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage: on which day,
My Lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
And all the peers', for surety of our leagues.

322. *Præclarissimus*] Ff. See note (XXIV).
324. *Nor*] *Yet* Pope.
328. *me*] *unto me* Keightley conj. *daughter*] *daughter here* S. Walker conj.
330. *the*] *these* Pope.
331. *Of France and England*] *England and France* Pope.
335. *bosoms*] *breasts* Pope. *never*] *ne'er* S. Walker conj.
337. All.] Rowe. Lords. Ff.
346. *paction*] Theobald. *pation* F_1F_2. *passion* F_3F_4.
348. *That*] *But* Capell.
350. *All.*] Ff.
353. *peers'*] Capell. *peers* Ff.

Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me;
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be! 360
[*Sennet. Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Thus far, with rough and all-unable pen,
Our bending author hath pursued the story,
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
Small time, but in that small most greatly lived 5
This star of England: Fortune made his sword;
By which the world's best garden he achieved,
And of it left his son imperial lord.
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd King
Of France and England, did this king succeed; 10
Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France and made his England bleed:
Which oft our stage hath shown; and, for their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take. [*Exit.*

360. [Sennet.] Senet. F_1. Sonet. $F_2F_3F_4$. sonnet. Rowe. om. Pope. See note (XXV).

EPILOGUE. Enter Chorus.] Enter Chorus. Ff. Enter Chorus, as Epilogue. Collier (Collier MS.).

2. *bending*] *blending* Johnson (Warburton conj.).

8. *lord.*] F_1. *lord,* $F_2F_3F_4$.

12. *made*] F_1. *make* $F_2F_3F_4$.

14. [Exit.] Capell. om. Ff. Exeunt. Staunton.

NOTES.

NOTE I.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. In Rowe's list, which remained uncorrected by any editor before Capell, the Duke of Clarence is introduced and the Duke of York is called '*Uncle* to the king.' The list we have given differs in a few other unimportant points from that of Rowe.

In the first Folio the title of the play is *The Life of Henry the Fift.* The second Folio has *The Life of King Henry the Fift.* In the Folios the play is divided into acts, but not into scenes, although they prefix *Actus Primus, Scena Prima,* to the first act. The division was first made by Pope.

NOTE II.

Act II. Prologue, 31, 32. Mr Knight says, "The passage is evidently corrupt; and we believe that the two lines were intended to be erased from the author's copy; for 'the abuse of distance' is inapplicable as the lines stand." Mr Keightley proposes to read,

'and we'll digest
The abuse of distance as we forge our play.'

We have left the reading of the Folios, as no proposed emendation can be regarded as entirely satisfactory.

NOTE III.

II. 2. 139, 140. Malone misquotes the reading of Pope in this passage, and his error is repeated without correction in subsequent editions. Mr Mitford in the *Gentleman's Magazine,* Nov. 1844, proposes to read, 'To mark the full-fraught man and *least inclined,*' &c., quoting '*inclined*' as if it were the received text. Perhaps it is a printer's error.

NOTE IV.

II. 2. 176. Mr Collier in a note which has remained uncorrected in his second edition says, "Malone, without any authority from Quartos or Folios, printed 'Whose ruin you *three* sought.'" The fact is that this is the reading of every Folio, except the first, and of every edition, without exception, which had appeared before Malone's.

NOTE V.

II. 3. 16. Here is Pope's note on this famous passage: 'These words *and a table of green fields* are not to be found in the old editions of 1600 and 1608. This nonsense got into all the following editions by a pleasant mistake of the Stage-editors, who printed from the common piecemeal-written parts in the Play-house. A Table was here directed to be brought in (it being a scene in a tavern where they drink at parting) and this direction crept into the text from the margin. Greenfield was the name of the Property-man in that time who furnished implements &c. for the actors. A table of Greenfield's.'

Theobald's emendation was suggested, he says, by a marginal conjecture in an edition of Shakespeare 'by a gentleman sometime deceased.' *Shakespeare Restored*, p. 138.

Mr Spedding approves of *talked* as being nearer to the *ductus literarum*, according to the handwriting of the time. The reading *talked* derives some support from the following passage in the Quartos:

> 'His nose was as sharpe as a pen:
> For when I saw him fumble with the sheetes,
> And talk of floures, and smile vpō his fingers ends
> I knew there was no way but one.'

NOTE VI.

II. 4. 1. We retain the reading *comes* which is authorized by the Folios. It is an example of the idiom mentioned in the note to *King John*, v. 4. 14. So we find in the passage of the first and third Quartos, corresponding to II. 4. 72, 'Cut up *this English* short,' and again in that corresponding to IV. 3. 69, 'The *French is* in the field.' See, also, IV. 4. 74.

NOTE VII.

III. 2. 18. The Quartos here read 'breaches,' not 'preaches,' and the Folios 'breach,' not 'preach.' Throughout the speeches of Fluellen the old copies sometimes mark the peculiarity of his pronunciation, by using 'p' for 'b,' and 't' for 'd,' sometimes not; an inconsistency, which Hanmer and others have attempted to correct. As a rule, we have silently followed the first Folio. See *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Note II. The same will apply to the Scotch of Jamy and the Irish of Macmorris; for these dialects, which could not be represented by the printer, were left to the actor's power of imitation.

Ritson, in his *Remarks*, p. 108, says, 'In the Folio, it is the *duke of Exeter* and not Fluellen, who enters and to whom Pistol addresses himself. Shakespeare had made the alteration and the player editors inserted it in the text, but inadvertently, left Fluellen in possession of the margin.' No copy of any Folio with which we are acquainted bears out Ritson's assertion. All have *Enter Fluellen*, as well as *Flu.* in the margin. It seems to us that there is some comic humour in making Pistol, almost beside himself with fright, endeavour to propitiate the captain by giving him high sounding titles. The language, too, of the exhortation is more suitable to the choleric Fluellen than to the stately Exeter.

NOTE VIII.

III. 6. 112—114. Mr Knight, at the suggestion of a friend, transposes this passage thus: 'Of my nation? What ish my nation? What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation ish a villain, a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal.' We agree with Mr Staunton's suggestion, that 'the incoherence of the original was designed to mark the impetuosity of the speaker.'

NOTE IX.

III. 3. 32. The editor of the variorum edition of 1803, adopting the emendation 'deadly,' which was really Capell's conjecture, though Malone appropriates it, makes it appear, as if on the authority of Malone, that 'deadly' is the reading of the second Folio. We have left unnoticed many similar errors, which run, uncorrected, through the successive variorum editions.

NOTE X.

III. 4. 1. We content ourselves with a few specimens of the errors and variations of the old copies in this scene. The French was set right, or nearly so, by successive alterations made by Rowe, Pope, Theobald, Warburton, and Capell. Some obvious corrections in the distribution of the dialogue were made by Theobald.

NOTE XI.

III. 5. 1. The stage direction of the Folios is as follows: *Enter the King of France, the Dolphin, the Constable of France, and others.* To the speeches which commence lines 10 and 32 they prefix *Brit.* But as the Duke of 'Britaine' does not appear elsewhere in the play, and as the stage direction of the Quartos runs: *Enter King of France, Bourbon, Dolphin, and others*, we have followed Theobald in introducing Bourbon among the persons who enter and in assigning the two speeches to him. 'Bourbon,' and not 'Britaine,' is mentioned among the lords in line 41. In Holinshed (p. 1077, ed. 1577), the Dukes of Berry and Britaine are mentioned as belonging to the French king's council, and not the Duke of Bourbon. Shakespeare probably first intended to introduce the Duke of Britaine, and then changed his mind, but forgot to substitute *Bour.* for *Brit.* before the two speeches. Rowe omitted to insert the Duke of 'Britaine' in his list of Dramatis Personæ.

NOTE XII.

III. 5. 40. As the metre will not allow us to set *Delabreth* right by reading *D'Albret*, we do not see what is gained by substituting *De-la-bret*, which is as erroneous as the word which Shakespeare copied from Holinshed. The same chronicler afterwards calls him *Dalbreth*. (Holinshed, ed. 1577, p. 1175 and 1176).

NOTE XIII.

III. 6. 100—106. Pope, following the Quarto to a certain extent, alters the whole passage thus:

> 'We would have such offenders so cut off,
> And give express charge that in all our march

There shall be nothing taken from the villages
But shall be paid for, and no French upbraided
Or yet abused in disdainful language;
When lenity and cruelty play for kingdoms
The gentler gamester is the soonest winner.'

NOTE XIV.

III. 6. 111—128. Pope gives the speech as follows:

'Thus says my King: say thou to Harry England,
Although we seemed dead, we did but sleep:
Advantage is a better soldier than rashness.
Tell him we could at Harfleur have rebuk'd him,
But that we thought not good to bruise an injury
Till it were ripe. Now speak we on our cue,
With voice imperial: England shall repent
His folly, see his weakness, and admire
Our suff'rance. Bid him therefore to consider
What must the ransom be, which must proportion
The losses we have born, the subjects we
Have lost, and the disgrace we have digested;
To answer which, his pettiness would bow under.
First for our loss, too poor is his Exchequer;
For the effusion of our blood, his army
Too faint a number; and for our disgrace,
Ev'n his own person kneeling at our feet
A weak and worthless satisfaction.
To this defiance add; and for conclusion,
Tell him he hath betray'd his followers,
Whose condemnation is pronounc'd. So far
My King and master; and so much my office.'

NOTE XV.

IV. Prol. 45. Theobald's reading of this obscure passage is as follows:

'Then, mean and gentle, all
Behold, (as may unworthiness define)
A little touch, &c.'

In his note he says: 'The poet, first, expatiates on the real influence that Harry's eye had on the camp: and then addressing himself

to every degree of his audience, he tells them, he'll shew (as well as his unworthy pen and powers can describe it) a little touch, or sketch of this hero in the night.'

Hanmer reads,

'Then mean and gentle all
Behold, &c.'

Capell, following substantially Theobald, reads,

'Then, mean and gentle all,
Behold, &c.'

Theobald supports his reading by two quotations from previous speeches of the chorus (I. prol. 8; II. prol. 35) in which the audience are addressed as 'gentles;' but this does not justify the supposition that he would address any of them as 'mean.' The phrase 'mean and gentle' appears to us to refer to the various ranks of the English army who are mentioned in the previous line. Delius's conjecture that a line is lost after the word 'all' seems very probable.

NOTE XVI.

IV. 1. 274, 275. Theobald says, "The poet might intend, 'Take from them the sense of reckoning those opposed numbers; which might pluck their courage from them.' But the relative not being expressed, the sense is very obscure; and the following verb seems a petition, in the imperative mood."

Perhaps a line has been lost, which, by help of the Quartos, we might supply thus:

'Take from them now
The sense of reckoning of the opposed numbers,
Lest that the multitudes which stand before them
Pluck their hearts from them.'

NOTE XVII.

IV. 2. 60. The conjectural reading, *guidon:* for *guard: on*, which we have adopted, and which is attributed by recent editors to Dr Thackeray, late Provost of King's College, Cambridge, is found in Rann's edition, without any name attached. Dr Thackeray probably made the conjecture independently. We find it written in pencil on the margin of his copy of Nares's Glossary, under the word 'Guard.'

NOTE XVIII.

IV. 3. 13, 14. Thirlby's emendation, which indeed seems absolutely to be required by the context, is supported by the corresponding passage in the Quartos:

'*Clar.* Farewell kind Lord, fight valiantly to day,
And yet in truth, I do thee wrong,
For thou art made on the true sparkes of honour.'

NOTE XIX.

IV. 3. 52. We retain *his mouth*, because it gives a very complete sense, and because the authority of the Folio is greatly superior to that of the Quarto. The names of the King, Bedford, &c. were to be familiar as household words in the mouth of the old veteran, that is, spoken of every day, not on one day of the year only. The neighbours, who had no personal recollections connected with those names, were only reminded of them by their host on St Crispin's day.

NOTE XX.

V. 1. 73. Although it appears from line 75, 'And there my rendezvous is quite cut off,' that Capell's emendation is what Shakespeare ought to have written, yet as the reading 'Doll' is found throughout both the Quartos and Folios, it is probable that the mistake is the author's own, and therefore, in accordance with our principle, we have allowed it to remain.

NOTE XXI.

V. 2. 174. Warburton's printer by mistake gave 'married' for 'new-married.' Johnson says: "Every wife is a married wife: I suppose we should read 'new-married,'" which is in fact the reading of every edition before Warburton's. In line 149, he omitted to correct Warburton's misprint of 'Kate' for 'dear Kate.' The Doctor seems to have collated the older editions by fits and starts, with long intervals of laziness.

NOTE XXII.

V. 2. 176. As it is clear that the king is meant to speak bad French, we leave uncorrected what we find in the Folios. His French is much worse in the Quartos. In line 208, most editors, somewhat inconsistently, leave 'mon' for 'ma' while they change 'cher' and 'devin' to 'chère' and 'divine.'

NOTE XXIII.

v. 2. 276. This curious misprint, 'hatred' for 'flattery,' escaped the notice of Pope, who repeated it in both his editions. Theobald first pointed it out in his Letters to Warburton, *Nichols' Illustrations*, Vol. II. p. 429.

NOTE XXIV.

v. 2. 322. Shakespeare copied both French and Latin from Holinshed, where by mistake 'Præclarissimus' is printed for 'Prænarissimus' (p. 1207, ed. 1577). The same error is found in Hall, *Henry V.* fol. 39 b (ed. 1550).

NOTE XXV.

v. 2. 360. The printer of the second Folio when he misread 'Sonet' for 'Senet,' probably supposed it to be the title of the poem of fourteen lines, which the Chorus speaks, though the position of the word is ambiguous. The printer of the fourth Folio and Rowe place it as if it belonged to the *Enter Chorus* rather than to the *Exeunt*. Pope omitted the word altogether, and it did not reappear till Mr Dyce restored it.

The Chronicle Historie

of *Henry* the fift: with his battel fought

at *AginCourt* in *France.* Togither with

Auncient *Pistoll.*

Enter King Henry, Exeter, 2. *Bishops*, Clarence, *and other Attendants.* [Sc. I.]

Exeter.

SHall I call in Thambassadors my Liege?
King. Not yet my Cousin, til we be resolude
Of some serious matters touching vs and *France.*
Bi. God and his Angels guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it.
King. Shure we thank you. And good my Lord proceed
Why the Lawe *Salicke* which they haue in *France*,
Or should or should not, stop vs in our clayme:
And God forbid my wise and learned Lord,
That you should fashion, frame, or wrest the same.
For God doth know how many now in health,
Shall drop their blood in approbation,
Of what your reuerence shall incite vs too.
Therefore take heed how you impawne our person,
How you awake the sleeping sword of warre:
We charge you in the name of God take heed.
Aftęr this coniuration, speake my Lord:
And we will iudge, note, and beleeue in heart,
That what you speake, is washt as pure
As sin in baptisme.

[*Bish.*

6. *Shure*] Q_1Q_2. *Sure* Q_3.

8. *vs in*] Q_1Q_2. *in vs* Q_3.

Then heare me gracious soueraigne, and you peeres, [Sc. I.
Which owe your liues, your faith and seruices
To this imperiall throne.
There is no bar to stay your highnesse claime to *France*
But one, which they produce from *Faramount*,
No female shall succeed in salicke land,
Which salicke land the French vniustly gloze
To be the realme of *France:*
And *Faramont* the founder of this law and female barre:
Yet their owne writers faithfully affirme
That the land salicke lyes in *Germany*,
Betweene the flouds of *Sabeck* and of *Elme*,
Where *Charles* the fift hauing subdude the Saxons,
There left behind, and setled certaine French,
Who holding in disdaine the Germaine women,
For some dishonest maners of their liues,
Establisht there this lawe. To wit,
No female shall succeed in salicke land:
Which salicke land as I said before,
Is at this time in *Germany* called *Mesene:*
Thus doth it well appeare the salicke lawe
Was not deuised for the realme of *France*,
Nor did the French possesse the salicke land,
Vntill 400. one and twentie yeares
After the function of king *Faramont*,
Godly supposed the founder of this lawe:
Hugh Capet also that vsurpt the crowne,
To fine his title with some showe of truth,
When in pure truth it was corrupt and naught:
Conuaid himselfe as heire to the Lady *Inger*,
Daughter to *Charles*, the foresaid Duke of *Lorain*,
So that as cleare as is the sommers Sun,
King *Pippins* title and *Hugh Capets* claime,
King *Charles* his satisfaction all appeare,
To hold in right and title of the female:
So do the Lords of *France* vntil this day,
Howbeit they would hold vp this salick lawe
To bar your highnesse claiming from the female,
And rather choose to hide them in a net,
Then amply to imbace their crooked causes,
Vsurpt from you and your progenitors. (claime?
K. May we with right & conscience make this

21. *Then*] Q_1. Bish. *Then* Q_2 Q_3. *Conuey'd* Q_3.
39. *I*] Q_1. *I haue* Q_2Q_3. 60. *imbace*] Q_1Q_2. *embrace* Q_3.
50. *Conuaid*] Q_1. *Couai'd* Q_2.

Bi. The sin vpon my head dread soueraigne. [Sc. I.]
For in the booke of Numbers is it writ,
When the sonne dyes, let the inheritance
Descend vnto the daughter.
Noble Lord stand for your owne,
Vnwinde your bloody flagge,
Go my dread Lord to your great graunsirs graue,
From whom you clayme:
And your great Vncle *Edward* the blacke Prince,
Who on the French ground playd a Tragedy
Making defeat on the full power of *France*,
Whilest his most mighty father on a hill,
Stood smiling to behold his Lyons whelpe,
Foraging blood of French Nobilitie.
O Noble English that could entertaine
With halfe their Forces the full power of *France:*
And let an other halfe stand laughing by,
All out of worke, and cold for action.
King. We must not onely arme vs against the French,
But lay downe our proportion for the Scot,
Who will make rode vpon vs with all aduantages.
Bi. The Marches gracious soueraigne, shalbe sufficient
To guard your *England* from the pilfering borderers.
King. We do not meane the coursing sneakers onely,
But feare the mayne entendement of the Scot,
For you shall read, neuer my great grandfather
Vnmaskt his power for *France*,
But that the Scot on his vnfurnisht Kingdome,
Came pouring like the Tide into a breach,
That *England* being empty of defences,
Hath shooke and trembled at the brute hereof.
Bi. She hath bin then more feared then hurt my Lord:
For heare her but examplified by her selfe,
When all her chiualry hath bene in *France*
And she a mourning widow of her Nobles,
She hath her selfe not only well defended,
But taken and impounded as a stray, the king of Scots,
Whom like a caytiffe she did leade to *France*,
Filling your Chronicles as rich with praise
As is the owse and bottome of the sea
With sunken wrack and shiplesse treasurie.

64. *is it*] Q_1Q_2. *it is* Q_3.
69. *graunsirs*] Q_1Q_2. *Grandsires* Q_3.
76. *blood*] Q_1. *bloud* Q_2. *the blood* Q_3.
81. *against*] Q_1Q_2. *gainst* Q_3.
82. *for*] Q_1Q_3. *against* Q_2.

Lord. There is a saying very old and true, [Sc. I.
If you will *France* win,
Then with *Scotland* first begin:
For once the Eagle, England being in pray,
To his vnfurnish nest the weazel Scot
Would suck her egs, playing the mouse in absence of the cat:
To spoyle and hauock more then she can eat.
Exe. It followes then, the cat must stay at home,
Yet that is but a curst necessitie,
Since we haue trappes to catch the petty theeues:
Whilste that the armed hand doth fight abroad
The aduised head controlles at home:
For gouernment though high or lowe, being put into parts,
Congrueth with a mutuall consent like musicke.
Bi. True: therefore doth heauen diuide the fate of man
in diuers functions.
Whereto is added as an ayme or but, obedience:
For so liue the honey Bees, creatures that by awe
Ordaine an act of order to a peopeld Kingdome:
They haue a King and officers of sort,
Where some like Magistrates correct at home:
Others like Marchants venture trade abroad:
Others like souldiers armed in their stings,
Make boote vpon the sommers veluet bud:
Which pillage they with mery march bring home
To the tent royall of their Emperour;
Who busied in his maiestie, behold
The singing masons building roofes of gold:
The ciuell citizens lading vp the honey,
The sad eyde Iustice with his surly humme,
Deliuering vp to executors pale, the lazy caning Drone.
This I infer, that 20. actions once a foote,
May all end in one moment.
As many Arrowes losed seuerall wayes, flye to one marke:
As many scuerall wayes meete in one towne:
As many fresh streames run in one selfe sea:
As many lines close in the dyall center:
So may a thousand actions once a foote,
End in one moment, and be all well borne without defect.
Therefore my Liege to *France*,
Diuide your happy England into foure,
Of which take you one quarter into France,
And you withall, shall make all *Gallia* shake.

108. *vnfurnish*] Q_1. *vnfurnisht* 116. *into*] Q_1Q_2. *in* Q_3. Q_2Q_3.

If we with thrice that power left at home, [Sc. I.]
Cannot defend our owne doore from the dogge,
Let vs be beaten, and from henceforth lose
The name of pollicy and hardinesse.
Ki. Call in the messenger sent frō the Dolphin.
And by your ayde, the noble sinewes of our land,
France being ours, weele bring it to our awe,
Or breake it all in peeces:
Eyther our Chronicles shal with full mouth speak
Freely of our acts,
Or else like toonglesse mutes
Not worshipt with a paper Epitaph:

Enter Thambassadors from France.

Now are we well prepared to know the Dolphins pleasure,
For we heare your comming is from him.
Ambassa. Pleaseth your Maiestie to giue vs leaue
Freely to render what we haue in charge:
Or shall I sparingly shew a farre off,
The Dolphins pleasure and our Embassage?
King. We are no tyrant, but a Christian King,
To whom our spirit is as subiect,
As are our wretches fettered in our prisons.
Therefore freely and with vncurbed boldnesse
Tell vs the Dolphins minde.
Ambas. Then this in fine the Dolphin saith,
Whereas you clayme certaine Townes in *France*,
From your predecessor king *Edward* the third,
This he returnes.
He saith, theres nought in *France* that can be with a nimble
Galliard wonne: you cannot reuel into Dukedomes there:
Therefore he sendeth meeter for your study,
This tunne of treasure: and in lieu of this,
Desires to let the Dukedomes that you craue
Heare no more from you: This the Dolphin saith.
King. What treasure Vncle?
Exe. Tennis balles my Liege.
King. We are glad the Dolphin is so pleasant with vs,
Your message and his present we accept:
When we haue matched our rackets to these balles,
We will by Gods grace play such a set,
Shall strike his fathers crowne into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler,
That all the Courts of *France* shall be disturbd with chases.

184. *play*] Q_1Q_2. *play him* Q_3.

And we vnderstand him well, how he comes ore vs [Sc. I.
With our wilder dayes, not measuring what vse we made of them.
We neuer valued this poore seate of England.
And therefore gaue our selues to barbarous licence:
As tis common seene that men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the Dolphin we will keepe our state,
Be like a King, mightie and commaund,
When we do rowse vs in throne of *France:*
For this haue we laid by our Maiestie:
And plodded lide a man for working dayes.
But we will rise there with so full of glory,
That we will dazell all the eyes of *France,*
I strike the Dolphin blinde to looke on vs, (stones,
And tell him this, his mock hath turnd his balles to gun
And his soule shall sit sore charged for the wastfull (vengeance
That shall flye from them. For this his mocke
Shall mocke many a wife out of their deare husbands.
Mocke mothers from their sonnes, mocke Castles downe,
I some are yet vngotten and vnborne,
That shall haue cause to curse the Dolphins scorne.
But this lyes all within the wil of God, to whom we doo (appeale,
And in whose name tel you the Dolphin we are cõming on
To venge vs as we may, and to put forth our hand
In a rightfull cause: so get you hence, and tell your Prince,
His Iest will sauour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weepe, more then did laugh at it.
Conuey them with safe conduct: see them hence.
Exe. This was a merry message.
King. We hope to make the sender blush at it:
Therfore let our collectiõ for the wars be soone prouided:
For God before, weell check the Dolphin at his fathers
Therefore let euery man now taske his thought, (doore.
That this faire action may on foote be brought.
Exeunt omnes.

Enter Nim *and* Bardolfe. [Sc. II

Bar. Godmorrow Corporall *Nim.*

195. *in*] Q_1Q_2. *in the* Q_3.
196. *haue we*] Q_1Q_2. *we haue* Q_3.
197. *lide*] Q_1. *like* Q_2Q_3.
198. *there with*] Q_1. *there* Q_2. *therewith* Q_3.
211. *rightfull*] Q_1Q_2. *right* Q_3.
1, 2, 21. *Godmorrow*] Q_1Q_2. *Good morrow* Q_3.

Nim. Godmorrow Lieftenant *Bardolfe.* [SC. II.]
Bar. What is antient *Pistoll* and thee friends yet?
Nim. I cannot tell, things must be as they may:
I dare not fight, but I will winke and hold out mine Iron:
It is a simple one, but what tho; it will serue to toste cheese,
And it will endure cold as an other mans sword will,
And theres the humor of it.
Bar. Yfaith mistresse quickly did thee great wrong,
For thou weart troth plight to her.
Nim. I must do as I may, tho patience be a tyred mare,
Yet sheel plod, and some say kniues haue edges,
And men may sleepe and haue their throtes about them
At that time, and there is the humour of it.
Bar. Come yfaith, Ile bestow a breakfast to make *Pistoll*
And thee friendes. What a plague should we carrie kniues
To cut our owne throates.
Nim. Yfaith Ile liue as long as I may, thats the certaine of it.
And when I cannot liue any longer, Ile do as I may,
And theres my rest, and the randeuous of it.

Enter Pistoll *and Hostes Quickly, his wife.*

Bar. Godmorrow ancient *Pistoll.*
Heere comes ancient *Pistoll*, I prithee *Nim* be quiet.
Nim. How do you my Hoste?
Pist. Base slaue, callest thou me hoste?
Now by gads lugges I sweare, I scorne the title,
Nor shall my *Nell* keepe lodging.
Host. No by my troath not I,
For we cānot bed nor boord half a score honest gētlewomē
That liue honestly by the prick of their needle,
But it is thought straight we keepe a bawdy-house.
O Lord heeres Corporall *Nims*, now shall
We haue wilful adultry and murther committed:
Good Corporall *Nim* shew the valour of a man,
And put vp your sword.
Nim. Push.
Pist. What dost thou push, thou prickeard cur of Iseland?
Nim. Will you shog off? I would haue you solus.
Pist. Solus egregious dog, that solus in thy throte,
And in thy lungs, and which is worse, within
Thy mesfull mouth, I do retort that solus in thy

6. *It is*] Q_1Q_2. *Tis* Q_3.
9. *quickly*] Q_1. *Quickly* Q_2Q_3.
20. *my*] Q_1Q_3. *the* Q_2.
28. *honest*] Q_1Q_2. om. Q_3.
31. *Nims*] Q_1. *Nim* Q_2Q_3.

Bowels, and in thy Iaw, perdie: for I can talke, [Sc. II.
And *Pistolls* flashing firy cock is vp.
Nim. I am not *Barbasom*, you cannot coniure me:
I haue an humour *Pistoll* to knock you indifferently well,
And you fall foule with me *Pistoll*, Ile scoure you with my
Rapier in faire termes. If you will walke off a little,
Ile pricke your guts a little in good termes,
And theres the humour of it.
Pist. O braggard vile, and damned furious wight,
The Graue doth gape, and groaning
Death is neare, therefore exall.

They drawe.

Bar. Heare me, he that strikes the first blow,
Ile kill him, as I am a souldier.
Pist. An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate.
Nim. Ile cut your throat at one time or an other in faire
And theres the humor of it. (termes,
Post. Couple gorge is the word, I thee defie agen:
A damned hound, thinkst thou my spouse to get?
No, to the powdering tub of infamy,
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cresides kinde,
Doll Tear-sheete, she by name, and her espowse
I haue, and I will hold, the quandom quickly,
For the onely she and Paco, there it is inough.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Hostes you must come straight to my maister,
And you Host *Pistoll*. Good *Bardolfe*
Put thy nose betweene the sheetes, and do the office of a
(warming pan.
Host. By my troath heele yeeld the crow a pudding one
(of these dayes,
Ile go to him, husband youle come?
Bar. Come *Pistoll* be friends.
Nim prithee be friends, and if thou wilt not be
Enemies with me too.
Ni. I shal haue my eight shillings I woon of you at beating?
Pist. Base is the slaue that payes.
Nim. That now I will haue, and theres the humor of it.
Pist. As manhood shall compound. *They draw.*
Bar. He that strikes the first blow,
Ile kill him by this sword.

43. *Barbasom*] Q_1Q_3. *Earbasom* Q_2.
66. *warming*] Q_1Q_2. *warning* Q_3.
72, 79. *beating*] Q_1Q_2. *betting* Q_3.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oathes must haue their course. [SC. II.]
Nim. I shall haue my eight shillings I wonne of you at beating?
Pist. A noble shalt thou haue, and readie pay,
And liquor likewise will I giue to thee,
And friendship shall combind and brotherhood:
Ile liue by *Nim* as *Nim* shall liue by me:
Is not this iust? for I shall Sutler be
Vnto the Campe, and profit will occrue.
Nim. I shall haue my noble?
Pist. In cash most truly paid.
Nim. Why theres the humour of it.

Enter Hostes.

Hostes. As euer you came of men come in,
Sir *Iohn* poore soule is so troubled
With a burning tashan contigian feuer, tis wonderfull.
Pist. Let vs condoll the knight: for lamkins we will liue.
Exeunt omnes.

Enter Exeter and Gloster. [SC. III.]

Glost. Before God my Lord, his Grace is too bold to trust these traytors.
Exe. They shalbe apprehended by and by.
Glost. I but the man that was his bedfellow
Whom he hath cloyed and graced with princely fauours
That he should for a forraine purse, to sell
His Soueraignes life to death and trechery.
Exe. O the Lord of *Massham.*

Enter the King and three Lords.

King. Now sirs the windes faire, and we wil aboord;
My Lord of *Cambridge*, and my Lord of *Massham*,
And you my gentle Knight, giue me your thoughts,
Do you not thinke the power we beare with vs,
Will make vs conquerors in the field of *France?*
Masha. No doubt my Liege, if each man do his best.
Cam. Neuer was Monarch better feared and loued then is your maiestie.
Gray. Euen those that were your fathers enemies
Haue steeped their galles in honey for your sake.

81. *and*] Q_1Q_2. *out* Q_3.
84. *Sutler*] Q_1Q_3. *Butler* Q_2.
91. *condoll*] Q_1Q_2. *condole* Q_3.
8. *windes*] Q_1Q_2. *winde is* Q_3.

King. We therefore haue great cause of thankfulnesse, [Sc. II
And shall forget the office of our hands:
Sooner then reward and merit,
According to their cause and worthinesse.
Masha. So seruice shall with steeled sinewes shine,
And labour shall refresh it selfe with hope
To do your Grace incessant seruice.
King. Vncle of *Exeter*, enlarge the man
Committed yesterday, that rayled against our person,
We consider it was the heate of wine that set him on,
And on his more aduice we pardon him.
Masha. That is mercie, but too much securitie:
Let him bee punisht Soueraigne, least the example of
Breed more of such a kinde. (him,
King. O let vs yet be mercifull.
Cam. So may your highnesse, and punish too.
Gray. You shew great mercie if you giue him life,
After the taste of his correction.
King. Alas your too much care and loue of me
Are heauy orisons gainst the poore wretch,
If litle faults proceeding on distemper should not bee
(winked at,
How should we stretch our eye, when capitall crimes,
Chewed, swallowed and disgested, appeare before vs:
Well yet enlarge the man, tho Cambridge and the rest
In their deare loues, and tender preseruation of our state,
Would haue him punisht.
Now to our French causes.
Who are the late Commissioners?
Cam. Me one my Lord, your highnesse bad me aske for
it to day.
Mash. So did you me my Soueraigne.
Gray. And me my Lord.
King. Then *Richard* Earle of *Cambridge* there is yours.
There is yours my Lord of *Masham*.
And sir *Thomas Gray* knight of *Northumberland*, this same is
Read them, and know we know your worthinesse. (yours:
Vnckle *Exeter*, I will aboord to night.
Why how now Gentlemen, why change you colour?
What see you in those papers
That hath so chased your blood out of apparance?
Cam. I do confesse my fault, and do submit me
To your highnesse mercie.

19. *Sooner...merit*] Omitted in Q_3.
36. *gainst*] Q_1Q_2. *against* Q_3.
39. *disgested*] Q_1Q_2. *digested* Q_3.
appeare] Q_1Q_3. *appeared* Q_2.

Mash. To which we all appeale. [Sc. III.]
King. The mercy which was quit in vs but late,
By your owne reasons is forestald and done:
You must not dare for shame to aske for mercy,
For your owne conscience turne vpon your bosomes,
As dogs vpon their maisters worrying them.
See you my Princes, and my noble Peeres,
These English monsters:
My Lord of *Cambridge* here,
You know how apt we were to grace him,
In all things belonging to his honour:
And this vilde man hath for a fewe light crownes,
Lightly conspired and sworne vnto the practises of *France:*
To kill vs here in *Hampton.* To the which,
This knight no lesse in bountie bound to vs
Then *Cambridge* is, haah likewise sworne.
But oh what shall I say to thee false man,
Thou cruell ingratefull and inhumane creature,
Thou that didst beare the key of all my counsell,
That knewst the very secrets of my heart,
That almost mightest a coyned me into gold,
Wouldest thou a practisde on me for thy vse:
Can it be possible that out of thee
Should proceed one sparke that might annoy my finger?
Tis so strange, that tho the truth doth showe as grose
As black from white, mine eye wil scarcely see it.
Their faults are open, arrest them to the answer of the lawe,
And God acquit them of their practises.
Exe. I arrest thee of high treason,
By the name of *Richard*, Earle of *Cambridge*.
I arest thee of high treason,
By the name of *Henry*, Lord of *Masham*.
I arest thee of high treason,
By the name of *Thomas Gray*, knight of *Northumberland*,
Mash. Our purposes God iustly hath discouered,
And I repent my fault more then my death,
Which I beseech your maiestie forgiue,
Altho my body pay the price of it.
King. God quit you in his mercy. Heare your sentence.
You haue conspired against our royall person,
Ioyned with an enemy proclaimed and fixed.
And frō his coffers receiued the golden earnest of our death

73. *haah*] Q_1. *hath* Q_2Q_3.
78. *a*] Q_1. *haue* Q_2Q_3.
79. *a*] Q_1Q_2. *haue* Q_3.
96. *mercy*] Q_1. *mercie* Q_2. *mercy* Q_3.

Touching our person we seeke no redresse. [Sc. III
But we our kingdomes safetie must so tender
Whose ruine you haue sought,
That to our lawes we do deliuer you. (death,
Get ye therefore hence: poore miserable creatures to your
The taste whereof, God in his mercy giue you (amisse:
Patience to endure, and true repentance of all your deeds
Beare them hence.

Exit three Lords.

Now Lords to *France*. The enterprise whereof,
Shall be to you as vs, successiuely.
Since God cut off this dangerous treason lurking in our way
Cheerly to sea, the signes of war aduance:
No King of England, if not King of *France*.

Exit omnes.

Enter Nim, Pistoll, Bardolfe, Hostes and a Boy. [Sc. IV

Host. I prethy sweete heart, let me bring thee so farre as
Pist. No fur, no fur. (*Stanes.*
Bar. Well sir *Iohn* is gone. God be with him.
Host. I, he is in *Arthors* bosom, if euer any were:
He went away as if it were a crysombd childe,
Betweene twelue and one,
Iust at turning of the tide:
His nose was as sharpe as a pen:
For when I saw him fumble with the sheetes,
And talk of floures and smile vpō his fingers ends
I knew there was no way but one.
How now sir *Iohn* quoth I?
And he cryed three times, God, God, God,
Now I to comfort him, bad him not think of God,
I hope there was no such need.
Then he bad me put more cloathes at his feete:
And I felt to them, and they were as cold as any stone:
And to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone.
And so vpward, and vpward, and all was as cold as any stone.
Nim. They say he cride out on Sack.
Host. I that he did.
Boy. And of women.
Host. No that he did not.
Boy. Yes that he did: and he sed they were diuels incarnat.

104. *ye*] Q_1Q_2. *you* Q_3.
therefore] Q_1Q_2. om. Q_3.
5. *crysombd*] Q_1Q_3. *chrisombd* Q_2.
16. *at*] Q_1Q_2. *on* Q_3.
19. *any*] Q_1Q_2. om. Q_3.
24. *he sed*] Q_1Q_2. *sed* Q_3.

Host. Indeed carnation was a colour he neuer loued. [Sc. IV.]
Nim. Well he did cry out on women.
Host. Indeed he did in some sort handle women,
But then he was rumaticke, and talkt of the whore of
(*Babylon.*
Boy. Hostes do you remember he saw a Flea stand
Vpon *Bardolfes* Nose, and sed it was a blacke soule
Burning in hell fire?
Bar. Well, God be with him,
That was all the wealth I got in his seruice.
Nim. Shall we shog off?
The king wil be gone from *Southampton.*
Pist. Cleare vp thy cristalles,
Looke to my chattels and my moueables.
Trust none: the word is pitch and pay:
Mens words are wafer cakes,
And holdfast is the onely dog my deare.
Therefore cophetua be thy counsellor,
Touch her soft lips and part.
Bar. Farewell hostes.
Nim. I cannot kis: and theres the humor of it.
But adieu.
Pist. Keepe fast thy buggle boe.
Exit omnes.

Enter King of France, Bourbon, Dolphin, and others. [Sc. V.]

King. Now you Lords of *Orleance,*
Of *Bourbon,* and of *Berry,*
You see the King of England is not slack,
For he is footed on this land alreadie.
Dolphin. My gratious Lord, tis meete we all goe
And arme vs against the foe: (foorth,
And view the weak & sickly parts of *France:*
But let vs do it with no show of feare,
No with no more, then if we heard
England were busied with a Moris dance.
For my good Lord, she is so idely kingd,
Her scepter so fantastically borne,
So guided by a shallow humorous youth,
That feare attends her not.
Con. O peace Prince *Dolphin,* you deceiue your selfe,

31. *fire*] Q_1Q_2. om. Q_3.
38. *word*] Q_1Q_3. *world* Q_2.
10. *busied*] Q_1Q_2. *troubled* Q_3.

Question your grace the late Embassador, [Sc. v.
With what regard he heard his Embassage,
How well supplied with aged Counsellours,
And how his resolution andswered him,
You then would say that *Harry* was not wilde.
King. Well thinke we *Harry* strong:
And strongly arme vs to preuent the foe.
Con. My Lord here is an Embassador
From the King of England.
Kin. Bid him come in.
You see this chase is hotly followed Lords.
Dol. My gracious father, cut vp this English short.
Selfeloue my liege is not so vile a thing,
As selfe neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

King. From our brother England?
Exe. From him, and thus he greets your Maiestie:
He wils you in the name of God Almightie,
That you deuest your selfe and lay apart
That borrowed tytle, which by gift of heauen,
Of lawe of nature, and of nations, longs
To him and to his heires, namely the crowne
And all wide stretched titles that belongs
Vnto the Crowne of *France*, that you may know
Tis no sinister, nor no awkeward claime,
Pickt from the wormeholes of old vanisht dayes,
Nor from the dust of old obliuion rackte,
He sends you these most memorable lynes,
In euery branch truly demonstrated:
Willing you ouerlooke this pedigree,
And when you finde him euenly deriued
From his most famed and famous ancestors,
Edward the third, he bids you then resigne
Your crowne and kingdome, indirectly held
From him, the natiue and true challenger.
King. If not, what followes?
Exe. Bloody constraint, for if you hide the crown
Euen in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
Therefore in fierce tempest is he comming,
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a *Ioue*,
That if requiring faile, he will compell it:
And on your heads turnes he the widowes teares,

30, 90. *England*] Q_1Q_2. *of England* Q_3.
35. *lawe of nature*] Q_1Q_2. *lawe, of nature* Q_3.

The Orphanes cries, the dead mens bones, [Sc. v.]
The pining maydens grones.
For husbands, fathers, and distressed louers,
Which shall be swallowed in this controuersie.
This is his claime, his threatning, and my message.
Vnles the *Dolphin* be in presence here,
To whom expresly we bring greeting too.
Dol. For the *Dolphin?* I stand here for him,
What to heare from England.
Exe. Scorn & defiance, slight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not misbecome
The mightie sender, doth he prise you at:
Thus saith my king. Vnles your fathers highnesse
Sweeten the bitter mocke you sent his Maiestie,
Heele call you to so loud an answere for it,
That caues and wombely vaultes of *France*
Shall chide your trespasse, and return your mock,
In second accent of his ordenance.
Dol. Say that my father render faire reply,
It is against my will:
For I desire nothing so much,
As oddes with England.
And for that cause according to his youth
I did present him with those *Paris* balles.
Exe. Heele make your *Paris* Louer shake for it,
Were it the mistresse Court of mightie *Europe.*
And be assured, youle finde a difference
As we his subiects haue in wonder found:
Betweene his yonger dayes and these he musters now,
Now he wayes time euen to the latest graine,
Which you shall finde in your owne losses
If he stay in *France.*
King. Well for vs, you shall returne our answere backe
To our brother England.

Exit omnes.

Enter Nim, Bardolfe, Pistoll, Boy. [Sc. vi.]

Nim. Before God here is hote seruice.
Pist. Tis hot indeed, blowes go and come,
Gods vassals drop and die.
Nim. Tis honor, and theres the humor of it.

57. *Orphanes*] Q_1Q_2. *orphants* Q_3.
61. *his*] Q_1Q_3. *the* Q_2.
88. *he*] Q_1. *we* Q_2Q_3.
1. *here is*] Q_1Q_2. *heeres* Q_3.

Boy. Would I were in London: [Sc. VI
Ide giue all my honor for a pot of Ale. 6
Pist. And I. If wishes would preuaile,
I would not stay, but thither would I hie.

Enter Flewellen *and beates them in.*

Flew. Godes plud vp to the breaches
You rascals, will you not vp to the breaches? 10
Nim. Abate thy rage sweete knight,
Abate thy rage.
Boy. Well I would I were once from them:
They would haue me as familiar
With mens pockets, as their gloues, and their 15
Handkerchers, they will steale any thing.
Bardolfe stole a Lute case, carryed it three mile,
And sold it for three hapence.
Nim stole a fier shouell.
I knew by that, they meant to carry coales: 20
Well, if they will not leaue me,
I meane to leaue them.
Exit Nim, Bardolfe, Pistoll, *and the Boy.*

Enter Gower.

Gower. Gaptain *Flewellen*, you must come strait
To the Mines, to the Duke of *Gloster.* 25
Fleu. Looke you, tell the Duke it is not so good
To come to the mines: the concuaueties is otherwise,
You may discusse to the Duke, the enemy is digd
Himselfe fiue yardes vnder the countermines:
By *Iesus* I thinke heele blowe up all 30
If there be no better direction.

Enter the King and his Lords alarum. [Sc. V

King. How yet resolues the Gouernour of the Towne?
This is the latest parley weele admit:
Therefore to our best mercie giue your selues,
Or like to men proud of destruction, defie vs to our worst,
For as I am a souldier, a name that in my thoughts 5
Becomes me best, if we begin the battery once againe
I will not leaue the halfe atchieued Harflew,

18. *hapence*] Q_1Q_2. *halfepence* Q_3. 30. *Iesus*] Q_1Q_2. *Ieshu* Q_3.
24. *Gaptain*] Q_1. *Captaine* Q_2Q_3.

Till in her ashes she be buried, [Sc. VII.]
The gates of mercie are all shut vp.
What say you, will you yeeld and this auoyd,
Or guiltie in defence be thus destroyd?

Enter Gouernour.

Gouer. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dolphin whom of succour we entreated,
Returnes vs word, his powers are not yet ready,
To raise so great a siege: therefore dread King,
We yeeld our towne and liues to thy soft mercie:
Enter our gates, dispose of vs and ours,
For we no longer are defensiue now.

Enter Katherine, Allice. [Sc. VIII.]

Kate. *Allice* venecia, vous aues cates en,
Vou parte fort bon Angloys englatara,
Coman sae palla vou la main en francoy.
Allice. La main madam de han.
Kate. E da bras.
Allice. De arma madam.
Kate. Le main da han la bras de arma,
Allice. Owy e madam.
Kate. E Coman sa pella vow la menton a la coll.
Allice. De neck, e de cin, madam.
Kate. E de neck, e de cin, e de code.
Allice. De cudie ma foy Ie oblye, mais Ie remembre,
Le tude, o de elbo madam.
Kate. Ecowte Ie rehersera, towt cella que Iac apoandre,
De han, de arma, de neck, du cin, e de bilbo.
Allice. De elbo madam.
Kate. O Iesu, Iea obloye ma foy, ecoute Ie recontera
De han, de arma, de neck, de cin, e de elbo, e ca bon.
Allice. Ma foy madam, vow parla au se bon Angloys
Asie vous aues ettue en Englatara.
Kate. Par la grace de deu an petty tanes. Ie parle milleur
Coman se pella vou le peid e le robe.
Allice. Le foot, e le con.
Kate. Le fot, e le con, ô Iesu! Ie ne vew poinct parle,
Sie plus deuant le che cheualires de franca,
Pur one million ma foy.
Allice. Madame, de foote, e le con.
Kate. O et ill ausie, ecowte Allice, de han, de arma,
De neck, de cin, le foote, e de con.

Allice. Cet fort bon madam. [Sc. VII
Kate. Aloues a diner. 31

Exit omnes.

Enter King of France, *Lord Constable, the Dolphin, and* Burbon. [Sc. IX

King. Tis certaine he is past the Riuer Some.
Con. Mordeu ma via: Shall a few spranes of vs,
The emptying of our fathers luxerie,
Outgrow their grafters.
Bur. Normanes, basterd Normanes, mor du 5
And if they passe vnfought withall,
Ile sell my Dukedom for a foggy farme
In that short nooke Ile of England.
Const. Why whence haue they this mettall?
Is not their clymate raw, foggy and colde. 10
On whom as in disdaine, the Sunne lookes pale?
Can barley broath, a drench for swolne Iades
Their sodden water decockt such liuely blood?
And shall our quicke blood spirited with wine
Seeme frosty? O for honour of our names, 15
Let vs not hang like frozen Iicesickles
Vpon our houses tops, while they a more frosty clymate
Sweate drops of youthfull blood.
King. Constable dispatch, send Montioy forth,
To know what willing raunsome he will giue? 20
Sonne *Dolphin* you shall stay in *Rone* with me.
Dol. Not so I do beseech your Maiestie.
King. Well, I say it shalbe so.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Gower. [Sc. X

Go. How now Captain *Flewellen*, come you frō the bridge?
Flew. By Iesus thers excellēt seruice cōmitted at ẏ bridge.
Gour. Is the Duke of *Exeter* safe?
Flew. The duke of *Exeter* is a mā whom I loue, & I honor,
And I worship, with my soule, and my heart, and my life, 5
And my lands and my liuings,
And my vttermost powers.
The Duke is looke you,
God be praised and pleased for it, no harme in the worell.

21. *Rone*] Q_1Q_2. *Rhone* Q_3.
22. *do*] om. Q_2.
Enter Gower.] Q_1Q_2. Enter Gower and Flewellen. Q_3.

He is maintain the bridge very gallently: there is an Ensigne [Sc. x.]
There, I do not know how you call him, but by Iesus I think He is as
valient a man as *Marke Anthonie*, he doth maintain the bridge most gal-
lantly: yet he is a man of no reckoning: But I did see him do gallant
seruice.

Gouer. How do you call him?

Flew. His name is ancient *Pistoll.*

Gouer. I know him not.

Enter Ancient Pistoll.

Flew. Do you not know him, here comes the man.

Pist. Captaine, I thee beseech to do me fauour,
The Duke of *Exeter* doth loue thee well.

Flew. I, and I praise God I haue merrited some loue at
(his hands.

Pist. *Bardolfe* a souldier, one of buxsome valour,
Hath by furious fate
And giddy Fortunes fickle wheele,
That Godes blinde that stands vpon the rowling restlesse
(stone.

Flew. By your patience ancient *Pistoll*,
Fortune, looke you is painted,
Plind with a mufler before her eyes,
To signifie to you, that Fortune is plind:
And she is moreouer painted with a wheele,
Which is the morall that Fortune is turning,
And inconstant, and variation; and mutabilities:
And her fate is fixed at a spherical stone
Which roules, and roules, and roules:
Surely the Poet is make an excellēt descriptiō of Fortune.
Fortune looke you is and excellent morall.

Pist. Fortune is *Bardolfes* foe, and frownes on him,
For he hath stolne a packs, and hanged must he be:
A damned death, let gallowes gape for dogs,
Let man go free, and let not death his windpipe stop.
But *Exeter* hath giuen the doome of death,
For packs of pettie price:
Therefore go speake, the Duke will heare thy voyce,
And let not *Bardolfes* vitall threed be cut,
With edge of penny cord, and vile approach.
Speake Captaine for his life, and I will thee requite.

10. *very*] *vern* Q_2.
11. *Iesus*] Q_1Q_2. *Ieshu* Q_3.
12. *a man*] om. Q_3.
25. *Godes*] Q_1Q_2. *God's* Q_3.
36. *and*] Q_1. *an* Q_2Q_3.
38. *hanged*] Q_1Q_2. *hangd* Q_3.

Flew. Captain *Pistoll*, I partly vnderstand your meaning. [Sc. x
Pist. Why then reioyce therefore.
Flew. Certainly Antient *Pistol*, tis not a thing to reioyce at,
For if he were my owne brother, I would wish the Duke
To do his pleasure, and put him to executions: for look you,
Disciplines ought to be kept, they ought to be kept.
Pist. Die and be damned, and figa for thy friendship.
Flew. That is good.
Pist. The figge of *Spaine* within thy Iawe.
Flew. That is very well.
Pist. I say the fig within thy bowels and thy durty maw.
Exit Pistoll.
Fle. Captaine *Gour*, cannot you hear it lighten & thunder?
Gour. Why is this the Ancient you told me of?
I remember him now, he is a bawd, a cutpurse.
Flew. By Iesus hee is vtter as praue words vpon the bridge
As you shall desire to see in a sommers day, but its all one,
What he hath sed to me,
looke you, is all one.
Go. Why this is a gull, a foole, a rogue that goes to the wars
Onely to grace himselfe at his returne to London:
And such fellowes as he,
Are perfect in great Commaunders names.
They will learne by rote where seruices were done,
At such and such a sconce, at such a breach,
At such a conuoy: who came off brauely, who was shot,
Who disgraced, what termes the enemie stood on.
And this they con perfectly in phrase of warre,
Which they trick vp with new tuned oathes, & what a berd
Of the Generalls cut, and a horid shout of the campe
Will do among the foming bottles and alewasht wits
Is wonderfull to be thought on: but you must learne
To know such slaunders of this age,
Or else you may maruellously be mistooke.
Flew. Certain captain *Gower*, it is not the man, looke you,
That I did take him to be: but when time shall serue,
I shall tell him a litle of my desires: here comes his Maiestie.

Enter King, Clarence, Gloster *and others.*

King. How now *Flewellen*, come you from the bridge?
Flew. I and it shall please your Maiestie,
There is excellent seruice at the bridge.
King. What men haue you lost *Flewellen?*

53. *figa*] Q_1Q_2. *a fig* Q_3. 72. *con*] Q_1Q_3. *can* Q_2.

Flew. And it shall please your Maiestie, [Sc. x.]
The partition of the aduersarie hath bene great,
Very reasonably great: but for our own parts, like you now,
I thinke we haue lost neuer a man, vnlesse it be one
For robbing of a church, one *Bardolfe*, if your Maiestie
Know the man, his face is full of whelkes and knubs,
And pumples, and his breath blowes at his nose
Like a cole, sometimes red, sometimes plew:
But god be praised, now his nose is executed, & his fire out.
King. We would haue all offenders so cut off,
And we here giue expresse commaundment,
That there be nothing taken from the villages but paid for,
None of the French abused,
Or abraided with disdainfull language:
For when cruelty and lenitie play for a Kingdome,
The gentlest gamester is the sooner winner.

Enter French Herauld.

Hera. You know me by my habit.
Ki. Well thē, we know thee, what shuld we know of thee?
Hera. My maisters minde.
King. Vnfold it.
Heral. Go thee vnto *Harry* of *England*, and tell him,
Aduantage is a better souldier then rashnesse:
Altho we did seeme dead, we did but slumber.
Now we speake vpon our kue, and our voyce is imperiall,
England shall repent her folly: see her rashnesse,
And admire our sufferance. Which to raunsome,
His pettinesse would bow vnder:
For the effusion of our blood, his army is too weake:
For the disgrace we haue borne, himselfe
Kneeling at our feete, a weake and worthlesse satisfaction.
To this, adde defyance. So much from the king my maister.
King. What is thy name? we know thy qualitie.
Herald. Montioy.
King. Thou dost thy office faire, returne thee backe,
And tell thy King, I do not seeke him now:
But could be well content, without impeach,
To march on to *Callis:* for to say the sooth,
Though tis no wisdome to confesse so much
Vnto an enemie of craft and vantage.

88. *like you now*] Omitted in Q_3.
96. *we here*] Q_1Q_2. *here we* Q_3.
99. *abraided*] Q_1Q_2. *vpbraided* Q_3.
110. *her folly*] Q_1Q_3. *our folly* Q_2.
120. *thy*] Q_1Q_3. *the* Q_2.

My souldiers are with sicknesse much infeebled, [Sc. x
My Army lessoned, and those few I haue,
Almost no better then so many French:
Who when they were in heart, I tell thee Herauld,
I thought vpon one paire of English legges,
Did march three French mens.
Yet forgiue me God, that I do brag thus:
Your heire of *France* hath blowne this vice in me.
I must repent, go tell thy maister here I am,
My raunsome is this frayle and worthlesse body,
My Army but a weake and sickly guarde.
Yet God before, we will come on,
If *France* and such an other neighbour stood in our way:
If we may passe, we will: if we be hindered,
We shal your tawny ground with your red blood discolour.
So *Montioy* get you gone, there is for your paines:
The sum of all our answere is but this,
We would not seeke a battle as we are:
Nor as we are, we say we will not shun it.
Herauld. I shall deliuer so: thanks to your Maiestie.
Glos. My Liege, I hope they will not come vpon vs now.
King. We are in Gods hand brother, not in theirs:
To night we will encampe beyond the bridge,
And on to morrow bid them march away.

Enter Burbon, Constable, Orleance, Gebon. [Sc. x

Const. Tut I haue the best armour in the world.
Orleance. You haue an excellent armour,
But let my horse haue his due.
Burbon. Now you talke of a horse, I haue a steed like the
Palfrey of the sun, nothing but pure ayre and fire,
And hath none of this dull element of earth within him.
Orleance. He is of the colour of the Nutmeg.
Bur. And of the heate, a the Ginger.
Turne all the sands into eloquent tongues,
And my horse is argument for them all:
I once writ a Sonnet in the praise of my horse,
And began thus. Wonder of nature.
Con. I haue heard a Sonnet begin so,

126. *lessoned*] Q_1. *lessened* Q_2Q_3.
131. *forgiue me God*] Q_1Q_2. *God forgiue me* Q_3.
132. *Your heire*] Q_1. *This your heire* Q_2. *Your aire* Q_3.
140. *there is*] Q_1Q_2. *there's* Q_3.
143. *will*] Q_1Q_3. *shall* Q_2.
8. *a the*] Q_1Q_2. *of the* Q_3.
11. *the praise*] Q_1Q_3. *praise* Q_2.

In the praise of ones Mistresse. [Sc. XI.]
Burb. Why then did they immitate that
Which I writ in praise of my horse,
For my horse is my mistresse.
Con. Ma foy the other day, me thought
Your mistresse shooke you shrewdly.
Bur. I bearing me. I tell thee Lord Constable,
My mistresse weares her owne haire.
Con. I could make as good a boast of that,
If I had had a sow to my mistresse.
Bur. Tut thou wilt make vse of any thing.
Con. Yet I do not vse my horse for my mistresse.
Bur. Will it neuer be morning?
Ile ride too morrow a mile,
And my way shalbe paued with English faces.
Con. By my faith so will not I,
For feare I be outfaced of my way.
Bur. Well ile go arme my selfe, hay.
Gebon. The Duke of *Burbon* longs for morning
Or. I he longs to eate the English.
Con. I thinke heele eate all he killes.
Orle. O peace, ill will neuer said well.
Con. Ile cap that prouerbe,
With there is flattery in friendship.
Or. O sir, I can answere that,
With giue the diuel his due.
Con. Haue at the eye of that prouerbe,
With a Iogge of the diuel.
Or. Well the Duke of *Burbon*, is simply,
The most actiue Gentleman of *France.*
Con. Doing his actiuitie, and heele stil be doing.
Or. He neuer did hurt as I heard off.
Con. No I warrant you, nor neuer will.
Or. I hold him to be exceeding valiant.
Con. I was told so by one that knows him better thē you.
Or. Whose that?
Con. Why he told me so himselfe:
And said he cared not who knew it.
Or. Well who will go with me to hazard,
For a hundred English prisoners?
Con. You must go to hazard your selfe,
Before you haue them.

23. *had had*] Q_1. *had* Q_2Q_3. 37. *there is*] Q_1. *theres* Q_2. *there's* Q_3.

[Sc. XI

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lords, the English lye within a hundred
Paces of your Tent.
Con. Who hath measured the ground?
Mess. The Lord *Granpeere.*
Con. A valiant man, a. an expert Gentleman.
Come, come away:
The Sun is hie, and we weare out the day. *Exit omnes.*

Enter the King disguised. to him Pistoll. [Sc. XI

Pist. Ke ve la?
King. A friend.
Pist. Discus vnto me, art thou Gentleman?
Or art thou common, base, and popeler?
King. No sir, I am a Gentleman of a Company.
Pist. Trailes thou the puissant pike?
King. Euen so sir. What are you?
Pist. As good a gentleman as the Emperour.
King. O then thou art better then the King?
Pist. The kings a bago, and a hart of gold.
Pist. A lad of life, an impe of fame:
Of parents good, of fist most valiant:
I kis his durtie shoe: and from my hart strings
I loue the louely bully. What is thy name?
King. *Harry* le Roy.
Pist. Le Roy, a Cornish man:
Art thou of Cornish crew?
Kin. No sir, I am a Wealchman.
Pist. A Wealchman: knowst thou *Flewellen?*
Kin. I sir, he is my kinsman.
Pist. Art thou his friend?
Kin. I sir.
Pist. Figa for thee then: my name is *Pistoll.*
Kin. It sorts well with your fiercenesse.
Pist. *Pistoll* is my name.

Exit Pistoll.

Enter Gower and Flewellen.

Gour. Captaine *Flewellen.*

60. *a.*] Q_1. & Q_2. om. Q_3.
Enter the King...] Q_1Q_3. Enter King... Q_2.
11. Pist.] Q_1. om. Q_2Q_3.

Flew. In the name of Iesu speake lewer.
It is the greatest folly in the worell, when the auncient
Prerogatiues of the warres be not kept.
I warrant you, if you looke into the warres of the Romanes,
You shall finde no tittle tattle, nor bible bable there:
But you shall finde the cares, and the feares,
And the ceremonies, to be otherwise.
Gour. Why the enemy is loud: you heard him all night.
Flew. Godes sollud, if the enemy be an Asse & a Foole,
And a prating cocks-come, is it meet that we be also a foole,
And a prating cocks-come, in your conscience now?
Gour. Ile speake lower.
Flew. I beseech you do, good Captaine *Gower.*
Exit Gower, and Flewellen.
Kin. Tho it appeare a litle out of fashion,
Yet theres much care in this.

Enter three Souldiers.

1. *Soul.* Is not that the morning yonder?
2. *Soul.* I we see the beginning,
God knowes whether we shall see the end or no.
3. *Soul.* Well I thinke the king could wish himselfe
Vp to the necke in the middle of the Thames,
And so I would he were, at all aduentures, and I with him.
Kin. Now masters god morrow, what cheare?
3. S. Ifaith small cheer some of vs is like to haue,
Ere this day ende.
Kin. Why fear nothing man, the king is frolike.
2. S. I he may be, for he hath no cause as we
Kin. Nay say not so, he is a man as we are.
The Violet smels to him as to vs:
Therefore if he see reasons, he feares as we do.
2. *Sol.* But the king hath a heauy reckoning to make,
If his cause be not good: when all those soules
Whose bodies shall be slaughtered here,
Shall ioyne together at the latter day,
And say *I* dyed at such a place. Some swearing:
Some their wiues rawly left:
Some leauing their children poore behind them.
Now if his cause be bad, I think it will be a grecuous matter
(to him.

27. *lewer*] Q_1Q_2. *lower* Q_3.
48. *god*] Q_1Q_2. *good* Q_3.
50. *ende*] Q_1Q_2. *to an end* Q_3.
52. *may be*] Q_1Q_3. *may* Q_2.
54. *as to*] Q_1Q_2. *as vnto* Q_3.

King. Why so you may say, if a man send his seruant [Sc. x
As Factor into another Countrey,
And he by any meanes miscarry,
You may say the businesse of the maister,
Was the author of his seruants misfortune.
Or if a sonne be imployd by his father,
And he fall into any leaud action, you may say the father
Was the author of his sonnes damnation.
But the master is not to answere for his seruants,
The father for his sonne, nor the king for his subiects:
For they purpose not their deaths, whē they craue their ser-
(uices:
Some there are that haue the gift of premeditated
Murder on them:
Others the broken seale of Forgery, in beguiling maydens.
Now if these outstrip the lawe,
Yet they cannot escape Gods punishment.
War is Gods Beadel. War is Gods vengeance:
Euery mans seruice is the kings:
But euery mans soule is his owne.
Therfore I would haue euery souldier examine himselfe,
And wash euery moath out of his conscience:
That in so doing, he may be the readier for death:
Or not dying, why the time was well spent,
Wherein such preparation was made.
3. *Lord.* Yfaith he saies true:
Euery mans fault on his owne head,
I would not haue the king answere for me.
Yet I intend to fight lustily for him.
King. Well, I heard the king, he wold not be ransomde.
2. *L.* I hē said so, to make vs fight:
But when our throates be cut, he may be ransomde,
And we neuer the wiser.
King. If I liue to see that, Ile neuer trust his word againe.
2. *Sol.* Mas youle pay him then, tis a great displeasure
That an elder gun, can do against a cannon,
Or a subiect against a monarke.
Youle nere take his word again, your a nasse goe.
King. Your reproofe is somewhat too bitter:
Were it not at this time I could be angry.
2. *Sol.* Why let it be a quarrell if thou wilt.

88. 3. Lord.] Q_1. 3. Soul. Q_2Q_3. Soul. Q_3.
89. *on*] Q_1Q_2. *is on* Q_3.
92. *he*] om. Q_3.
93. 2. L.] Q_1. 2. Sol. Q_2. 2.
100. *your a nasse*] Q_1. *you are an asse* Q_2. *you are a nasse* Q_3.

King. How shall I know thee? [Sc. XII.]
2. *Sol.* Here is my gloue, which if euer I see in thy hat,
Ile challenge thee, and strike thee.
Kin. Here is likewise another of mine,
And assure thee ile weare it.
2. *Sol.* Thou dar'st as well be hangd.
3. *Sol.* Be friends you fooles,
We haue French quarrels anow in hand:
We haue no need of English broyles.
Kin. Tis no treason to cut French crownes,
For to morrow the king himselfe wil be a clipper.
Exit the souldiers.

Enter the King, Gloster, Epingam, and Attendants. [Sc. XIII.]

K. O God of battels steele my souldiers harts,
Take from them now the sence of rekconing,
That the apposed multitudes which stand before them,
May not appall their courage.
O not to day, not to day ô God,
Thinke on the fault my father made,
In compassing the crowne.
I *Richards* bodie haue interred new,
And on it hath bestowd more contrite teares,
Then from it issued forced drops of blood:
A hundred men haue I in yearly pay,
Which euery day their withered hands hold vp
To heauen to pardon blood,
And I haue built two chanceries, more wil I do:
Tho all that I can do, is all too litle.

Enter Gloster.

Glost. My Lord.
King. My brother *Glosters* voyce.
Glost. My Lord, the Army stayes vpon your presence.
King. Stay *Gloster* stay, and I will go with thee,
The day my friends, and all things stayes for me.

105. *Here is*] Q_1Q_2. *Here's* Q_3. Enter the King] Q_1Q_2. Enter to the King Q_3.
108. *assure*] Q_1Q_3. *ile assure* Q_2.
111. *anow*] Q_1Q_2. *enow* Q_3.

Enter Clarence, Gloster, Exeter, and Salisburie. [Sc.

War. My Lords the French are very strong.
Exe. There is fiue to one, and yet they all are fresh.
War. Of fighting men they haue full fortie thousand.
Sal. The oddes is all too great. Farwell kind Lords:
Braue *Clarence*, and my Lord of *Gloster*,
My Lord of *Warwicke*, and to all farewell.
Clar. Farewell kind Lord, fight valiantly to day,
And yet in truth, I do thee wrong,
For thou art made on the rrue sparkes of honour.

Enter King.

War. O would we had but ten thousand men
Now at this instant, that doth not worke in England.
Kin. Whose that, that wishes so, my Cousen *Warwick*?
Gods will, I would not loose the honour
One man would share from me,
Not for my Kingdome.
No faith my Cousen, wish not one man more,
Rather proclaime it presently through our campe,
That he that hath no stomacke to this feast,
Let him depart, his pasport shall bee drawne,
And crownes for conuoy put into his purse,
We would not die in that mans company,
That feares his fellowship to die with vs.
This day is called the day of Cryspin,
He that outliues this day, and sees old age,
Shall stand a tiptoe when this day is named,
And rowse him at the name of Cryspin.
He that outliues this day, and comes safe home,
Shall yearely on the vygill feast his friends,
And say, to morrow is S. Cryspines day:
Then shall we in their flowing bowles
Be newly remembred. *Harry* the King,
Bedford and *Exeter*, *Clarence* and *Gloster*,
Warwick and *Yorke*.
Familiar in their mouthes as houshold words.
This story shall the good man tell his sonne,
And from this day, vnto the generall doome:
But we in it shall be remembred.
We fewe, we happie fewe, we bond of brothers,

2. *There is*] Q_1Q_2. *There's* Q_3. 9. *rrue*] Q_1. *true* Q_2Q_3.
all are] Q_1Q_2. *are all* Q_3.

For he to day that sheads his blood by mine, [Sc. xiv.]
Shalbe my brother, be he nere so base,
This day shall gentle his condition.
Then shall he strip his sleeues, and shew his skars,
And say, these wounds I had on Crispines day:
And Gentlemen in England now a bed,
Shall thinke themselues accurst,
And hold their manhood cheape,
While any speake that fought with vs
Vpon Saint Crispines day.
Glost. My gracious Lord,
The French is in the field.
Kin. Why all things are ready, if our minds be so.
War. Perish the man whose mind is backward now.
King. Thou dost not wish more helpe frō England, cousen?
War. Gods will my Liege, would you and I alone,
Without more helpe, might fight this battle out.
Why well said. That doth please me better,
Then to wish me one. You know your charge,
God be with you all.

Enter the Herald from the French.

Herald. Once more I come to know of thee king *Henry*,
What thou wilt giue for raunsome?
Kin. Who hath sent thee now?
Her. The Constable of *France.*
Kin. I prethy beare my former answer backe:
Bid them atchieue me, and then sell my bones.
Good God, why should they mock good fellows
The man that once did sell the Lions skin, (thus?
While the beast liued, was kild with hunting him.
A many of our bodies shall no doubt
Finde graues within your realme of *France:*
Tho buried in your dunghils, we shalbe famed,
For there the Sun shall greete them,
And draw vp their honors reaking vp to heauen,
Leauing their earthly parts to choke your clyme:
The smel wherof, shall breed a plague in *France:*
Marke then abundant valour in our English,
That being dead, like to the bullets crasing,
Breakes forth into a second course of mischiefe,
Killing in relaps of mortalitie:

46, 47. *And... While any speake*] Q_1Q_2. *They were not there, when any speakes* Q_3.
48. *Saint*] Q_1Q_2. *S.* Q_3.
68. *A*] Q_1Q_2. *And* Q_3.

Let me speake proudly, [Sc. XI
Ther's not a peece of feather in our campe,
Good argument I hope we shall not flye:
And time hath worne vs into flouendry.
But by the mas, our hearts are in the trim,
And my poore souldiers tel me, yet ere night
Thayle be in fresher robes, or they will plucke
The gay new cloathes ore your French souldiers eares,
And turne them out of seruice. If they do this,
As if it please God they shall,
Then shall our ransome soone be leuied.
Saue thou thy labour Herauld:
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle Herauld.
They shall haue nought I sweare, but these my bones:
Which if they haue, as *I* will leaue am them,
Will yeeld them litle, tell the Constable.
Her. *I* shall deliuer so.
Exit Herauld.
Yorke. My gracious Lord, vpon my knee *I* craue,
The leading of the vaward.
Kin. Take it braue *Yorke.* Come souldiers lets away:
And as thou pleasest God, dispose the day.
Exit.

Enter the foure French Lords. [Sc. XI

Ge. O diabello.
Const. Mor du ma vie.
Or. O what a day is this!
Bur. O Iour dei houte all is gone, all is lost.
Con. We are inough yet liuing in the field,
To smother vp the English,
If any order might be thought vpon.
Bur. A plague of order, once more to the field,
And he that will not follow *Burbon* now,
Let him go home, and with his cap in hand,
Like a bace leno hold the chamber doore,
Why least by a slaue no gentler then my dog,
His fairest daughter is contamuracke.
Con. Disorder that hath spoyld vs, right vs now,
Come we in heapes, weele offer vp our liues
Vnto these English, or else die with fame.

83. *are in the trim*] Q_1Q_3. *within are trim* Q_2.
89. *soone*] om. Q_2.
93. *am*] Q_1Q_2. *vm* Q_3.
5. *inough*] Q_1Q_2. *enow* Q_3.
8. *the field*] Q_1Q_3. *field* Q_2.
11. *bace*] Q_1. *base* Q_2Q_3.

Come, come along, [Sc. xv.]
Lets dye with honour, our shame doth last too long.

Exit omnes.

Enter Pistoll, the French man, and the Boy. [Sc. xvi.]

Pist. Eyld cur, eyld cur.
French. O Monsire, ie vous en pree aues petie de moy.
Pist. Moy shall not serue. *I* will haue fortie moys.
Boy aske him his name.
Boy. Comant ettes vous apelles?
French. Monsier Fer.
Boy. He saies his name is Master *Fer.*
Pist. *I*le Fer him, and ferit him, and ferke him :
Boy discus the same in French.
Boy. Sir I do not know, whats French
For fer, ferit and fearkt.
Pist. Bid him prepare, for I wil cut his throate.
Boy. Feate, vou preat, ill voulles coupele votre gage.
Pist. Ony e ma foy couple la gorge.
Vnlesse thou giue to me egregious raunsome, dye.
One poynt of a foxe.
French. Qui dit ill monsiere.
Ill ditye si vou ny vouly pa domy luy.
Boy. La gran ransome, ill vou tueres.
French. O Iee vous en pri pettit gentelhome, parle
A cee, gran capataine, pour auez mercie
A moy, ey Iee donerees pour mon ransome
Cinquante ocios. Ie suyes vngentelhome de *France.*
Pist. What sayes he boy?
Boy. Marry sir he sayes, he is a Gentleman of a great
House, of *France:* and for his ransome,
He will giue you 500. crownes.
Pist. My fury shall abate,
And I the Crownes will take.
And as I suck blood, I will some mercie shew,
Follow me cur.

Exit omnes.

4. *him*] om. Q_3.
11. *fearkt*] Q_1. *ferke* Q_2. *fearke* Q_3.
13. *gage*] Q_1Q_2. *gorge* Q_3.
14. *ma*] Q_1Q_3. *may* Q_2.
16. *One...foxe*] Printed in italics in Q_2.
21. *capataine*] Q_1. *captaine* Q_2Q_3.

Enter the King and his Nobles, Pistoll. [Sc. xvi

King. What the French retire?
Yet all is not done, yet keepe the French the field.
Exe. The Duke of *Yorke* commends him to your Grace.
King. Liues he good Vnckle, twise I sawe him downe,
Twise vp againe:
From helmet to the spurre, all bleeding ore.
Exe. In which aray, braue souldier doth he lye,
Larding the plaines, and by his bloody side,
Yoake fellow to his honour dying wounds,
The noble Earle of *Suffolke* also lyes.
Suffolke first dyde, and *Yorke* all hasted ore,
Comes to him where in blood he lay steept,
And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes
That bloodily did yane vpon his face,
And cryde aloud, tary deare cousin *Suffolke:*
My soule shall thine keep company in heauen:
Tary deare soule awhile, then flie to rest:
And in this glorious and well foughten field,
We kept togither in our chiualdry.
Vpon these words I came and cheerd them vp,
He tooke me by the hand, said dear my Lord,
Commend my seruice to my soueraigne.
So did he turne, and ouer *Suffolkes* necke
He threw his wounded arme, and so espoused to death,
With blood he sealed.An argument
Of neuer ending loue. The pretie and sweet maner of it,
Forst those waters from me, which I would haue stopt,
But I not so much of man in me,
But all my mother came into my eyes,
And gaue me vp to teares.
Kin. I blame you not: for hearing you,
I must conuert to teares.

Alarum soundes.

What new alarum is this?
Bid euery souldier kill his prisoner.
Pist. Couple gorge. *Exit omnes.*

Enter the King...] Q_1. Enter the King with his Nobles, and Pistoll. Q_2. Enter the King, his Nobles, and Pistoll. Q_3.
2. *all is*] Q_1Q_2. *als* Q_3.
yet keepe the French] Q_1Q_2. *the French keepes still* Q_3.
10. *also*] om. Q_2.
11. *hasted*] Q_1Q_2. *wounded* Q_3.
12. *steept*] Q_1Q_2. *all steept* Q_3.
28. *not*] Q_1Q_2. *had not* Q_3.

Enter Flewellen, and Captaine Gower. [Sc. XVIII.]

Flew. Godes plud kil the boyes and the lugyge,
Tis the arrants peece of knauery as can be desired,
In the worell now, in your conscience now.
Gour. Tis certaine, there is not a Boy left aliue,
And the cowerdly rascals that ran from the battell,
Themselues haue done this slaughter:
Beside, they haue carried away and burnt,
All that was in the kings Tent:
Whervpon the king caused euery prisoners
Throat to be cut. O he is a worthy king.
Flew. I he was born at *Monmorth*;
Captain *Gower*, what call you the place where
Alexander the big was borne?
Gour. *Alexander* the great.
Flew. Why I pray, is nat big great?
As if I say, big, or great, or magnanimous,
I hope it is all one reconing,
Saue the frase is a little varation.
Gour. I thinke *Alexander* the great
Was borne at *Macedon.*
His father was called *Philip* of *Macedon*,
As *I* take it.
Flew. *I* thinke it was *Macedon* indeed where *Alexander*
Was borne: looke you captaine *Gower*,
And if you looke into the mappes of the worell well,
You shall finde litle difference betweene
Macedon and *Monmorth.* Looke you, there is
A Riuer in *Macedon*, and there is also a Riuer
*I*n *Monmorth*, the Riuers name at *Monmorth*
*I*s called Wye.
But tis out of my braine, what is the name of the other:
But tis all one, tis so like, as my fingers is to my fingers,
And there is Samons in both.
Looke you captaine *Gower*, and you marke it,
You shall finde our King is come after *Alexander.*
God knowes, and you know, that *Alexander* in his
Bowles, and his alles, and his wrath, and his displeasures,
And indignations, was kill his friend *Clitus.*
Gow. *I* but our King is not like him in that,
For he neuer killd any of his friends.

4. *there is*] Q_1Q_2. *there's* Q_3.
11. *Monmorth*] *Monmouth* Q_3.
15. *nat*] *not* Q_3.
17. *it is*] *tis* Q_3.
32. *is to my*] *is to* Q_3.

Flew. Looke you, tis not well done to take the tale out [Sc. XVIII.]
O a mans mouth, ere it is made an end and finished:
I speake in the comparisons, as *Alexander* is kill
His friend *Clitus:* so our King being in his ripe
Wits and iudgements, is turne away, the fat knite
With the great belly doublet: I am forget his name.
Gower. Sir *Iohn Falstaffe.*
Flew. I, I thinke it is Sir Iohn *Falstaffe* indeed,
I can tell you, theres good men borne at *Monmorth.*

Enter King and the Lords.

King. I was not angry since *I* came into *France,*
Vntill this houre.
Take a trumpet Herauld,
And ride vnto the horsmen on yon hill:
If they will fight with vs bid them come downe,
Or leaue the field, they do offend our sight:
Will they do neither, we will come to them,
And make them skyr away, as fast
As stones enforst from the old Assirian slings.
Besides, weele cut the throats of those we haue,
And not one aliue shall taste our mercy.

Enter the Herauld.

Gods will what meanes this? knowst thou not
That we haue fined these bones of ours for ransome?
Herald. I come great king for charitable fauour,
To sort our Nobles from our common men,
We may haue leaue to bury all our dead,
Which in the field lye spoyled and troden on.
King. I tell thee truly Herauld, I do not know whether
The day be ours or no:
For yet a many of your French do keep the field.
Hera. The day is yours.
King. Praised be God therefore.
What Castle call you that?
Hera. We call it *Agincourt.*
King. Then call we this the field of *Agincourt.*
Fought on the day of *Cryspin, Cryspin.*
Flew. Your grandfather of famous memorie,
If your grace be remembred,

49. Enter...] Q_1. Enter the King and Lords. Q_2. Enter the King and his Lords. Q_3.
50. *into*] Q_1Q_2. *in* Q_3.
67. *not*] Q_1Q_3. *nor* Q_2.
75. *Cryspin, Cryspin*] Q_1Q_2. *Crispin, Crispianus* Q_3.

. Is do good seruice in *France.* [Sc.
Kin. Tis true *Flewellen.* XVIII.]
Flew. Your Maiestie sayes verie true. 80
And it please your Maiestie,
The Wealchmen there was do good seruice,
In a garden where Leekes did grow.
And I thinke your Maiestie wil take no scorne,
To weare a Leake in your cap vpon S. *Dauies* day. 85
Kin. No *Flewellen*, for I am wealch as well as you.
Flew. All the water in *Wye* wil not wash your wealch
Blood out of you, God keep it, and preserue it,
To his graces will and pleasure.
Kin. Thankes good countryman. 90
Flew. By Iesus I am your Maiesties countryman:
I care not who know it, so long as your maiesty is an honest
K. God keep me so. Our Herald go with him, (man.
And bring vs the number of the scattred French.

Exit Heralds.

Call yonder souldier hither. 95
Flew. You fellow come to the king.
Kin. Fellow why doost thou weare that gloue in thy hat?
Soul. And please your maiestie, tis a rascals that swagard
With me the other day: and he hath one of mine,
Which if euer I see, I haue sworne to strike him. 100
So hath he sworne the like to mee.
K. How think you *Flewellen*, is it lawfull he keep his oath?
Fl. And it please your maiesty, tis lawful he keep his vow.
If he be periur'd once, he is as arrant a beggerly knaue,
As treads vpon too blacke shues. 105
Kin. His enemy may be a gentleman of worth.
Flew. And if he be as good a gentleman as Lucifer
And Belzebub, and the diuel himselfe,
Tis meete he keepe his vowe.
Kin. Well sirrha keep your word. 110
Vnder what Captain seruest thou?
Soul. Vnder Captaine *Gower.*
Flew. Captaine *Gower* is a good Captaine:
And hath good littrature in the warres.
Kin. Go call him hither. 115
Soul. I will my lord.

Exit souldier.

84. *take no*] Q_1Q_3. *not* Q_2. Q_3.
100. *Which*] Q_1Q_2. *the which* Q_3.
101. *sworne*] om. Q_3.
102, 103. *he keep*] Q_1Q_2. *to keep*
114. *littrature*] Q_1Q_2. *litterature*

Kin. Captain *Flewellen*, when *Alonson* and I was [Sc. XVIII.]
Downe together, *I* tooke this gloue off from his helmet,
Here *Flewellen*, weare it. *If* any do challenge it,
He is a friend of *Alonsons*,
And an enemy to mee.
Fle. Your maiestie doth me as great a fauour
As can be desired in the harts of his subiects.
I would see that man now that should chalenge this gloue:
And it please God of his grace. *I* would but see him,
That is all.
Kin. *Flewellen* knowst thou Captaine *Gower?*
Fle. Captaine *Gower* is my friend.
And if it like your maiestie, *I* know him very well.
Kin. Go call him hither.
Flew. *I* will and it shall please your maiestie.
Kin. Follow *Flewellen* closely at the heeles,
The gloue he weares, it was the souldiers:
It may be there will be harme betweene them,
For I do know *Flewellen* valiant,
And being toucht, as hot as gunpowder:
And quickly will returne an iniury.
Go see there be no harme betweene them.

Enter Gower, Flewellen, and the Souldier. [Sc. X

Flew. Captain *Gower*, in the name of Iesu,
Come to his Maiestie, there is more good toward you,
Then you can dreame off.
Soul. Do you heare you sir? do you know this gloue?
Flew. I know the the gloue is a gloue.
Soul. Sir I know this, and thus I challenge it.
He strikes him.
Flew. Gode plut, and his. Captain *Gower* stand away:
Ile giue treason his due presently.

Enter the King, Warwicke, Clarence, and Exeter.

Kin. How now, what is the matter?

117. *was*] Q_1Q_2. *were* Q_3.
118. *off from his*] Q_1Q_2. *from's* Q_3.
119. *do*] Q_1Q_2. om. Q_3.
124. *should*] Q_1Q_2. *wold* Q_3.
Enter Gower,] Q_1Q_2. Enter Captaine Gower, Q_3.
2. *toward*] Q_1Q_2. *towards* Q_3.
4. Soul.] Flew. Q_2.
5. *the the*] Q_1. *the* Q_2Q_3.
7. *Gode*] Q_1Q_2. *Gods* Q_3.
his. Captain] Q_1Q_2. *his Captaine* Q_3.
9. *now, what is*] Q_1Q_2. *now? Whats* Q_3.

Flew. And it shall please your Maiestie, [Sc. XIX.]
Here is the the notablest peece of treason come to light,
As you shall desire to see in a sommers day.
Here is a rascall, beggerly rascall, is strike the gloue,
Which your Maiestie tooke out of the helmet of *Alonson:*
And your Maiestie will beare me witnes, and testimony,
And auouchments, that this is the gloue.

Soul. And it please your Maiestie, that was my gloue.
He that I gaue it too in the night,
Promised me to weare it in his hat:
I promised to strike him if he did.
I met that Gentleman, with my gloue in his hat,
And I thinke I haue bene as good as my word.

Flew. Your Maiestie heares, vnder your Maiesties
Manhood, what a beggerly lowsie knaue it is.

Kin. Let me see thy gloue. Looke you,
This is the fellow of it.
It was I indeed you promised to strike.
And thou thou hast giuen me most bitter words.
How canst thou make vs amends?

Flew. Let his necke answere it,
If there be any marshals lawe in the worell.

Soul. My Liege, all offences come from the heart:
Neuer came any from mine to offend your Maiestie,
You appeard to me as a common man:
Witnesse the night, your garments, your lowlinesse,
And whatsoeuer you receiued vnder that habit,
I beseech your Maiestie impute it to your owne fault
And not mine. For your selfe came not like your selfe:
Had you bene as you seemed, I had made no offence.
Therefore I beseech your grace to pardon me.

Kin. Vnckle, fill the gloue with crownes,
And giue it to the souldier. Weare it fellow,
As an honour in thy cap, till I do challenge it.
Giue him the crownes. Come Captaine *Flewellen*,
I must needs haue you friends.

Flew. By Iesus, the fellow hath mettall enough
In his belly. Harke you souldier, there is a shilling for you,

14. *Maiestie*] Q_1Q_2. *maiesty in person* Q_3.
15. *witnes*] Q_1. *witnesse* Q_3. *witnessess* Q_3.
testimony] Q_1Q_2. *testimonies* Q_3.
18. *too*] Q_1Q_2. *to* Q_3.
21. *in his*] Q_1Q_2. *in's* Q_3.
28. *thou thou*] Q_1. *thou* Q_2Q_3.
34. *as*] Q_1Q_2. *but as* Q_3.
38. *mine*] Q_1Q_2. *to mine* Q_3.
39. *seemed*] *seemed then to mee* Q_3.
offence] *offence, my gracious Lord* Q_3.
47, 51. *shilling*] Q_1Q_2. *silling* Q_3.

And keep your selfe out of brawles & brables, & dissentiõs, [Sc. x
And looke you, it shall be the better for you.
Soul. Ile none of your money sir, not I.
Flew. Why tis a good shilling man.
Why should you be queamish? Your shoes are not so good:
It will serue you to mend your shoes.
Kin. What men of sort are taken vnckle?
Exe. *Charles* Duke of *Orleance*, Nephew to the King,
Iohn Duke of *Burbon*, and Lord *Bowchquall.*
Of other Lords and Barrons, Knights and Squiers,
Full fifteene hundred, besides common men.
This note doth tell me of ten thousand
French, that in the field lyes slaine.
Of Nobles bearing banners in the field,
Charles de le Brute, hie Constable of *France.*
Iaques of *Chatillian*, Admirall of *France.*
The Maister of the crosbows, *Iohn* Duke *Alõson.*
Lord *Ranbieres*, hie Maister of *France.*
The braue sir *Gwigzard*, *Dolphin.* Of *Nobelle Charillas*,
Gran *Prie*, and *Rosse*, *Fawconbridge* and *Foy.*
Gerard and *Verton.* *Vandemant* and *Lestra.*
Here was a royall fellowship of death.
Where is the number of our English dead?
Edward the Duke of *Yorke*, the Earle of *Suffolke*,
Sir *Richard Ketly*, *Dauy Gam* Esquier:
And of all other, but fiue and twentie.
O God thy arme was here,
And vnto thee alone, ascribe we praise.
When without strategem,
And in euen shock of battle, was euer heard
So great, and litle losse, on one part and an other?
Take it God, for it is onely thine.
Exe. Tis wonderfull.
King. Come let vs go on procession through the camp:
Let it be death proclaimed to any man,
To boast hereof, or take the praise from God,
Which is his due.
Flew. Is it lawfull, and it please your Maiestie,

53. *serue you*] Q_1Q_3. *serue* Q_2.
56. *Bowchquall*] Q_1. *Bouchquall* Q_2Q_3.
62. *Constable*] *Constanble* Q_3.
69. *Here*] Q_1. King. *Here* Q_2. King. *Heeres* Q_3.
71. *Edward*] Q_1. Exe. *Edward* Q_2Q_3.
72. Omitted in Q_2.
73. *other*] Q_1Q_2. *the other* Q_3.
74. *O God*] Q_1. King. *O God* Q_2 Q_3.
77. *in euen*] Q_1Q_2. *euen in* Q_3.
79. *God*] Q_1Q_2. *O God* Q_3.

To tell how many is kild? [Sc. XIX.]
King. Yes *Flewellen*, but with this acknowledgement,
That God fought for vs.
Flew. Yes in my conscience, he did vs great good.
King. Let there be sung, Nououes and te Deum.
The dead with charitie enterred in clay:
Weele then to *Calice*, and to England then,
Where nere from *France*, arriude more happier men.
Exit omnes.

Enter Gower, and Flewellen. [Sc. XX.]

Gower. But why do you weare your Leeke to day?
Saint *Dauies* day is past?
Flew. There is occasion Captaine *Gower*,
Looke you why, and wherefore,
The other day looke you, *Pistolles*
Which you know is a man of no merites
In the worell, is come where I was the other day,
And brings bread and sault, and bids me
Eate my Leeke: twas in a place, looke you,
Where *I* could moue no discentions:
But if *I* can see him, *I* shall tell him
A litle of my desires.
Gow. Here a comes, swelling like a Turkecocke.

Enter Pistoll.

Flew. Tis no matter for his swelling, and his turkecockes.
God plesse you Antient *Pistoll*, you scall,
Beggerly, lowsie knaue, God plesse you.
Pist. Ha, art thou bedlem?
Dost thou thurst base Troyan,
To haue me folde vp *Parcas* fatall web?
Hence, *I* am qualmish at the smell of Leeke.
Flew. Antient *Pistoll.* I would desire you because
It doth not agree with your stomacke, and your appetite,
And your digestions, to eate this Leeke.
Pist. Not for *Cadwalleder* and all his goates.
Flew. There is one goate for you, ancient Pistol.
He strikes him.

2. *day*] om. Q_3.
10. *could*] Q_1Q_3. *would* Q_2.
13. *a comes*] Q_1Q_2. *he comes* Q_3. *Turkecocke*] Q_1. *Turkecock* Q_2. *Turky-cocke* Q_3.
22. *stomacke*] Q_1Q_2. *stomackes* Q_3. *appetite*] Q_1Q_2. *appetites* Q_3.

Pist. Bace Troyan, thou shalt dye. [Sc. x]
Flew. I, I know I shall dye, meane time, I would
Desire you to liue and eate this Leeke.
Gower. Inough Captaine, you haue astonisht him.
Flew. Astonisht him, by Jesu, Ile beate his head
Foure dayes, and foure nights, but Ile
Make him eate some part of my Leeke.
Pist. Well must I byte?
Flew. I out of question or doubt, or ambiguities
You must byte.
Pistol. Good good.
Flew. I Leekes are good, Antient *Pistoll.*
There is a shilling for you to heale your bloody coxkome.
Pist. Me a shilling.
Flew. If you will not take it,
I haue an other Leeke for you.
Pist. I take thy shilling in earnest of reconing.
Flew. If I owe you any thing, ile pay you in cudgels,
You shalbe a woodmonger,
And by cudgels, God bwy you,
Antient *Pistoll*, God blesse you,
And heale your broken pate.
Antient *Pistoll*, if you see Leekes an other time,
Mocke at them, that is all: God bwy you.
Exit Flewellen.
Pist. All hell shall stirre for this.
Doth Fortune play the huswye with me now?
Is honour cudgeld from my warlike lines?
Well *France* farwell, newes haue I certainly
That Doll is sicke. One mallydie of *France*,
The warres affordeth nought, home will I trug.
Bawd will I turne, and vse the slyte of hand:
To England will I steale,
And there Ile steale.
And patches will I get vnto these skarres,
And sweare I gat them in the Gallia warres.
Exit Pistoll.

26. *Bace*] Q_1. *Base* Q_2Q_3.
27. *meane*] *But in the meane* Q_3.
29. *him*] *him, it is enough* Q_3.
31. *nights*] *nights too* Q_3.
35. He makes Ancient Pistoll bite of the Leeke. Q_3.
38. *There*] *Look you now, there* Q_3. *shilling*] *silling* Q_3.
43. *ile*] Q_1Q_2. *I will* Q_3.
45. *by*] Q_1Q_2. *buy* Q_3. *God bwy you*] Q_1Q_2. *And so God be with you* Q_3.
46. *blesse*] Q_1Q_2. *plesse* Q_3.
51. *huswye*] Q_1Q_2. *huswife* Q_3.
52. *lines*] Q_1Q_2. *loynes* Q_3.
56. *slyte*] Q_1Q_2. *slight* Q_3.

Enter at one doore, the King of England *and his Lords. And at the other doore, the King of* France, *Queene* Katherine, *the Duke of* Burbon, *and others.* [Sc. XXI.]

Harry. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met.
And to our brorher *France*, Faire time of day.
Faire health vnto our louely cousen *Katherine.*
And as a branch, and member of this stock:
We do salute you Duke of *Burgondie.*
Fran. Brother of *England*, right ioyous are we to behold
Your face, so are we Princes English euery one.
Duk. With pardon vnto both your mightines.
Let it not displease you, if I demaund
What rub or bar hath thus far hindred you,
To keepe you from the gentle speech of peace?
Har. If Duke of *Burgondy*, you wold haue peace,
You must buy that peace,
According as we haue drawne our articles.
Fran. We haue but with a cursenary eye,
Oreviewd them: pleaseth your Grace,
To let some of your Counsell sit with vs,
We shall returne our peremptory answere.
Har. Go Lords, and sit with them,
And bring vs answere backe.
Yet leaue our cousen *Katherine* here behind.
France. Withall our hearts.

Exit King and the Lords. Manet, Hrry, Katherine, *and the Gentlewoman.*

Hate. Now *Kate*, you haue a blunt wooer here
Left with you.
If I could win thee at leapfrog,
Or with vawting with my armour on my backe,
Into my saddle,
Without brag be it spoken,
Ide make compare with any.
But leauing that *Kate*,
If thou takest me now,
Thou shalt haue me at the worst:

2. *brorher*] Q_1. *brother* Q_2Q_3.
8. *both*] om. Q_3.
15. *cursenary*] $Q_1.Q_2$. *cursorary* Q_3.
23. Exit King...] Q_1 Q_2. Exit French King... Q_3.
Hrry,] Q_1. Harry, Q_2. King Henry, Q_3.
23. Hate.] Q_1. Kate. Q_2. Har. Q_3.

And in wearing, thou shalt haue me better and better, [Sc. x
Thou shalt haue a face that is not worth sun-burning.
But doost thou thinke, that thou and I,
Betweene Saint *Denis*,
And Saint *George*, shall get a boy,
That shall goe to *Constantinople*,
And take the great Turke by the beard, ha *Kate?*
Kate. Is it possible dat me sall
Loue de enemie de *France.*
Harry. No *Kate*, tis vnpossible
You should loue the enemie of *France:*
For *Kate*, I loue *France* so well,
That Ile not leaue a Village,
Ile haue it all mine: then *Kate*,
When *France* is mine,
And I am yours,
Then *France* is yours,
And you are mine.
Kate. I cannot tell what is dat.
Harry. No *Kate*,
Why Ile tell it you in *French*,
Which will hang vpon my tongue, like a bride
On her new married Husband.
Let me see, Saint *Dennis* be my speed.
Quan *France* et mon.
Kate. Dat is, when *France* is yours.
Harry. Et vous ettes amoy.
Kate. And I am to you.
Harry. Douck *France* ettes a vous:
Kate. Den *France* sall be mine.
Harry. Et Ie suyues a vous.
Kate. And you will be to me.
Har. Wilt beleeue me *Kate?* tis easier for me
To conquer the kingdome, thē to speak so much
More French.
Kate. A your Maiesty has false *France* inough
To deceiue de best Lady in *France.*
Harry. No faith *Kate* not I. But K*ate*,
In plaine termes, do you loue me?
K*ate.* I cannot tell.
Harry. No, can any of your neighbours tell?
Ile aske them.
Come K*ate*, I know you loue me.

43. *tis*] Q_1Q_2. *it is* Q_3.
53. *it*] om. Q_3.
70. *Kate*] *Kate prethe tell me* Q_3.
71. *do you*] Q_1Q_2. *dost thou* Q_2.

And soone when you are in your closset, [Sc. xxi.]
Youle question this Lady of me.
But I pray thee sweete *Kate*, vse me mercifully,
Because I loue thee cruelly.
That I shall dye *Kate*, is sure:
But for thy loue, by the Lord neuer.
What Wench,
A straightbacke will growe crooked.
A round eye will growe hollowe,
A great leg will waxe small,
A curld pate proue balde:
But a good heart Kate, is the sun and the moone,
And rather the Sun and not the Moone:
And therefore *Kate* take me,
Take a souldier: take a souldier,
Take a King.
Therefore tell me *Kate*, wilt thou haue me?
Kate. Dat is as please the King my father.
Harry. Nay it will please him:
Nay it shall please him *Kate.*
And vpon that condition *Kate* Ile kisse you.
Ka. O mon du Ie ne voudroy faire quelke chosse
Pour toute le monde,
Ce ne poynt votree fachion en fouor.
Harry. What saies she Lady?
Lady. Dat it is not de fasion en *France*,
For de maides, before da be married to
May foy ie oblye, what is to bassie?
Har. To kis, to kis. O that tis not the
Fashion in *Frannce* for the maydes to kis
Before they are married.
Lady. Owye see votree grace.
Har. Well, weele breake that custome.
Therefore *Kate* patience perforce and yeeld.
Before God *Kate*, you haue witchcraft
In your kisses:
And may perswade with me more,
Then all the French Councell.
Your father is returned.

Enter the King of France, and the Lordes.

How now my Lords?

94. *the King*] Q_1Q_2. *de King* Q_3.
97. *you*] Q_1Q_2. *thee* Q_3.
100. *fouor*] Q_1. *fauor* Q_2Q_3.
102. *en*] Q_1Q_2. *in* Q_3.

Fran. Brother of England, [Sc. XI
We haue orered the Articles,
And haue agreed to all that we in sedule had.
Exe. Only he hath not subscribed this,
Where your maiestie demaunds,
That the king of *France* hauing any occasion
To write for matter of graunt,
Shall name your highnesse, in this forme:
And with this addition in French.
Nostre tresher filz, Henry Roy D' anglaterre,
E heare de France. And thus in Latin:
Preclarissimus filius noster Henricus Rex Anglie,
Et heres Francie.
Fran. Nor this haue we so nicely stood vpon,
But you faire brother may intreat the same.
Har. Why then let this among the rest,
Haue his full course: And withall,
Your daughter *Katherine* in mariage.
Fran. This and what else,
Your maiestie shall craue:
God that disposeth all, giue you much ioy.
Har. Why then faire *Katherine*,
Come giue me thy hand:
Our mariage will we present solemnise,
And end our hatred by a bond of loue.
Then will I sweare to *Kate*, and *Kate* to mee:
And may our vowes once made, vnbroken bee.

117. *orered*] Q_1Q_2. *ordered* Q_3.

FINIS.

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